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AMERICA  

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THE DEVELOPING NATION  
1820—1845





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# AMERICA

Great Crises In Our History  
Told by Its Makers

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Volume VI  
The Developing Nation  
1820—1845

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VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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THE DEVELOPING NATION  
1820—1845



## THE BUILDING OF THE ERIE CANAL

*By William H. Seward*

SEWARD, at the time of the building of the Erie Canal (1818-25), was a lawyer in Auburn, New York. As the agent of what was known as the Holland Land Company, he laid the foundation of a comfortable fortune. In 1838 he was elected Governor of New York as a Whig, and served a second term. Going to the United States Senate in 1849, he at once took a prominent place in the Whig party councils, being a formidable candidate for President at the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860.

As early as 1850 Seward vigorously denounced slavery on the floor of the Senate, and startled the opposition by declaring that "there is a higher law than the Constitution."

He served in the Lincoln Cabinet as Secretary of State, continuing in that office during the administration of Andrew Johnson. He negotiated many important treaties with foreign governments, and directed the State Department over a critical period of American history.

through the Hudson into Lake Erie. As yet we only crawl along the outer shell of our country. The in-

HISTORY will assign to Gouverneur Morris the merit of first suggesting a direct and continuous communication from Lake Erie to the Hudson. In 1800 he announced this idea from the shore of the Niagara River to a friend in Europe, in the following enthusiastic language:

"Hundreds of large ships will, in no distant period, bound on the billows of these inland seas. Shall I lead your astonishment to the verge of incredulity? I will! Know then that one-tenth part of the expense borne by Britain in the last campaign would enable ships to sail from London

terior excels the part we inhabit in soil, in climate, in everything. The proudest empire of Europe is but a bauble compared with what America may be, must be."

The praise awarded to Gouverneur Morris must be qualified by the fact that the scheme he conceived was that of a canal with a uniform declination, and without locks, from Lake Erie to the Hudson. Morris communicated his project to Simeon De Witt in 1803, by whom it was made known to James Geddes in 1804. It afterward became the subject of conversation between Mr. Geddes and Jesse Hawley, and this communication is supposed to have given rise to the series of essays written by Mr. Hawley, under the signature of "Hercules," in the *Genesee Messenger*, continued from October, 1807, until March, 1808, which first brought the public mind into familiarity with the subject. These essays, written in a jail, were the grateful return, by a patriot, to a country which punished him with imprisonment for being unable to pay debts owed to another citizen. They bore evidence of deep research and displayed singular vigor and comprehensiveness of thought, and traced with prophetic accuracy a large portion of the outline of the Erie Canal.

In 1807 Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, in pursuance of a recommendation made by Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, reported a plan for appropriating all the surplus revenues of the general government to the construction



of canals and turnpike roads; and it embraced in one grand and comprehensive view, nearly without exception, all the works which have since been executed or attempted by the several States in the Union. This bold and statesmanlike, though premature, conception of that eminent citizen will remain the greatest among the many monuments of his forecast and wisdom.

In 1808 Joshua Forman, a representative in the New York Assembly from Onondago County, submitted his memorable resolution:

"Resolved, if the honorable the Senate concur herein, That a joint committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of exploring and causing an accurate survey to be made of the most eligible and direct route for a canal, to open a communication between the tide-waters of the Hudson River and Lake Erie, to the end that Congress may be enabled to appropriate such sums as may be necessary to the accomplishment of that great national object."

In pursuance of a recommendation by the committee, a resolution unanimously passed both houses, directing the surveyor-general, Simeon De Witt, to cause an accurate survey to be made of the various routes proposed for the contemplated communication. But how little the magnitude of that undertaking was understood may be inferred from the fact that the appropriation made by the resolution to defray the expenses of its execution was limited to the sum of six hundred dollars.

There was then no civil engineer in the State. James Geddes, a land surveyor, who afterward became one of our most distinguished engineers, by the force of native genius and application in mature years, leveled and surveyed under instructions from the surveyor-general, with a view to ascertain, first, whether a canal could be made from the Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Salmon Creek; secondly, whether navigation could be opened from Oswego Falls to Lake Ontario, along the Oswego River; thirdly, what was the best route for a canal from above the Falls of Niagara to Lewiston; and, fourthly, what was the most direct route, and what the practicability of a canal from Lake Erie to the Genesee River, and thence to the waters running east to the Seneca River. The topography of the country between the Seneca River and the Hudson was at that time comparatively better known.

Mr. Geddes's report showed that a canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson was practicable, and could be made without serious difficulty. In 1810, on motion of Jonas Platt, of the Senate, who was distinguished throughout a pure and well-spent life by his zealous efforts to promote this great undertaking, Gouverneur Morris, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Simeon De Witt, William North, Thomas Eddy, and Peter B. Porter were appointed commissioners "to explore the whole route for inland navigation from the Hudson River to Lake Ontario, and to Lake Erie." Cadwallader D. Colden, a contemporary historian,

himself one of the earliest and ablest advocates of the canals, awards to Thomas Eddy the merit of having suggested this motion to Mr. Platt, and to both these gentlemen that of engaging De Witt Clinton's support, he being at that time a member of the Senate. Another writer commemorates the efficient and enlightened exertions, at this period, of Hugh Williamson. The canal policy found, at the same time, earnest and vigorous supporters in the American and Philosophical Register, edited by Dr. David Hosack and Dr. John W. Francis.

The commissioners in March, 1811, submitted their report written by Gouverneur Morris, in which they showed the practicability and advantages of a continuous canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and stated their estimate of the cost at five million dollars, a sum which they ventured to predict would not exceed 5 per cent. of the value of the commodities which, within a century, would be annually transported on the proposed canal. We may pause here to remark that the annual value of the commodities carried on the canals, instead of requiring a century to attain the sum of one hundred millions, reached that limit in twenty-five years. . . .

The ground was broken for the construction of the Erie Canal on July 4, 1817, at Rome, with ceremonies marking the public estimation of that great event. De Witt Clinton, having just before been elected to the chief magistracy of the State, and being president of the Board of Canal Commissioners, enjoyed the high

satisfaction of attending, with his associates, on the auspicious occasion. . . .

In 1819 Governor Clinton announced to the Legislature that the progress of the public works equaled the most sanguine expectations and that the canal fund was flourishing. He recommended the prosecution of the entire Erie Canal. Enlarging upon the benefits of internal navigation, he remarked that he looked to a time, not far distant, when the State would be able to improve the navigation of the Susquehanna, the Allegheny, the Genesee, and the St. Lawrence; to assist in connecting the waters of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; to form a junction between the Erie Canal and Lake Ontario through the Oswego River; and to promote the laudable intention of Pennsylvania to unite Seneca Lake with the Susquehanna, deducing arguments in favor of such enterprises, from the immediate commercial advantages of extended navigation, as well as from its tendency to improve the condition of society and strengthen the bonds of the Union. . . .

On October 23, 1819, the portion of the Erie Canal between Utica and Rome was opened to navigation, and on November 24th the Champlain Canal admitted the passage of boats. Thus in less than two years and five months one hundred twenty miles of artificial navigation had been finished, and the physical as well as the financial practicability of uniting the waters of the western and northern lakes with the



Atlantic Ocean was established to the conviction of the most incredulous.

Governor Clinton announced these gratifying results to the Legislature in 1820, and admonished that body that while efforts directly hostile to internal improvements would in future be feeble, it became a duty to guard against insidious enmity; and that in proportion as the Erie Canal advanced toward completion would be the ease of combining a greater mass of population against the further extension of the system. Attempts, he remarked, had already been made to arrest the progress of the Erie Canal west of the Seneca River, and he anticipated their renewal when it should reach the Genesee. But the honor and prosperity of the State demanded the completion of the whole of the work, and it would be completed in five years if the representatives of the people were just to themselves and to posterity. . . .

In November, 1820, Governor Clinton congratulated the Legislature upon the progress of the public works. He urged the adoption of plenary measures to complete the Erie Canal within three years, enforcing the recommendation by the consideration that Ohio would thereby be encouraged to pursue her noble attempt to unite the waters of Lake Erie with the Ohio River. The canal commissioners showed in their report that the Erie Canal was navigable from Utica to the Seneca River, a distance of ninety-six miles, and that its tolls during four months had

amounted to five thousand two hundred forty-four dollars. . . .

On January 1, 1823, the Government went into operation under the new State constitution, Joseph C. Yates having been elected to the office of governor. The constitution declared that rates of toll not less than those set forth by the canal commissioners in their report of 1821 should be collected on the canals, and that the revenues then pledged to the canal fund should not be diminished nor diverted before the complete payment of the principal and interest of the canal debt, a pledge which placed the public credit on an impregnable basis.

It appeared at the commencement of the session of the Legislature in 1823 that the public debt amounted to five million four hundred twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars, of which the sum of four million two hundred forty-three thousand five hundred dollars was for moneys borrowed to construct the canals. The commissioners reported that boats had passed on the Erie Canal a distance of more than two hundred twenty miles, and that as early as July 1st ensuing that channel would be navigable from Schenectady to Rochester. The tolls collected in 1822 upon the Erie Canal were sixty thousand, and upon the Champlain Canal three thousand six hundred twenty-five dollars. The improvements of the outlet of Onondaga Lake had been completed, and the Glens Falls feeder was in course of rapid construction. Among the benefits already resulting from

the Erie Canal, the commissioners showed that the price of wheat west of the Seneca River had advanced 50 per cent. To appreciate this result, it is necessary to understand that wheat is the chief staple of New York, and that far the largest portion of wheat-growing in this State lies west of the Seneca River. Attempts were again made in both branches to provide for collecting the local tax. The proposition was lost in the Senate by a vote of nineteen to ten, and in the Assembly by a division of sixty-five to thirty-one.

The Legislature expressed by resolution a favorable opinion of the inland navigation which New Jersey proposed to establish between the Delaware and Hudson rivers. A loan of one million five hundred thousand dollars was authorized for canal purposes, a survey of the Oswego River was directed to be made, and estimates of the expense of completing the canal from Salina to Lake Ontario. An association to construct such a canal was incorporated, and authority given to the commissioners to take the work when completed, leaving the use of its surplus waters to the corporators; and the eastern termination of the Erie Canal was fixed at Albany.

The canal commissioners reported in 1824 that the Champlain Canal was finished; that both canals had produced revenues during the previous year of one hundred fifty-three thousand dollars; and that the commissioners had decided that the Erie Canal ought to be united with the Niagara River at Black Rock and terminate at Buffalo. . . .

On the reassembling of the Legislature in January, 1825, De Witt Clinton, who, in November of the preceding year, had been again called to the office of governor, congratulated the Legislature upon the prospect of the immediate completion of the Erie Canal, and the reasonable certainty that the canal debt might soon be satisfied, without a resort to taxation, without a discontinuance of efforts for similar improvements, and without staying the dispensing hand of government in favor of education, literature, science, and productive industry. Earnestly renewing his recommendation that a board of internal improvement should be instituted, he remarked that the field of operations was immense, and the harvest of honor and profit unbounded, and that, if the resources of the State should be wisely applied and forcibly directed, all proper demands for important avenues of communication might be satisfied.

The primary design of our system of artificial navigation, which was to open a communication between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes, was already, he observed, nearly accomplished, but would not be fully realized until Lake Ontario should be connected with the Erie Canal and with Lake Champlain, and the importance of these improvements would be appreciated when it was understood that the lake coast, not only of this State, but of the United States, was more extensive than their seacoast. The next leading object, he remarked, should be to unite the minor lakes and secondary rivers with the canals and to effect such a



connection between the bays on the seacoast as would insure the safety of boat navigation against the tempests of the ocean in time of peace, and against the depredations of an enemy in time of war.

The public debt for canals in 1825 amounted to seven and a half million dollars—all of which, it must be recorded to the honor of the State and the country, had been borrowed of American capitalists—and the annual interest thereon, to three hundred seventy-six thousand dollars. The governor estimated that the tolls for the year would exceed three hundred ten thousand dollars; that the duties on salt would amount to one hundred thousand dollars, and that these, with the other income of the canal fund, would produce a revenue exceeding, by three hundred thousand dollars, the interest on the canal debt. He stated also that ten thousand boats had passed the junction of the canals near tide-water during the previous season. Remarking that the creative power of internal improvement was manifested in the flourishing villages which had sprung up or been extended; in the increase of towns; and, above all, in the prosperity of the city of New York. And noticing the fact that three thousand buildings had been erected in that city during the preceding year, Clinton predicted that in fifteen years its population would be doubled, and that in thirty years that metropolis would be the third city in the civilized world, and the second, if not the first, in commerce. . . .

On October 26, 1825, the Erie Canal was in a navigable condition throughout its entire length, affording an uninterrupted passage from Lake Erie to tide-water in the Hudson. Thus in eight years artificial communications four hundred twenty-eight miles in length had been opened between the more important inland waters and the commercial emporium of the State. This auspicious consummation was celebrated by a telegraphic discharge of cannon, commencing at Lake Erie, and continued along the banks of the canal and of the Hudson, announcing to the city of New York the entrance on the bosom of the canal of the first barge that was to arrive at the commercial emporium from the American Mediterraneans.

## LAFAYETTE REVISITS AMERICA

*By Thurlow Weed*

AT the time General Lafayette revisited America in 1824, Thurlow Weed was editor of the Rochester (New York) Daily Telegraph, and was laying the foundation of an extraordinary political career in which he is credited with "making" two Presidents of the United States, Harrison in 1840, and Taylor in 1848. He also was a dominating figure in the Conventions that nominated Clay in 1844, Winfield Scott in 1852, and Fremont in 1856. Establishing the Albany Evening Journal in 1830, Weed was its editor for thirty-three years and was an influential member of the so-called "political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley."

The reception tendered Lafayette in Washington and elsewhere is described by Thomas H. Benton in his political reminiscences "Thirty Years' View," from which the following account is taken. Benton represented Missouri for thirty successive years in the United States Senate, and was a member of the reception committee which welcomed Lafayette to the national capital.

was expected, and the pulses and hearts of the people were quickened and warmed simultaneously through

GENERAL LE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, after an absence of thirty-nine years, revisited our country, on the invitation of Congress, as the nation's guest in 1824. He reached New York on the 15th of August, in the packet-ship "Cadmus," Captain Allyn, with his son and secretary. The Government had tendered him a United States frigate, but always simple and unostentatious, he preferred to come as an ordinary passenger in a packet-ship.

There were no wires fifty years ago over which intelligence could pass with lightning speed, but the visit of Lafayette

some mysterious medium throughout the whole Union. Citizens rushed from neighboring cities and villages to welcome the French nobleman, who, before he was twenty-one years old, had devoted himself and his fortune to the American colonies in their wonderful conflict with the mother country for independence; and who, after fighting gallantly by the side of Washington through the Revolutionary War, returned to France with the only reward he desired or valued—the gratitude of a free people. General Lafayette was now sixty-seven years of age, with some physical infirmities, but intellectually strong, and in manners and feeling cheerful, elastic, and accomplished.

The General's landing on the Battery, his reception by the military under General Martin, his triumphant progress through Broadway, his first visit to the City Hall, awakened emotions which can not be described. I have witnessed the celebration of the completion of the Erie Canal and the mingling of the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic Ocean, the completion of the Croton Water Works celebration, the reception of the Prince of Wales, and other brilliant and beautiful pageants, but they all lacked the heart and soul which marked and signalized the welcome of Lafayette. The joy of our citizens was expressed more by tears than in any other way. It is impossible to imagine scenes of deeper, higher or purer emotion than the first meeting between General Lafayette and Colonel Marinus Willett, Colonel Ebenezer Stevens,



Colonel Varick, Major Platt, General Anthony, Major Popham, Major Fairlee, and other officers of the Revolution, whom he had not seen for nearly forty years, and whom without a moment's hesitation he recognized and named.

But the crowning glory of that series of honors and festivities was the fête at Castle Garden on the evening of the General's departure for Albany. The Castle was expensively, elaborately and gorgeously fitted up and adorned for the occasion. I remember that, even without the aid of gas, the illumination was exceedingly brilliant. There was a ball and supper; the occasion was graced by the intelligence, beauty and refinement of the metropolis. How many—or rather how few—of that then youthful, joyous throng remain to recall, with memories subdued and chastened by time and change, the raptures of that enchanting scene! . . .

The steamboat "James Kent," Commodore Wiswall, chartered by the city for the occasion, dropped down the river opposite Castle Garden, brilliantly illuminated, at 12 M., where she remained until half-past 2 A.M., when the General and his friends embarked.

About three o'clock General Lafayette retired, and his friends were soon afterward in their berths. I rose at five o'clock. General Lafayette came on deck before six for the purpose of showing his son and secretary where Major André was arrested; but the view was shut off by a fog, in attempting to grope through

which the steamer grounded on Oyster Bank, where she lay until nearly ten o'clock; so that instead of reaching West Point at half past six, it was nearly twelve when the multitude assembled there announced our approach by a discharge of cannon.

As soon as the fog lifted, General Lafayette in the most enthusiastic language and manner pointed out Stony Point, and described the manner in which the British garrison was surprised and captured by "mad Anthony Wayne." As we approached the West Point wharf, cheers of citizens lining the banks echoed and reëchoed from hill to hill, well-burnished muskets dazzled the eye, tall plumes nodded their greetings, the ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring drum, and the loud bugle sent forth their loftiest notes, while the reverberating cheers filled the air with welcomes. The general was received by Colonel Thayer, and ascended the hill in a landau, escorted by the officers of the post, followed by the Revolutionary officers and a long procession of citizens. He was received by the cadets from their parade ground, and escorted to his marquee, where they paid him the marching salute. From the marquee he proceeded to the quarters of Generals Brown and Scott, where he was presented to the ladies and partook of refreshments. From thence he was conducted to the library and introduced to the cadets. Dinner was served in the mess-room of the cadets, which had been splendidly decorated for the occasion. . . .

The day was in all respects a happy one: it is the

greenest in my memory. General Lafayette's happiness took every conceivable form of expression. He made an early visit to the ruins of old Fort Putnam, where he had been stationed. Almost every scene and object served to recall incidents of the Revolution, of which he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. He pointed out the Robinson House, where General Washington, himself, and General Knox were breakfasting with Mrs. Arnold when the Commander-in-Chief received the first news of Arnold's treason. Early in the day a committee of citizens arrived from Newburg, where General Lafayette was expected to dine, and where the citizens of Orange County en masse anxiously awaited his arrival. But he was too much delighted with West Point to be hurried away. An early dinner had been ordered, so that the impatient thousands at Newburg might be gratified with a sight of the general before evening. The dinner, however, with the associations and remembrances it suggested, proved irresistible. Hour after hour passed, but the interest increased rather than diminished, and it was not until seven o'clock that the general could be prevailed to rise from the table. It was dark, therefore, when we reached Newburg.

Upon landing, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued; troops were in line, but powerless to preserve order. The desire to see the nation's guest was uncontrollable. The huzzas of men mingled with the shrieks of women and the cries of children. All were eager to see, but everywhere good humor and kind-

ness prevailed. The village was illuminated, and the occasion was honored by a ball and supper. The festivities of the evening, however, were saddened by the sudden death of Hector Seward (a cousin of the late Governor Seward), who received a fatal kick from an excited horse. Notwithstanding the excitement and fatigues of the day and of the preceding night, General Lafayette was as cheerful and buoyant at the ballroom and at the supper-table as the youngest and gayest of the revelers.

The general reëmbarked at one o'clock A.M. At half past two our approach was announced by a discharge of canon from the bluff, just below the landing at Poughkeepsie. Large piles of seasoned wood, saturated with tar and turpentine, were kindled on that bluff, fed by hundreds of boys who had been entrusted with the duty, and were kept blazing high, filling the atmosphere with lurid flame and smoke until daylight. Soon after sunrise, a large concourse of the citizens of Poughkeepsie, with a military escort, arrived at the wharf. The general, on disembarking, was shown to a splendid barouche, and the procession moved to and through the village of Poughkeepsie, where congratulatory speeches were made and reciprocated. A large party sat down to a bountiful breakfast; and here, too, death has silenced tongues that were then eloquent. . . .

The party reëmbarked at ten o'clock, when the steamer proceeded up the river to the then beautiful residence of Governor Morgan Lewis, where the party

landed, proceeded to his fine old mansion, and partook of a sumptuous collation. About two o'clock the steamer glided through the placid waters until between four and five o'clock, when she reached Clermont, the manor-house of Chancellor Livingston, of Revolutionary memory. On landing the general was received by a large body of freemasons, and was escorted by a military company from Hudson to the beautiful lawn in front of the manor-house, where the general was warmly welcomed by the master of the lodge with an appropriate speech. The afternoon was uncommonly beautiful; the scene and its associations were exceedingly impressive. Dinner was served in a greenhouse or orangery, which formed a sort of balcony to the southern exposure of the manor-house. When the cloth was removed, and the evening came on, variegated lamps suspended from the orange-trees were lighted, producing a wonderfully brilliant and beautiful effect.

But the grand event of the occasion was the ball, which was opened by General Lafayette, who gracefully led out the venerable and blind widow of General Montgomery—who fell in the assault of Quebec in 1775—amid the wildest enthusiasm of all present. While the festivities were progressing within, the assembled tenantry, who were “to the manor born,” were feasted upon the lawn, where there was music and dancing. The party broke up and returned to the boat about 3 A.M. The steamer hauled out into the river, but did not get under way until sunrise.



We reached Catskill at seven o'clock. A large procession, civic and military, awaited the general's arrival at the landing. General Lafayette and the Revolutionary officers were seated in open barouches, and the procession moved through the main street for more than a mile, affording the dense mass of men, women, and children the great happiness of seeing the compatriot and friend of Washington. Several beautiful arches, profusely dressed with flags, flowers, and evergreens, each one bearing the inscription, "Welcome, Lafayette," were thrown across the street. In the center of the village a brief address was made, to which the general responded. After this he was escorted in the same order to the boat, and at eleven o'clock he reached Hudson, where a hearty welcome awaited the general. Not only the citizens of Columbia, but many of the inhabitants of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, were present, whose acclamations, as General Lafayette was seen upon the main deck of the steamer, made the welkin ring. The ceremonies and festivities at Hudson consumed between three and four hours. A committee, consisting of the most distinguished citizens of Albany, awaited the general's arrival at Hudson, anxious that the steamer should reach Albany before dark, preparations having been made for a magnificent reception. But in this the Albanians were disappointed, for, on account of the low water above Coeyman's, the steamer's progress was so slow that it was quite dark when she reached Albany. What was lost, however, in one

respect was gained in another, for between the illuminations and torches the procession, from Lydius Street landing to the Capitol, was alike brilliant and impressive.

The excursion from New York to Albany occupied three days, and afforded to all who enjoyed it an interest and a happiness more complete and more touching than tongue or pen can describe.

## LAFAYETTE'S TRIUMPHAL TOUR IN 1824

*By Thomas H. Benton*

**I**N the summer of this year General Lafayette, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and under an invitation from the President, revisited the United States after a lapse of forty years. He was received with unbounded honor, affection, and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution, it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle; and combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm, which could act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent.

He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since, as the friend and pupil of Washington, he had spilt his blood, and lavished his fortune, for their independence. His progress through the States was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city, but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to electrify a continent. He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet with surviving friends—not to rouse a

young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York he made inquiry of some acquaintance to know whether he could find a hack to convey him to a hotel? Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him—to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil—to fetch and to carry him—to feast and applaud him—to make him the guest of cities, States, and the nation, as long as he could be detained.

Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors for nearly half a century of their early hardships and dangers; and most grateful to his heart it was to see them, so many of them, exceptions to the maxim which denies to the beginners of revolutions the good fortune to conclude them (and of which maxim his own country had just been so sad an exemplification), and to see his old comrades not only conclude the one they began, but live to enjoy its fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-presidents (Adams, Jefferson and Madison), enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having reached its highest honors. Another, and the last one that time would admit to the Presidency (Mr. Monroe), now in the Presidential chair, and inviting him to revisit the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates seen in the two Houses of Congress—many in the State governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, patriarchal sires, respected for their characters, and ven-

erated for their patriotic services. It was a grateful spectacle, and the more impressive from the calamitous fate which he had seen attend so many of the revolutionary patriots of the Old World. But the enthusiasm of the young generation astonished and excited him, and gave him a new view of himself—a future glimpse of himself—and such as he would be seen in after ages. Before them, he was in the presence of posterity; and in their applause and admiration he saw his own future place in history, passing down to the latest times as one of the most perfect and beautiful characters which one of the most eventful periods of the world had produced. . . .

He was received in both Houses of Congress with equal honor; but the Houses did not limit themselves to honors: they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices—two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida. These noble grants did not pass without objection—objection to the principle, not to the amount. The ingratitude of republics is the theme of any declaimer: it required a Tacitus to say, that gratitude was the death of republics, and the birth of monarchies; and it belongs to the people of the United States to exhibit an exception to that profound remark (as they do to so many other lessons of history), and show a young republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in the discharge of the obligation. . . .



Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the United States, and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate "Brandywine"—a delicate compliment (in the name and selection of the ship) from the new President, Mr. Adams, Lafayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battle-field which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field, and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people, that nearly fifty years afterward, they should again appear together, and in exalted station; one as President, inviting the other to the great Republic, and signing the acts which testified a nation's gratitude; the other as a patriot hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries, and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame.

# THE TURBULENT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1828

By Thomas H. Benton

SENATOR BENTON, the statesman-historian, from whose "Thirty Years' View" this account is taken, had not only become reconciled to General Jackson, with whom he had fought a spectacular duel fifteen years earlier, but had become a warm adherent of his in the campaign of 1828. This is particularly evidenced by his defense of "Old Hickory" against "the flippant and shallow statements" made by the French statesman De Tocqueville, in his great work on "Democracy in America," published in 1835. In taking his French contemporary to task for his misstatements regarding Jackson, Benton ingenuously pleads that his action was inspired by his high regard for M. de Tocqueville and his even higher regard for "the cause of Republican government," of which Jackson was such a stalwart champion.

GENERAL JACKSON and John Quincy Adams were the candidates; with Henry Clay (his Secretary of State), so intimately associated in the public mind, on account of the circumstances of the previous presidential election in the House of Representatives, that their names and interests were inseparable during the canvass. General Jackson was elected, having received 178 electoral votes to 83 received by Mr. Adams. Mr. Richard Rush of Pennsylvania was the vice-presidential candidate on the ticket of Mr. Adams, and received an equal vote with that gentleman: Mr. Calhoun was the vice-presidential candidate on the ticket with General Jackson, and received a slightly less vote—the deficiency being in Georgia, where the friends of George Washington

Crawford, State Attorney-General, and a Calhoun adherent, still resented his believed connection with the "A. B. plot." In the previous election, he had been neutral between General Jackson and Mr. Adams; but was now decided on the part of the General, and received the same vote everywhere, except in Georgia. In this election there was a circumstance to be known and remembered. Mr. Adams and Mr. Rush were both from the non-slave holding—General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun from the slave holding States, and both large slave owners themselves—and both received a large vote (73 each) in the free States—and of which at least forty were indispensable to their election. There was no jealousy, or hostile, or aggressive spirit in the North at that time against the South!

The election of General Jackson was a triumph of democratic principle, and an assertion of the people's right to govern themselves.

That principle had been violated in the presidential election in the House of Representatives in the session of 1824-25; and the sanction, or rebuke, of that violation was a leading question in the whole canvass. It was also a triumph over the high protective policy, and the Federal internal improvement policy, and the latitudinous construction of the Constitution; and of the Democracy over the Federalists, then called National Republicans; and was the re-establishment of parties on principle, according to the landmarks of the early ages of the government. For although Mr. Adams had received confidence and office from Mr.

Madison and Mr. Monroe, and had classed with the Democratic party during the fusion of parties in the "era of good feeling," yet he had previously been Federal; and in the re-establishment of old party lines which began to take place after the election of Mr. Adams in the House of Representatives, his affinities, and policy, became those of his former party; and as a party with many individual exceptions, they became his supporters and his strength. General Jackson, on the contrary, had always been Democratic, so classing when he was a Senator in Congress, under the administration of the first Mr. Adams, and when party lines were most straightly drawn, and upon principle. . . .

In the mean time I have some knowledge of General Jackson, and the American people, and the two presidential elections with which they honored the General, and will oppose it, that is, my knowledge, to the flippant and shallow statements of Monsieur de Tocqueville. "A man of violent temper." I ought to know something about that . . . and I can say that General Jackson had a good temper, kind and hospitable to everybody and a feeling of protection in it for the whole human race, and especially the weaker and humbler part of it. He had few quarrels on his own account; and probably the ones of which M. de Tocqueville had heard were accidental, against his will, and for the succor of friends. . . .

"The majority of the enlightened classes always opposed him." A majority of those classes which M.

de Tocqueville would chiefly see in the cities, and along the highways—bankers, brokers, jobbers, contractors, politicians and speculators—were certainly against him, and he was as certainly against them: but the mass of the intelligence of the country was with him, and sustained him in retrieving the country from the deplorable condition in which the “enlightened classes” had sunk it, and in advancing it to that state of felicity at home, and respect abroad, which has made it the envy and admiration of the civilized world, and the absorbent of populations of Europe.

I pass on. “Raised to the Presidency and maintained there solely by the recollection of the victory at New Orleans.” Here recollection and military glare, reverse the action of their ever previous attributes, and become stronger, instead of weaker, upon the lapse of time. The victory at New Orleans was gained in the first week of the year 1815; . . . but it did not make Jackson President, or even bring him forward as a candidate. The same four years afterward, at the election of 1820—not even a candidate then. Four years still later, at the election of 1824, he became a candidate, and—was not elected; receiving but 99 electoral votes out of 261.

I pass on to the last disparagement. “A victory which was a very ordinary achievement, and only to be remembered where battles were rare.” Such was not the battle at New Orleans. It was no ordinary achievement. . . . It did what the marvelous victories of Champaubert, Montmirail, Château-Thierry,



Vauchamp, and Montereau could not do—turned back the invader, and saved the soil of France from the iron hoof of the conqueror's horse! . . . And so the victory at New Orleans will remain in history as one of the great achievements of the world, in spite of the low opinion which the writer on American Democracy entertains of it. . . .

Regard for M. de Tocqueville is the cause of this correction of his error: . . . The character of our country, and the cause of Republican government, require his errors to be corrected: . . .

## JACKSON'S FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

*DEFEATED for the Presidency by John Quincy Adams in 1824, Andrew Jackson triumphed four years later and was elected by an immense majority—the vote being Jackson 178, Adams 83. Calhoun was re-elected Vice-President. The contest was one of the most personal and bitter in American political history. Jackson, who, in 1824, had received more electoral votes than Adams, without however receiving the required majority, maintained that the House of Representatives, as the deciding factor, had cheated him out of the Presidency. The charge was made that Adams had paid for Henry Clay's support by making Clay his Secretary of State. Jackson was re-elected in 1832, his principal opponent being Clay.*

*The references to "reform" in this, Jackson's first inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1829, threw Federal office-holders into a panic. It signaled the practice of awarding the spoils to the victor, which originated with President Jackson.*

FELLOW CITIZENS:

About to undertake the arduous duties that I have been appointed to perform by the choice of a free people, I avail myself of this customary and solemn occasion to express the gratitude which their confidence inspires and to acknowledge the accountability which my situation enjoins. While the magnitude of their interests convinces me that no thanks can be adequate to the honor they have conferred, it admonishes me that the best return I can make is the zealous dedication of my humble abilities to their service and their good.

As the instrument of the Federal Constitution it will devolve on me for a stated period to execute the laws of the United States, to superintend their for-

eign and their confederate relations, to manage their revenue, to command their forces, and, by communication to the Legislature, to watch over and promote their interests generally. And the principles of action by which I shall endeavor to accomplish this circle of duties it is now proper for me briefly to explain.

In administering the laws of Congress I shall keep steadily in view the limitations as well as the extent of the Executive power, trusting thereby to discharge the functions of my office without transcending its authority. With foreign nations it will be my study to preserve peace and to cultivate friendship on fair and honorable terms, and in the adjustment of any differences that may exist or arise to exhibit the forbearance becoming a powerful nation rather than the sensibility belonging to a gallant people.

In such measures as I may be called on to pursue in regard to the rights of the separate States I hope to be animated by a proper respect for those sovereign members of our Union, taking care not to confound the powers they have reserved to themselves with those they have granted to the Confederacy.

The management of the public revenue—that searching operation in all governments—is among the most delicate and important trusts in ours, and it will, of course, demand no inconsiderable share of my official solicitude. Under every aspect in which it can be considered it would appear that advantage must result from the observance of a strict and faithful economy. This I shall aim at the more anxiously

both because it will facilitate the extinguishment of the national debt, the unnecessary duration of which is incompatible with real independence, and because it will counteract that tendency to public and private profligacy which a profuse expenditure of money by the Government is but too apt to engender. Powerful auxiliaries to the attainment of this desirable end are to be found in the regulations provided by the wisdom of Congress for the specific appropriation of public money and the prompt accountability of public officers.

With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost with a view to revenue, it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution, and compromise in which the Constitution was formed requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce and manufactures should be equally favored, and that perhaps the only exception to this rule should consist in the peculiar encouragement of any products of either of them that may be found essential to our national independence.

Internal improvement and the diffusion of knowledge, so far as they can be promoted by the constitutional acts of the Federal Government, are of high importance.

Considering standing armies as dangerous to free governments in time of peace, I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment, nor disregard that salutary lesson of political experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to the

civil power. The gradual increase of our navy, whose flag has displayed in distant climes our skill in navigation and our fame in arms; the preservation of our forts, arsenals and dockyards, and the introduction of progressive improvements in the discipline and science of both branches of our military service are so plainly prescribed by prudence that I should be excused for omitting their mention sooner than for enlarging on their importance. But the bulwark of our defense is the national militia, which in the present state of our intelligence and population must render us invincible. As long as our Government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and of property, liberty of conscience and of the press, it will be worth defending; and so long as it is worth defending a patriotic militia will cover it with an impenetrable ægis. Partial injuries and occasional mortifications we may be subjected to, but a million of armed freemen, possessed of the means of war, can never be conquered by a foreign foe. To any just system, therefore, calculated to strengthen this natural safeguard of the country I shall cheerfully lend all the aid in my power.

It will be my sincere and constant desire to observe toward the Indian tribes within our limits a just and liberal policy, and to give that humane and considerate attention to their rights and their wants which is consistent with the habits of our Government and the feelings of our people.



The recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of Executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform, which will require particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment and have placed or continued power in unfaithful or incompetent hands.

In the performance of a task thus generally delineated I shall endeavor to select men whose diligence and talents will insure in their respective stations able and faithful coöperation, depending for the advancement of the public service more on the integrity and zeal of the public officers than on their numbers.

A diffidence, perhaps too just, in my own qualifications will teach me to look with reverence to the examples of public virtue left by my illustrious predecessors, and with veneration to the lights that flow from the mind that founded and the mind that reformed our system. The same diffidence induces me to hope for instruction and aid from the coördinate branches of the Government, and for the indulgence and support of my fellow-citizens generally. And a firm reliance on the goodness of that Power whose providence mercifully protected our national infancy, and has since upheld our liberties in various

vicissitudes, encourages me to offer up my ardent supplications that He will continue to make our beloved country the object of His divine care and gracious benediction.

## THE SPOILS SYSTEM AT WORK

By Colonel Thomas Lorraine M'Kenney

*M'KENNEY* was the first United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, having been placed in charge of the Bureau when it was organized in 1824. He held the position until 1829, when President Jackson ordered his removal in the manner herewith described. Despite his democratic principles, as expressed in the phrase "Let the people rule," Jackson favored the removal of the Indians from lands coveted by the white man. M'Kenney was disposed to treat the redskins fairly, and suffered the consequences.

Jackson's democracy accounts in part for his approval of the spoils system, whereby some 2,000 Federal office-holders were removed in the first year of his administration to make room for his friends "the people." Like the leaders of primitive societies, he depended on the unswerving loyalty of personal friends, in the circle of which the author of this extract does not seem to have been included.

I determined, forthwith, to go and see him, and ascertain what they were.

On arriving at the door of the President's house, I was answered by the door-keeper, that the President

SOME time after General Jackson had been inaugurated, the Secretary of War, Major Eaton, inquired of me, if I had been to see the President? I said I had not. Had you not better go over? Why, sir? I asked—I have had no official business to call me there, nor have I any now; why should I go? You know, in these times, replied the Secretary, it is well to cultivate those personal relations, which will go far towards securing the good-will of one in power—and he wound up by more than intimating that the President had heard some things in disparagement of me, when

was in, and having gone to report me, returned, saying the President would see me. On arriving at the door, it having been thrown open by the door-keeper, I saw the President very busily engaged writing, and with great earnestness; so much so, indeed, that I stood for some time, before he took his eyes off the paper, fearing to interrupt him, and not wishing to seem intrusive. Presently, he raised his eyes from the paper, and at the same time his spectacles from his nose, and looking at me, said—"Come in, sir, come in." You are engaged, sir? "No more so that I always am, and always expect to be"—drawing a long breath, and giving signs of great uneasiness.

I had just said, I am here, sir, at the instance of the Secretary of War, when the door was thrown open, and three Members of Congress entered. They were received with great courtesy. I rose, saying, you are engaged, sir, I will call when you are more at leisure; and bowed myself out. On returning to my office, I addressed a note to the President, of the following import:—"Colonel M'Kenney's respects to the President of the United States, and requests to be informed when it will suit his convenience to see him?" To which Major Donaldson replied, "The President will see Colonel M'Kenney to-day, at twelve o'clock." I was punctual, and found the President alone. I commenced, by repeating what I had said at my first visit, that I was there at the instance of the Secretary of War, who had more than intimated to me, that impressions of an unfavorable sort had been made upon

him, in regard to me; and that I was desirous of knowing what the circumstances were, that had produced them.

"It is true, sir," said the President, "I have been told things that are highly discreditable to you, and which have come to me from such sources, as to satisfy me of their truth."

Very well, sir, will you do me the justice to let me know what these things are, that you have heard from such respectable sources?

"You know, Colonel M'Kenney, I am a candid man——"

I beg pardon, sir, I remarked, interrupting him, but I am not here to question that, but to hear charges which it appears have been made to you, affecting my character, either as an officer of the government, or a man.

"Well, sir," he resumed, "I will frankly tell you what these charges are, and, sir, they are of a character which I can never respect."

No doubt of that, sir, but what are they?

"Why, sir, I am told, and on the best authority, that you were one of the principal promoters of that vile paper, 'We the People'; as a contributor towards establishing it, and as a writer, afterwards, in which my wife Rachel was so shamefully abused. I am told, further, on authority no less respectable, that you took an active part in distributing, under the frank of your office, the 'coffin hand-bills'; and that in



your recent travels, you largely and widely circulated the militia pamphlet."

Here he paused, crossed his legs, shook his foot, and clasped his hands around the upper knee, and looked at me as though he had actually convicted, and prostrated me; when, after a moment's pause, I asked—

Well, sir, what else?

"Why, sir," he answered, "I think such conduct highly unbecoming in one who fills a place in the government such as you fill, and very derogatory to you, as it would be in any one who should be guilty of such practices."

All this, I replied, may be well enough, but I request to know if this is all you have heard, and whether there are any more charges?

"Why, yes, sir, there is one more; I am told your office is not in the condition in which it should be."

Well, sir, what more?

"Nothing, sir; but these are all serious charges, sir."

Then, sir, these comprise all?

"They do, sir."

Well, General, I answered, I am not going to reply to all this, or to any part of it, with any view of retaining my office, nor do I mean to reply at all, except under the solemnity of an oath—when I threw up my hand towards heaven, saying, the answers I am about to give to these allegations, I solemnly swear, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. My oath, sir, is taken, and is no doubt recorded——

He interrupted me, by saying, "You are making quite a serious affair of it."

It is, sir, what I mean to do, I answered.

Now, sir, in regard to the paper called "We the People," I never did, directly or indirectly, either by my money, or by my pen, contribute towards its establishment, or its continuance. I never circulated one copy of it, more or less, nor did I subscribe for a copy of it, more or less; nor have I ever, to the best of my knowledge and belief, handled a copy of it, nor have I ever seen but two copies, and these were on the table of a friend, among other newspapers. So much for that charge.

In regard to the "coffin hand-bills," I never circulated any, either under the frank of my office, or otherwise, and never saw but two; and am not certain that I ever saw but one, and that, some fool sent me, under cover, from Richmond, in Virginia, and which I found on my desk among other papers, on going to my office; and which, on seeing what it was, I tore up, and threw aside among the waste paper, to be swept out by my messenger. The other, which I took to be one of these bills, but which might have been an account of the hanging of some convict, I saw some time ago, pendent from a man's finger and thumb, he having a roll under his arm, as he crossed Broadway, in New York. So much for the coffin hand-bills. As to the "militia pamphlet," I have seen reference made to it in the newspapers, it is true, but I have never handled it—have never read it, or circulated a copy

or copies of it, directly or indirectly. And now, sir, as to my office. That is my monument; its records are its inscriptions. Let it be examined, and I invite a commission for that purpose; nor will I return to it to put a paper in its place, should it be out of place, or in any other way prepare it for the ordeal; and, if there is a single flaw in it, or any just grounds for complaint, either on the part of the white or the red man, implicating my capacity—my diligence, or want of due regard to the interests of all having business with it, including the government, then, sir, you shall have my free consent to put any mark upon me you may think proper, or subject me to as much opprobrium as shall gratify those who have thus abused your confidence by their secret attempts to injure me.

“Colonel M’Kenney,” said the General, who had kept his eyes upon me during the whole of my reply, “I believe every word you have said, and am satisfied that those who communicated to me those allegations, were mistaken.”

I thank you, sir, I replied, for your confidence, but I am not satisfied. I request you to have my accusers brought up, and that I may be allowed to confront them in your presence.

“No—no, sir,” he answered, “I am satisfied; why then push the matter farther?” when, rising from his chair, he took my arm, and said, “Come, sir, come down, and allow me to introduce you to my family.”

I accompanied him, and was introduced to Mrs. Donaldson, Major Donaldson, and some others who

were present, partook of the offering of a glass of wine, and retired.

The next morning, I believe it was—or if not the next, some morning not far off—a Mr. R-b-s-n, a very worthy, gentlemanly fellow, and well known to me, came into my office.

“You are busy, Colonel?” he said, as he entered.

No, sir, not very, I replied; come in—I have learned to write and talk too, at the same time. Come in; sit down; I am glad to see you.

Looking round the office, the entire walls of which I had covered with portraits of Indians, he asked, pointing to the one that hung over my desk, “Who is that?”

Red-Jacket, I answered.

“And that?”

Shin-guab-O’Wassin, I replied; and so he continued. . . . He then asked, “Who wrote the treaties with the Indians, and gave instructions to commissions, and, in general, carried on the correspondence of the office?”

These are within the circle of my duties, the whole being under a general supervision of the Secretary of War, I answered.

“Well, then,” after a pause, he said, “the office will not suit me.”

What office? I asked.

“This,” he replied; “General Jackson told me, this morning, it was at my service; but before seeing the

Secretary of War, I thought I would come and have a little chat with you, first."

I rose from my chair, saying—Take it, my dear sir, take it. The sword of Damocles has been hanging over my head long enough.

"No," said he, "it is not the sort of place for me. I prefer an auditor's office, where forms are established."

This worthy citizen had, in the fullness of his heart, doubtless, and out of pure affection for General Jackson, made that distinguished personage a present of the pair of pistols which General Washington had carried during the war of the Revolution. . . .

The office of Indian Affairs had, in like manner, been proffered to others; and the only reason why I had not been, at a very early period after General Jackson's succession to the Presidency, summarily disposed of, was, that the Secretary of War, Major Eaton, opposed it. . . .

. . . my chief clerk, Mr. Hambleton, came into my room one morning, soon after I had taken my seat at my table, and putting his hands upon it, leaned over. I looked up, and saw his eyes were full of tears! To my question—Is anything the matter, Mr. Hambleton? "Yes, sir—I am pained to inform you, that you are to be displaced to-day! . . . The President has appointed General Thompson, a Member of Congress, of Georgia . . ."

. . . Two hours after, I heard walking, and earnest talking in the passage. They continued for half an



hour. When they ceased, Mr. Hambleton came into my room, his face all dressed in smiles, saying, "It is not to be!"

"What is not to be?"

"You are not to go out. When General Thompson came to the Secretary this morning, with the President's reference to him, to assign him to your place, he was told, before he could act, he (the Secretary) must see the President. The result of the Secretary's interview with the President was, you were to be retained, and General Thompson is referred back to the President, for explanation, &c. Thompson is in a rage about it—and among other things said, 'It's a pretty business, indeed, that Eaton thinks he can command a frigate, and I can't manage a cock-boat!' " . . .

I had at that time on hand the large work on the History, &c., of the North American Indians. . . . I requested and obtained leave of absence, to go and look after this work, and for relaxation, and to better my health—and extended my journey to New York. On my return to Philadelphia, and on my way from the wharf to the hotel, I stopped at the post-office, and took from it a letter from Doctor Randolph, informing me that, from and after the first day of October next ensuing, my services in the Indian Department would not be required. Returning to Washington, I inquired of him what the grounds of my dismissal were.

“Why, sir,” was his reply, “everybody knows your qualifications for the place, but General Jackson has been long satisfied that you are not in harmony with him, in his views in regard to the Indians.” And thus closed my connection with the government.

## WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

*THIS* greatest speech of his life was delivered by Daniel Webster in February, 1830. Western influences in Congress opposed to the leadership of Henry Clay were aligned with southern influences and interests voiced by John C. Calhoun and Robert Young Hayne. Hayne, a Senator from South Carolina, had addressed the Senate on the nature of the Union and the right of nullification. In his epoch-making reply, Webster successfully combated the theory of nullification and ably vindicated the nationalist view of the Union.

Shortly afterwards (in 1832) South Carolina adopted an ordinance of nullification, elected Hayne Governor, and the State prepared to resist the Federal power by force of arms. Happily a compromise was agreed to, and the ordinance was repealed. Prior to the speech by Hayne, Webster had been one of the most vigorous opponents of a greater national power.

sovereign, so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law. But the State Legislatures, as political bodies, however sovereign, are yet not sovereign over the people. So far as the people have given power to the General Government, so far the grant is un-

**T**HIS leads us to inquire into the origin of this Government and the source of its power. Whose agent is it? Is it the creature of the State Legislatures, or the creature of the people? . . . It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's Government; made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people. The people of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We must either admit the proposition, or dispute their authority. The States are, unquestionably, sover-

questionably good, and the Government holds of the people and not of the State Governments. . . .

The people, then, sir, erected this Government. They gave it a Constitution; and in that Constitution they have enumerated the powers which they bestow on it. They have made it a limited Government. They have defined its authority. They have restrained it to the exercise of such powers as are granted; and all others, they declare, are reserved to the States or to the people. But, sir, they have not stopped here. If they had, they would have accomplished but half their work. No definition can be so clear as to avoid possibility of doubt; no limitation so precise, as to exclude all uncertainty. Who then shall construe this grant of the people? Who shall interpret their will, where it may be supposed they have left it doubtful? With whom do they repose this ultimate right of deciding on the powers of the Government? Sir, they have settled all this in the fullest manner. They have left it with the Government itself, in its appropriate branches. Sir, the very chief end, the main design, for which the whole Constitution was framed and adopted was, to establish a Government that should not be obliged to act through State agency, or depend on State opinion and State discretion. The people had had quite enough of that kind of government, under the Confederacy. Under that system, the legal action, the application of law to individuals, belonged exclusively to the States. Congress could only recommend; their acts were not of binding force, till the

States had adopted and sanctioned them. Are we in that condition still? Are we yet at the mercy of State discretion, and State construction? Sir, if we are, then vain will be our attempt to maintain the Constitution under which we sit. But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are, in the Constitution, grants of powers to Congress, and restrictions on these powers. There are, also, prohibitions on the States. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and prohibitions. The Constitution has, itself, pointed out, ordained and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that "the Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

This, sir, was the first great step. By this, the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States is declared. The people so will it. No State law is to be valid which comes in conflict with the Constitution or any law of the United States. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the Constitution itself decides also, by declaring "that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States." These two



provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the key-stone of the arch. With these, it is a Constitution; without them, it is a Confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, Congress established, at its very first session, in the Judicial Act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the Supreme Court. It then, sir, became a Government. It then had the means of self-protection; and, but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among things which are past. Having constituted the Government, and declared its powers, the people have farther said, that, since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the Government shall itself decide; subject, always, like other popular governments, to its responsibility to the people. And now, sir, I repeat, how is it that a State Legislature acquires any power to interfere? Who or what gives them the right to say to the people, "we, who are your agents and servants for one purpose, will undertake to decide that your other agents and servants, appointed by you for another purpose, have transcended the authority you gave them?" The reply would be, I think, not impertinent: "Who made you a judge over another's servants? To their own masters they stand or fall. . . ."

If, sir, the people, in these respects, had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And, if its plain provisions shall

now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist, in every State, but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be no longer than State pleasure, or State discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and to prolong its poor existence.

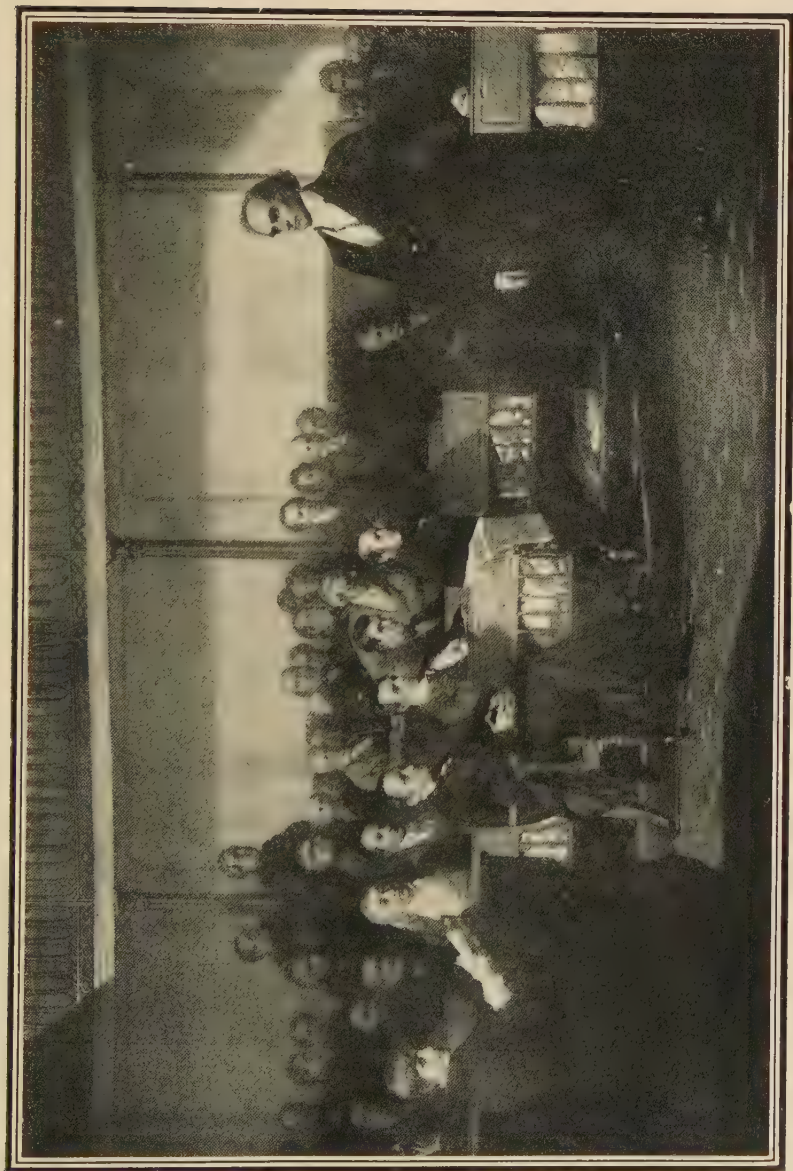
But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes, also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity and renown, grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, nullified, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious, sir, of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more,

my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union.

It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influence, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind.

I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe coun-



WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE (From the painting by Healy in Faneuil Hall, Boston)





sellor, in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that, on my vision, never may be opened what lies behind.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards: but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

## THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

By John Hazlehurst Boneval Latrobe

LATROBE thus describes Peter Cooper's pioneer steam engine in his "*Personal Recollections of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad*," of which he was counsel for more than fifty years. This particular locomotive was not the first one placed on an American track, that distinction belonging to an English-built engine, which, however, was not a success. This was the first American locomotive to make a successful trip.

Among his diverse activities, Latrobe founded the Maryland Institute; invented the "Baltimore heater"; and was long identified with the American Colonization Society, to the presidency of which he succeeded Henry Clay in 1853. He also became president of the Maryland Historical Society; and wrote a "*History of Mason and Dixon's Line*."

IN the beginning, no one dreamed of steam upon the road. Horses were to do the work; and even after the line was completed to Frederick, relays of horses trotted the cars from place to place. . . .

. . . To ride in a railroad car in those days was, literally, to go thundering along, the roll of the wheels on the combined rail of stone and iron being almost deafening. . . .

When steam made its appearance on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad it attracted great attention here. But there was this difficulty about introducing an English engine on an American road. An English road was virtually a straight road. An American road had curves sometimes of as small radius as two hundred feet. . . . For a brief season it was believed that this feature of the early American roads

would prevent the use of locomotive engines. The contrary was demonstrated by a gentleman still living in an active and ripe old age, honored and beloved, distinguished for his private worth and for his public benefactions; one of those to whom wealth seems to have been granted by Providence that men might know how wealth could be used to benefit one's fellow-creatures.

The speaker refers to Mr. Peter Cooper of New York. Mr. Cooper was satisfied that steam might be adapted to the curved roads which he saw would be built in the United States; and he came to Baltimore, which then possessed the only one on which he could experiment, to vindicate his belief. He had another idea, which was, that the crank could be dispensed with in the change from a reciprocating to a rotary motion; and he built an engine to demonstrate both articles of his faith. The machine was not larger than the hand cars used by workmen to transfer themselves from place to place; and as the speaker now recalls its appearance, the only wonder is, that so apparently insignificant a contrivance should ever have been regarded as competent to the smallest results. But Mr. Cooper was wiser than many of the wisest around him. His engine could not have weighed a ton; but he saw in it a principle which the forty-ton engines of to-day have but served to develop and demonstrate.

The boiler of Mr. Cooper's engine was not as large as the kitchen boiler attached to many a range in modern mansions. It was of about the same diameter, but

not much more than half as high. It stood upright in the car, and was filled, above the furnace, which occupied the lower section, with vertical tubes. The cylinder was but three-and-a-half inches in diameter, and speed was gotten up by gearing. No natural draught could have been sufficient to keep up steam in so small a boiler; and Mr. Cooper used therefore a blowing-apparatus, driven by a drum attached to one of the car wheels, over which passed a cord that in its turn worked a pulley on the shaft of the blower. . . .

Mr. Cooper's success was such as to induce him to try a trip to Ellicott's Mills; and an open car, the first used upon the road, already mentioned, having been attached to his engine, and filled with the directors and some friends, the speaker among the rest, the first journey by steam in America was commenced. The trip was most interesting. The curves were passed without difficulty at a speed of fifteen miles an hour; the grades were ascended with comparative ease; the day was fine, the company in the highest spirits, and some excited gentlemen of the party pulled out memorandum books, and when at the highest speed, which was eighteen miles an hour, wrote their names and some connected sentences, to prove that even at that great velocity it was possible to do so. The return trip from the Mills—a distance of thirteen miles—was made in fifty-seven minutes. This was in the summer of 1830.

But the triumph of this Tom Thumb engine was not altogether without a drawback. The great stage

proprietors of the day were Stockton & Stokes; and on this occasion a gallant gray of great beauty and power was driven by them from town, attached to another car on the second track—for the Company had begun by making two tracks to the Mills—and met the engine at the Relay House on its way back. From this point it was determined to have a race home; and, the start being even, away went horse and engine, the snort of the one and the puff of the other keeping time and tune. At first the gray had the best of it, for his steam would be applied to the greatest advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work. The horse was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the safety valve of the engine lifted and the thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the silk was plied—the race was neck and neck, nose and nose—then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory.

But it was not repeated; for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety valve ceased to scream, and the engine for want of breath began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel: in vain he tried to



urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine, and passed it; and although the band was presently replaced, and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race. But the real victory was with Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding. He had held fast to the faith that was in him, and had demonstrated its truth beyond peradventure. All honor to his name. . . .

In the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris there are preserved old cannon, cotemporary almost with Crécy and Poitiers. In some great museum of internal improvement, and some such will at some future day be gotten up, Mr. Peter Cooper's boiler should hold an equally prominent and far more honored place; for while the old weapons of destruction were ministers of man's wrath, the contrivance we have described was one of the most potential instruments in making available, in America, that vast system which unites remote peoples and promotes that peace on earth and good will to men which angels have proclaimed.

## THE JACKSON-CALHOUN BREAK

*Their Diplomatic Correspondence*

JACKSON TO CALHOUN—MAY 13, 1830

*BUT* for the publicity given this correspondence between President Andrew Jackson and Vice-President John C. Calhoun in 1830, growing out of the charge that Calhoun, as Secretary of War in Monroe's Cabinet twelve years previously, had recommended that General Jackson be reprimanded, if not punished, for his conduct of the Seminole War, Calhoun probably would have succeeded Jackson as President of the United States. The characters of the two men are clearly revealed in these diplomatic letters, which now and then promise a violent sequel.

The rupture between Jackson and Calhoun seems to have been instigated by William H. Crawford, a former Cabinet officer and Minister to France, who nursed Presidential aspirations. This breach was still further widened when Calhoun refused to support Jackson in an effort to reinstate Mrs. Eaton (Peggy O'Neill) in Washington society.

are different from your letter to Governor Bibb, of Alabama, of the 13th May, 1818, where you state

THAT frankness, which, I trust, has always characterized me through life, towards those with whom I have been in the habits of friendship, induces me to lay before you the enclosed copy of a letter from William H. Crawford, Esq., which was placed in my hands on yesterday. The submission, you will perceive, is authorized by the writer. The statements and facts it presents being so different from what I had heretofore understood to be correct, requires that it should be brought to your consideration. They

"General Jackson is vested with full power to conduct the war in the manner he may judge best," and different, too, from your letters to me at that time, which breathe throughout a spirit of approbation and friendship, and particularly the one in which you say, "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th ultimo, and to acquaint you with the entire approbation of the President of all the measures you have adopted to terminate the rupture with the Indians." My object in making this communication is to announce to you the great surprise which is felt, and to learn of you whether it be possible that the information given is correct; whether it can be, under all the circumstances of which you and I are both informed, that any attempt seriously to affect me was moved and sustained by you in the Cabinet council, when, as is known to you, I was but executing the wishes of the Government, and clothed with the authority to "conduct the war in the manner I might judge best."

You can, if you please, take a copy: the one enclosed you will please return to me.

#### THE CRAWFORD LETTER IN QUESTION, TO JOHN FORSYTH

I RECOLLECT having conversed with you at the time and place, and upon the subject, in that enclosure stated, but I have not a distinct recollection of what I said to you, but I am certain there is one error in your statement of that conversation to Mr.

——. I recollect distinctly what passed in the Cabinet meeting, referred to in your letter to Mr. ——.

Mr. Calhoun's proposition in the Cabinet was, that General Jackson should be punished in some form, or reprehended in some form; I am not positively certain which. As Mr. Calhoun did not propose to arrest General Jackson, I feel confident that I could not have made use of that word in my relation to you of the circumstances which transpired in the Cabinet, as I have no recollection of ever having designedly misstated any transaction in my life, and most sincerely believe I never did. My apology for having disclosed what passed in a Cabinet meeting is this: In the summer after that meeting, an extract of a letter from Washington was published in a Nashville paper, in which it was stated that I had proposed to arrest General Jackson, but that he was triumphantly defended by Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Adams. This letter, I always believed, was written by Mr. Calhoun, or by his directions. It had the desired effect. General Jackson became extremely inimical to me, and friendly to Mr. Calhoun. In stating the arguments of Mr. Adams to induce Mr. Monroe to support General Jackson's conduct throughout, adverting to Mr. Monroe's apparent admission that if a young officer had acted so he might be safely punished, Mr. Adams said, that if General Jackson had acted so, that if he was a subaltern officer, shooting was too good for him. This, however, was said with a view of driving Mr. Monroe to an unlimited support

of what General Jackson had done, and not with an unfriendly view to the General. Indeed, my own views on the subject had undergone a material change after the Cabinet had been convened. Mr. Calhoun made some allusion to a letter the General had written to the President, who had forgotten that he had received such a letter, but said, if he had received such an one, he could find it; and went directly to his cabinet, and brought the letter out. In it General Jackson approved of the determination of the Government to break up Amelia island and Galveztown, and gave it also as his opinion that the Floridas ought to be taken by the United States. He added, it might be a delicate matter for the Executive to decide; but if the President approved of it, he had only to give a hint to some confidential Member of Congress, say Johnny Ray, and he would do it, and take the responsibility of it on himself. I asked the President if the letter had been answered. He replied, no; for that he had no recollection of having received it. I then said that I had no doubt that General Jackson, in taking Pensacola, believed he was doing what the Executive wished. After that letter was produced, unanswered, I should have opposed the infliction of punishment upon the General, who had considered the silence of the President as a tacit consent; yet it was after this letter was produced and read, that Mr. Calhoun made his proposition to the Cabinet for punishing the General. You may show this letter to Mr. Calhoun, if you please. With the foregoing correc-



tions of what passed in the Cabinet, your account of it to Mr. — is correct. Indeed, there is but one inaccuracy in it, and one omission. What I have written beyond them is a mere amplification of what passed in the Cabinet. I do not know that I ever hinted at the letter of the General to the President; yet that letter had a most important bearing upon the deliberations of the Cabinet, at least in my mind, and possibly in the minds of Mr. Adams and the President; but neither expressed any opinion upon the subject. It seems it had none upon the mind of Mr. Calhoun, for it made no change in his conduct.

## CALHOUN TO JACKSON—MAY 29, 1830

I N answering your letter of the 13th instant, I wish to be distinctly understood, that however high my respect is for your personal character, and the exalted station which you occupy, I cannot recognize the right on your part to call in question my conduct on the interesting occasion to which your letter refers. I acted, on that occasion, in the discharge of a high official duty, and under responsibility to my conscience and my country only. In replying, then, to your letter, I do not place myself in the attitude of apologizing for the part I may have acted, or of palliating my conduct on the accusation of Mr. Crawford. My course, I trust, requires no apology; and if it did, I have too much self-respect to make it to any one in a case touching the discharge of my official

conduct. I stand on very different ground. I embrace the opportunity which your letter offers, not for the purpose of making excuses, but as a suitable occasion to place my conduct in relation to an interesting public transaction in its proper light; and I am gratified that Mr. Crawford, though far from intending me a kindness, has afforded me such an opportunity.

In undertaking to place my conduct in its proper light, I deem it proper to premise that it is very far from my intention to defend mine by impeaching yours. Where we have differed, I have no doubt that we differed honestly; and in claiming to act on honorable and patriotic motives myself, I cheerfully accord the same to you.

I know not that I correctly understood your meaning; but, after a careful perusal, I would infer from your letter that you had learned for the first time, by Mr. Crawford's letter, that you and I placed different constructions on the orders under which you acted in the Seminole War; and that you had been led to believe, previously, by my letters to yourself and Governor Bibb, that I concurred with you in thinking that your orders were intended to authorize your attack on the Spanish posts in Florida. Under these impressions, you would seem to impute to me some degree of duplicity, or at least concealment, which required on my part explanation. I hope that my conception of your meaning is erroneous; but if it be not, and your meaning be such as I suppose,

I must be permitted to express my surprise at the misapprehension, which, I feel confident, it will be in my power to correct by the most decisive proof, drawn from the public documents, and the correspondence between Mr. Monroe and yourself, growing out of the decision of the Cabinet on the Seminole affair, which passed through my hands at the time, and which I now have his permission to use, as explanatory of my opinion, as well as his, and the other members of his administration. To save you the trouble of turning to the file of your correspondence, I have enclosed extracts from the letters, which clearly prove that the decision of the Cabinet on the point that your orders did not authorize the occupation of St. Mark's and Pensacola, was early and fully made known to you, and that I, in particular, concurred in the decision. . . .

. . . I was the junior member of the Cabinet [Monroe's in 1818] and had been but a few months in the administration. As Secretary of War, I was more immediately connected with the questions whether you had transcended your orders, and, if so, what course ought to be pursued. I was of the impression that you had exceeded your orders, and had acted on your own responsibility; but I neither questioned your patriotism nor your motives. Believing that where orders were transcended, investigation, as a matter of course, ought to follow, as due in justice to the Government and the officer, unless there be strong reasons to the contrary. I came to the

meeting under the impression that the usual course ought to be pursued in this case, which I supported by presenting fully and freely all the arguments that occurred to me. They were met by other arguments, growing out of a more enlarged view of the subject, as connected with the conduct of Spain and her officers, and the course of policy which honor and interest dictated to be pursued towards her, with which some of the members of the Cabinet were more familiar than myself, and whose duty it was to present that aspect of the subject, as it was mine to present that more immediately connected with the military operations. After deliberately weighing every question, when the members of the Cabinet came to form their final opinion, on a view of the whole ground, it was unanimously determined, as I understood, in favor of the course adopted, and which was fully made known to you by Mr. Monroe's letter of the 19th of July, 1818. I gave it my assent and support, as being that which, under all the circumstances, the public interest required to be adopted.

I shall now turn to the examination of the version which Mr. Crawford has given of my course in this important deliberation, beginning with his "apology for having disclosed what took place in a Cabinet meeting." He says: "In the summer after the meeting, an extract of a letter from Washington was published in a Nashville paper, in which it was stated that I (Mr. Crawford) had proposed to arrest General Jackson, but that he was triumphantly defended by

Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Adams. This letter, I always believed, was written by Mr. Calhoun, or by his direction. It had the desired effect; General Jackson became inimical to me, and friendly to Mr. Calhoun."

I am not at all surprised that Mr. Crawford should feel that he stands in need of an apology for betraying the deliberations of the Cabinet. It is, I believe, not only the first instance in our country, but one of a very few instances to be found in any country, or any age, that an individual has felt absolved from the high obligation which honor and duty impose on one situated as he was. It is not, however, my intention to comment on the morality of his disclosure; that more immediately concerns himself; and I leave him undisturbed to establish his own rules of honor and fidelity, in order to proceed to the examination of a question in which I am more immediately concerned—the truth of his apology.

I desire not to speak harshly of Mr. Crawford. I sincerely commiserate his misfortune. I may be warm in political contests, but it is not in me to retain enmity, particularly towards the unsuccessful. In the political contest which ended in 1825, Mr. Crawford and myself took opposite sides; but whatever feelings of unkindness it gave rise to have long since passed away on my part. The contest ended in an entire change of the political elements of the country; and, in the new state of things which followed, I found myself acting with many of the friends of Mr. Crawford, to whom I had been recently opposed, and



opposed to many of my friends, with whom I had, till then, been associated. In this new state of things, my inclination, my regard for his friends who were acting with me, and the success of the cause for which we were jointly contending,—all contributed to remove from my bosom every feeling towards him, save that of pity for his misfortune. I would not speak a harsh word, if I could avoid it; and it is a cause of pain to me that the extraordinary position in which he has placed me, compels me, in self-defense, to say anything which must, in its consequence, bear on his character.

I speak in this spirit when I assert, as I do, that his apology has no foundation in truth. He offers no reason for charging me with so dishonorable an act as that of betraying the proceedings of the Cabinet, and that for the purpose of injuring one of my associates in the administration. The charge rests wholly on his suspicion, to which I oppose my positive assertion that it is wholly unfounded. . . .

Comment is useless, I will not attempt to explain so gross a misstatement of the proceedings of the Cabinet, but will leave it to those friends of Mr. Crawford who have placed him in this dilemma to determine whether his false statement is to be attributed to an entire decay of memory, or to some other cause; and if the former, to exempt themselves from the responsibility of thus cruelly exposing a weakness which it was their duty to conceal. . . .

On a review of this subject, it is impossible not to be struck with the time and mode of bringing on this correspondence. It is now twelve years since the termination of the Seminole War. Few events in our history have caused so much excitement, or been so fully discussed, both in and out of Congress. During a greater part of this long period, Mr. Crawford was a prominent actor on the public stage, seeing and hearing all that occurred, and without restraint, according to his own statement, to disclose freely all he knew; yet not a word is uttered by him in your behalf; but now, when you have triumphed over all difficulties, when you no longer require defense, he, for the first time, breaks silence, not to defend you, but to accuse one who gave you every support in your hour of trial in his power, when you were fiercely attacked, if not by Mr. Crawford himself, at least by some of his most confidential and influential friends. Nor is the manner less remarkable than the time. Mr. Forsyth, a Senator from Georgia, here in his place, writes to Mr. Crawford, his letter covering certain enclosures, and referring to certain correspondence and conversations in relation to my conduct in the Cabinet deliberation on the Seminole question. Mr. Crawford answers, correcting the statements alluded to in some instances, and confirming and amplifying in others; which answer he authorizes Mr. Forsyth to show me, if he pleased. Of all this, Mr. Forsyth gives me not the slightest intimation, though in the habit of almost daily intercourse

in the Senate; and instead of showing me Mr. Crawford's letter, as he was authorized to do, I hear of it, for the first time, by having a copy put into my hand under cover of your letter of the 13th instant—a copy with important blanks, and unaccompanied with Mr. Forsyth's letter, with its enclosures, to which Mr. Crawford's is in answer. . . .

I must be frank. I feel that I am deprived of important rights by the interposition of your name, of which I have just cause to complain. It deprives me of important advantages, which would otherwise belong to my position. By the interposition of your name, the communication which would exist between Mr. Forsyth and myself, had he placed Mr. Crawford's letter in my hands, as he was authorized to do, is prevented, and I am thus deprived of the right which would have belonged to me in that case, and which he could not in justice withhold, of being placed in possession of all the material facts and circumstances connected with this affair. In thus complaining, it is not my intention to attribute to you any design to deprive me of so important an advantage. I know the extent of your public duties, and how completely they engross your attention. They have not allowed you sufficient time for reflection in this case, of which evidence is afforded by the ground that you assume in placing the copy of Mr. Crawford's letter in my hand, which you state was submitted by his authority. . . . I have too much respect for your character to suppose you capable of participating in the

slightest degree in a political intrigue. Your character is of too high and generous a cast to resort to such means, either for your own advantage or that of others. This the contrivers of the plot well knew; but they hoped through your generous attributes, through your lofty and jealous regard for your character, to excite feelings through which they expected to consummate their designs. Several indications forewarned me, long since, that a blow was meditated against me; I will not say from the quarter from which this comes; but in relation to this subject, more than two years since, I had a correspondence with the District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, on the subject of the proceedings of the Cabinet on the Seminole War, which, though it did not then excite particular attention, has since, in connection with other circumstances, served to direct my eye to what was going on. . . .

#### JACKSON'S REPLY TO CALHOUN

**Y**OUR communication of the 29th instant was handed me this morning [May 30, 1830] just as I was going to church, and of course was not read until I returned.

I regret to find that you have entirely mistaken my note of the 13th instant. There is no part of it which calls in question either your conduct or your motives in the case alluded to. Motives are to be inferred from actions, and judged of by our God. It had been

intimated to me many years ago, that it was you, and not Mr. Crawford, who had been secretly endeavoring to destroy my reputation. These insinuations I indignantly repelled, upon the ground that you, in all your letters to me, professed to be my personal friend, and approved entirely my conduct in relation to the Seminole campaign. I had too exalted an opinion of your honor and frankness, to believe for one moment that you could be capable of such deception. Under the influence of these friendly feelings, (which I always entertained for you,) when I was presented with a copy of Mr. Crawford's letter, with that frankness which ever has, and I hope ever will characterize my conduct, I considered it due to you, and the friendly relations which had always existed between us, to lay it forthwith before you, and ask if the statements contained in that letter could be true. I repeat, I had a right to believe that you were my sincere friend, and, until now, never expected to have occasion to say of you, in the language of Cæsar, *Et tu Brute*. The evidence which has brought me to this conclusion is abundantly contained in your letter now before me. In your and Mr. Crawford's dispute I have no interest whatever; but it may become necessary for me hereafter, when I shall have more leisure, and the documents at hand, to place the subject in its proper light; to notice the historical facts and references in your communication, which will give a very different view of this subject.



It is due to myself, however, to state that the knowledge of the Executive documents and orders in my possession will show conclusively that I had authority for all I did, and that your explanation of my powers, as declared to Governor Bibb, shows your own understanding of them. Your letter to me of the 29th, handed to-day, and now before me, is the first intimation to me that you ever entertained any other opinion or view of them. Your conduct, words, actions and letters, I have ever thought, show this. Understanding you now, no further communication with you on this subject is necessary.

CALHOUN TO JACKSON (AUGUST 25, 1830) IN CONCLUSION

I HAVE looked in vain in the course which you have pursued for the evidence of that frankness which you assured me, in submitting the copy of Mr. Crawford's letter to me, has ever characterized your conduct towards those with whom you had been in habits of friendship. As connected with this point, let me call your attention to a fact which has not been explained, though in my opinion it ought to be. It now appears, that when Mr. Forsyth placed the copy of Mr. Crawford's letter in your hands, he also placed with it a copy of his letter referred to by Mr. Crawford. Why was it that a copy of this letter of Mr. Forsyth did not accompany Mr. Crawford's, when you placed a copy of the letter in my hands? Calling upon me in the spirit of frankness and friendship, as you

informed me you did, I had a right to infer that every document connected with the charge, and in your possession, calculated to afford light, would be placed in my possession; and such, in fact, was my impression, but which I now find to be erroneous. It is with regret that I feel myself bound to state that Mr. Forsyth's letter, with the subsequent correspondence, has given an aspect to the affair very different from what I received from your first letter.

You have stated some suggestions of the Marshal of the District, which were communicated to you, as the reason why you have agitated this old affair at this time. You have not stated what they were, to whom made, or by whom communicated, which, of course, leaves me in the dark as to their nature or character. But whatever they may be, the course you adopted, considering the friendly relation which I had reason to suppose existed between us, is well calculated to excite surprise. Instead of applying to the Marshal, in order to ascertain what he did say, and from whom he derived his information, and then submitting his statement to me, which course friendship, and the high opinion which you say you entertained for my character "for fair, open, and honorable conduct in all things," manifestly dictated, you applied for information, as to my conduct, to the man who, you knew, felt towards me the strongest enmity. I wish not to be understood that you had mere general information of his ill-will towards me. Your information was of the most specific character, and was

of such a nature as ought to have made you distrust any statement of his, calculated to affect my reputation.

Knowing the political machinations that were carrying on against me, and wishing to place me on my guard, a friend of mine placed in my hands, some time since, a copy of a letter written by Mr. Crawford to a Nashville correspondent of his in 1827. It constitutes one of the many means resorted to in order to excite your suspicion against me. In it Mr. Crawford makes an abusive attack upon me; but, not content with thus assailing my character in the dark, he offers to bring into the market the influence which Georgia might have on the presidential election, as a means whereby to depress my political prospects. To avoid the possibility of mistakes, I will give extracts from the letter itself, in full confirmation of what I have stated.

Speaking of the presidential election, Mr. Crawford says that, "the only difficulty that this State (Georgia) has upon the subject, (your election,) is, that, if Jackson should be elected, Calhoun will come into power."

Again:

"If you can ascertain that Calhoun will not be benefited by Jackson's election, you will do him a benefit by communicating the information to me. Make what use you please of this letter, and show it to whom you please."

That the letter was clearly intended for your inspection, cannot be doubted. The authority to his corre-

spondent to make what use he pleased, and to show it to whom he pleased, with the nature of the information sought, whether I was to be benefited by your election, which could only be derived from yourself, leaves no doubt on that point; and I am accordingly informed that you saw the letter.

A proposition of the kind, at that particular period, when the presidential election was most doubtful, and most warmly contested, needs no comment as to its object. To say nothing of its moral and political character, stronger proof could not be offered of the deepest enmity towards me on the part of the writer, which at least ought to have placed you on your guard against all attacks on me from that quarter. The letter will not be denied; but if, contrary to expectation, it should, I stand ready, by highly respectable authority, to maintain its authenticity.

You well know the disinterested, open, and fearless course which myself and my friends were pursuing at this very period, and the weight of enmity which it drew down upon us from your opponents. Little did I then suspect that these secret machinations were carrying on against me at Nashville, or that such propositions could be ventured to be made to you, or, if ventured, without being instantly disclosed to me. Of this, however, I complain not, nor do I intend to recriminate; but I must repeat the expression of my surprise, that you should apply to an individual who you knew, from such decisive proof, to be actuated by the most inveterate hostility towards me, for

information of my course in Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. It affords to my mind conclusive proof that you had permitted your feelings to be alienated by the artful movements of those who have made you the victim of their intrigue, long before the commencement of this correspondence.

Instead of furnishing me with the information which I claimed, in order to a full understanding of this extraordinary affair, and which you could not justly withhold, you kindly undertake to excuse the individual to whom you supposed some allusion of mine to be made. I know not to whom you refer. I made no allusion to any one particular individual. But, be that as it may, you must excuse me if, on subjects which concern me, I should prefer my judgment to yours, and, of course, if I should not be satisfied with your opinion, as a substitute for the facts by which I might be able to form my own.

After I had so fully demonstrated the candor and sincerity with which I have acted throughout this affair, I did not suppose that you would reiterate your former charges; but having done so, it only remains for me to repeat, in the most positive manner, the contradiction. I never for a moment disguised my sentiment on this or any other political subject. Why should I in this instance? I had violated no duty—no rule of honor, nor obligation of friendship. I did your motives full justice in every stage of the cabinet deliberation, and, after a full investigation, I entirely approved and heartily supported the final decision.



In this course I was guided, it is true, not by feelings of friendship, but solely by a sense of duty. When our country is concerned, there ought to be room neither for friendship nor enmity.

You conclude your letter by saying that you understand the matter now, that you feel no interest in this altercation, and that you would leave me and Mr. Crawford, and all concerned, to settle this affair in our own way, and that you now close the correspondence for ever.

It is not for me to object to the manner you may choose to close the correspondence on your part. On my part, I have no desire to prolong it. The spectacle of the first and second officers of this great Republic engaged in a correspondence of this nature, has no attraction for me at any time, and is very far from being agreeable at this critical juncture of our affairs. My consolation is, that it was not of my seeking; and, as I am not responsible for its commencement, I feel no disposition to incur any responsibility for its continuance. Forced into it, to repel unjust and base imputations upon my character, I could not retire in honor while they continued to be reiterated.

Having now fully vindicated my conduct, I will conclude the correspondence also, with a single remark, that I too well know what is due to my rights and self-respect, in this unpleasant affair, to permit myself to be diverted into an altercation with Mr. Crawford, or any other individual, whom you may choose to consider as concerned in this affair.

## PIONEERING AGAINST SLAVERY

*By William Lloyd Garrison*

GARRISON had been imprisoned for libel in expressing his anti-slavery views in his Baltimore publication. The *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, when, in 1831, he started *The Liberator* in Boston, without capital or subscribers. This paper, with which his name is inseparably associated, was published weekly for thirty-five years, until slavery was abolished in the United States. In that time he was constantly threatened with assassination, and the Georgia Legislature offered \$5,000 reward for his prosecution and conviction in accordance with the laws of that State.

This organizer of the American Anti-Slavery Society was "egotistic, unpractical, uncompromising, courageous and zealous to the point of fanaticism." Being a pacifist he advocated a moral agitation only: he would not vote, repudiated the Constitution, and, besides denouncing slavery, sanctioned other reforms such as temperance and woman's rights.

I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States—and particularly in New-England—than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, op-

IN the month of August I issued proposals for publishing "*The Liberator*" in Washington City; but the enterprise, though hailed in different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the "*Genius of Universal Emancipation*" to the seat of government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that

position more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among slave owners themselves. Of course, there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birth place of liberty. That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondsman set free! Let southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble—let their northern apologists tremble—let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

I deem the publication of my original prospectus unnecessary, as it has obtained a wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting that I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties.

Assenting to the “self-evident truth” maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, “that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park Street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I un-

reflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of gradual abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice and absurdity. A similar recantation, from my pen, was published in the "Genius of Universal Emancipation" at Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

I am aware, that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

It is pretended, that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. The charge is not true. On this question my influence,—humble as it is,—is felt at this moment to a considerable extent,

and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God, that He enables me to disregard “the fear of man which bringeth a snare” and to speak His truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

Oppression, I have seen thee face to face,  
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;  
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—  
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place  
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace  
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,  
I also kneel—but with far other vow  
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—  
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,  
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,  
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric’s chains  
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—  
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:  
Such is the vow I take—so help me God.



## AN ARGUMENT UPHOLDING SLAVERY

*By Professor Thomas Roderic Dew*

**D**R. DEW taught political economy, history and metaphysics at William and Mary College from 1827 to 1836, when he was made president of that historic Virginia institution. His essay on slavery, written after the debates in the Virginia constitutional convention and the events of the Nat Turner insurrection had aroused much sentiment in favor of emancipation, aided greatly in quieting the discussion. It served to counteract the anti-slavery sentiment dating back to Thomas Jefferson, and it did much to determine the Virginian attitude toward slavery.

Preceding this influential utterance, Dr. Dew's "*Lectures on the Restrictive System*," published in 1829, when feeling ran high between protectionists and free-traders on the subject of the tariff, were largely responsible for the adoption of the compromise of 1832.

rested upon our hands, and it was even carrying forward the nation by slow degrees to final ruin—yet if it were certain that an attempt to remove it would only hasten and heighten the final catastrophe . . . then, we would not only not be found to attempt the extirpation, but we would stand guilty of a high

**I**T is said slavery is wrong, in the abstract at least, and contrary to the spirit of Christianity. To this we answer . . . that any question must be determined by its circumstances, and if, as really is the case, we cannot get rid of slavery without producing a greater injury to both the masters and slaves, there is no rule of conscience or revealed law of God which can condemn us. . . . If slavery had commenced even contrary to the laws of God and man, and the sin of its introduction

offense in the sight of both God and man, if we should rashly make the effort. But the original sin of introduction rests not on our heads, and we shall soon see that all those dreadful calamities which the false prophets of our day are pointing to, will never in all probability occur.

With regard to the assertion that slavery is against the spirit of Christianity, we are ready to admit the general assertion, but deny most positively that there is anything in the Old or New Testament, which would go to show that slavery, when once introduced, ought at all events to be abrogated, or that the master commits any offense in holding slaves. The children of Israel themselves were slave holders, and were not condemned for it. . . . When we turn to the New Testament, we find not one single passage at all calculated to disturb the conscience of an honest slave holder. No one can read it without seeing and admiring that the meek and humble Saviour of the world in no instance meddled with the established institutions of mankind—he came to save a fallen world, and not to excite the black passions of men and array them in deadly hostility against each other. From no one did he turn away; his plan was offered alike to all—to the monarch and the subject, the rich and the poor—the master and the slave. He was born in the Roman world, a world in which the most galling slavery existed, a thousand times more cruel than the slavery in our own country—and yet he nowhere encourages insurrection—he nowhere fosters

discontent—but exhorts always to implicit obedience and fidelity. What a rebuke does the practice of the Redeemer of mankind imply upon the conduct of some of his nominal disciples of the day, who seek to destroy the contentment of the slaves, to rouse their most deadly passions, to break up the deep foundations of society, and to lead on to a night of darkness and confusion! . . .

2dly. But it is further said that the moral effects of slavery are of the most deleterious and hurtful kind; and as Mr. Jefferson has given the sanction of his great name to this charge, we shall proceed to examine it with all that respectful deference to which every sentiment of so pure and philanthropic a heart is justly entitled.

“The whole commerce between master and slave,” says he, “is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions—the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it, for man is an imitative animal—this quality is the germ of education in him. . . .” Now we boldly assert that the fact does not bear Mr. Jefferson out in his conclusions. He has supposed the master in a continual passion—in the constant exercise of the most odious tyranny, and the child, a creature of imitation, looking on and learning. But is not this master sometimes kind and indulgent to his slaves? Does he not mete out to them, for faithful service, the reward of his cordial approbation? Is it not his interest to do it? And

when thus acting humanely, and speaking kindly, where is the child, the creature of imitation, that he does not look on and learn? We may rest assured, in this intercourse between a good master and his servant, more good than evil may be taught the child, the exalted principles of morality and religion may thereby be sometimes indelibly inculcated upon his mind, and instead of being reared a selfish contracted being, with nought but self to look to—he acquires a more exalted benevolence, a greater generosity and elevation of soul, and embraces for the sphere of his generous actions a much wider field. Look to the slave holding population of our country, and you everywhere find them characterized by noble and elevated sentiment, by humane and virtuous feelings. We do not find among them that cold, contracted, calculating selfishness, which withers and repels everything around it, and lessens or destroys all the multiplied enjoyments of social intercourse. Go into our national councils, and ask for the most generous, the most disinterested, the most conscientious, and the least unjust and oppressive in their principles, and see whether the slave holder will be past by in the selection. . . .

Is it not a fact, known to every man in the South, that the most cruel masters are those who have been unaccustomed to slavery? It is well known that northern gentlemen who marry southern heiresses, are much severer masters than southern gentlemen. And yet, if Mr. Jefferson's reasoning were correct, they

ought to be much milder: in fact, it follows from his reasoning, that the authority which the father is called on to exercise over his children, must be seriously detrimental; and yet we know that this is not the case; that on the contrary, there is nothing which so much humanizes and softens the heart, as this very authority; and there are none, even among those who have no children themselves, so disposed to pardon the follies and indiscretion of youth, as those who have seen most of them, and suffered greatest annoyance. There may be many cruel relentless masters, and there are unkind and cruel fathers too; but both the one and the other make all those around them shudder with horror. We are disposed to think that their example in society tends rather to strengthen than weaken the principle of benevolence and humanity.

Let us now look a moment to the slave, and contemplate his position. Mr. Jefferson has described him as hating, rather than loving his master, and as losing, too, all that "*amor patriæ*" which characterizes the true patriot. We assert again, that Mr. Jefferson is not borne out by the fact. We are well convinced that there is nothing but the mere relations of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, which produce a closer tie, than the relation of master and servant. We have no hesitation in affirming that throughout the whole slave holding country, the slaves of a good master are his warmest, most constant, and most devoted friends; they have been accustomed



to look up to him as their supporter, director and defender. Every one acquainted with southern slaves, knows that the slave rejoices in the elevation and prosperity of his master; and the heart of no one is more gladdened at the successful début of young master or miss on the great theater of the world, than that of either the young slave who has grown up with them, and shared in all their sports, and even partaken of all their delicacies—or the aged one who has looked on and watched them from birth to manhood, with the kindest and most affectionate solicitude, and has ever met from them, all the kind treatment and generous sympathies of feeling tender hearts. Judge Smith in his able speech on Foote's Resolutions in the Senate said, in an emergency he would rely upon his own slaves for his defense—he would put arms into their hands, and he had no doubt they would defend him faithfully. In the late Southampton insurrection, we know that many actually convened their slaves, and armed them for defense, although slaves were here the cause of the evil which was to be repelled. . . .

. . . A merrier being does not exist on the face of the globe than the negro slave of the United States. Even Captain Hall himself, with his thick "crust of prejudice," is obliged to allow that they are happy and contented, and the master much less cruel than is generally imagined. Why then, since the slave is happy, and happiness is the great object of all animated creation, should we endeavor to disturb his contentment by infusing into his mind a vain and

indefinite desire for liberty—a something which he cannot comprehend, and which must inevitably dry up the very sources of his happiness. . . .

3dly. It has been contended that slavery is unfavorable to a republican spirit: but the whole history of the world proves that this is far from being the case. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, where the spirit of liberty glowed with most intensity, the slaves were more numerous than the freemen. . . . In modern times, too, liberty has always been more ardently desired by slave holding communities. . . . Burke says, “it is because freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege.” Another, and perhaps more efficient cause of this, is the perfect spirit of equality so prevalent among the whites of all the slave holding states. . . . The menial and low offices being all performed by the blacks, there is at once taken away the greatest cause of distinction and separation of the ranks of society. The man to the North will not shake hands familiarly with his servant, and converse, and laugh, and dine with him, no matter how honest and respectable he may be. But go to the South, and you will find that no white man feels such inferiority of rank as to be unworthy of association with those around him. Color alone is here the badge of distinction, the true mark of aristocracy, and all who are white are equal in spite of the variety of occupation. . . .

4thly. Insecurity of the whites, arising from plots, insurrections, &c., among the blacks. This is the evil, after all, let us say what we will, which really operates most powerfully upon the schemers and emancipating philanthropists of those sections where slaves constitute the principal property. Now, if we have shown, as we trust we have, that the scheme of deportation is utterly impracticable, and that emancipation, with permission to remain, will produce all these horrors in still greater degree, it follows that this evil of slavery, allowing it to exist in all its latitude, would be no argument of legislative action, and therefore we might well rest contented with this issue; but as we are anxious to exhibit this whole subject in its true bearings, and as we do believe that this evil has been most strangely and causelessly exaggerated, we have determined to examine it a moment, and point out its true extent. It seems to us that those who insist most upon it commit the enormous error of looking upon every slave in the whole slave-holding country as actuated by the most deadly enmity to the whites, and possessing all that reckless, fiendish temper, which would lead him to murder and assassinate the moment the opportunity occurs. This is far from being true; the slave, as we have already said, generally loves the master and his family; and few indeed there are, who can coldly plot the murder of men, women and children; and if they do, there are fewer still who can have the villainy to execute. We can sit down and imagine that all the negroes in the

South have conspired to rise on a certain night, and murder all the whites in their respective families; we may suppose the secret to be kept, and that they have the physical power to exterminate; and yet, we say the whole is morally impossible. No insurrection of this kind can ever occur where the blacks are as much civilized as they are in the United States. . . . his whole education and course of life are at war with such fell deeds. Nothing, then, but the most subtle and poisonous principles, sedulously infused into his mind, can break his allegiance, and transform him into the midnight murderer. Any man who will attend to the history of the Southampton massacre, must at once see, that the cause of even the partial success of the insurrectionists, was the very circumstance that there was no extensive plot, and that Nat, a demented fanatic, was under the impression that heaven had enjoined him to liberate the blacks, and had made its manifestations by loud noises in the air, an eclipse, and by the greenness of the sun. It was these signs which determined him, and ignorance and superstition, together with implicit confidence in Nat, determined a few others, and thus the bloody work began. . . .

## IMPROVING TRANSPORTATION

By Frances (Fanny) Anne Kemble

IN 1832 Fanny Kemble, celebrated in a former generation as an English actress-author, toured this country with her father, Charles Kemble, and met with an enthusiastic reception. She recorded her impressions in "*A Journal of a Residence in America*" (Henry Holt), first published in 1835. From it is taken the accompanying account of her journey by boat and stage from New York City to Utica via the Delaware River. Her writing is spirited and clever, though somewhat deficient in maturity of judgment. Married and divorced in this country, she retained her maiden name and for many years was a stage favorite. Her grandson, Owen Wister, is a well-known American author.

THE steamboat was very large and commodious as all these conveyances are. . . . These steamboats have three stories; the upper one is, as it were, a roofing or terrace on the leads of the second, a very desirable station when the weather is neither too foul, nor too fair; a burning sun being, I should think, as little desirable there, as a shower of rain. The second floor or deck, has the advantage of the ceiling above, and yet, the sides being completely open, it is airy, and allows free sight of the shores on either hand. Chairs, stools and benches are the furniture of these two decks. The one below, or third floor, downwards, in fact, the ground floor, being the one near the water, is a spacious room completely roofed and walled in, where the passengers take their meals, and resort if the weather is unfavorable. At the end of this room, is a smaller cabin



for the use of the ladies, with beds and sofa, and all the conveniences necessary, if they should like to be sick; whither I came and slept till breakfast time.

Vigne's account of the pushing, thrusting, rushing, and devouring on board a western steamboat at meal times, had prepared me for rather an awful spectacle; but this, I find, is by no means the case in these civilized parts, and everything was conducted with perfect order, propriety and civility. The breakfast was good, and was served and eaten with decency enough. . . .

At about half past ten, we reached the place where we leave the river, to proceed across a part of the State of New Jersey, to the Delaware. . . . Oh, these coaches! English eye hath not seen, English ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of Englishmen to conceive the surpassing clumsiness and wretchedness of these leathern inconveniences. They are shaped something like boats, the sides being merely leathern pieces, removable at pleasure, but which in bad weather are buttoned down to protect the inmates from the wet. There are three seats in this machine, the middle one having a movable leathern strap, by way of a dossier, runs between the carriage doors, and lifts away, to permit the egress and ingress of the occupants of the other seats. . . . For the first few minutes, I thought I must have fainted from the intolerable sensation of smothering which I experienced. However, the leathers having been removed, and a little more air obtained, I took

heart of grace, and resigned myself to my fate. Away wallopped the four horses, trotting with their front, and galloping with their hind legs: and away went we after them, bumping, thumping, jumping, jolting, shaking, tossing and tumbling, over the wickedest road, I do think, the cruellest, hard-heartedest road that ever wheel rumbled upon. Through bog and marsh and ruts, wider and deeper than any Christian ruts I ever saw, with the roots of trees protruding across our path, their boughs every now and then giving us an affectionate scratch through the windows; and, more than once, a half-demolished trunk or stump lying in the middle of the road lifting us up, and letting us down again, with most awful variations of our poor coach body from its natural position. Bones of me! what a road! Even my father's solid proportions could not keep their level, but were jerked up to the roof and down again every three minutes. Our companions seemed nothing dismayed by these wondrous performances of a coach and four, but laughed and talked incessantly, the young ladies, at the very top of their voices, and with the national nasal twang. . . .

The few cottages and farm-houses which we passed reminded me of similar dwellings in France and Ireland; yet the peasantry here have not the same excuse for disorder and dilapidation, as either the Irish or French. The farms had the same desolate, untidy, untended look; the gates broken, the fences carelessly put up, or ill repaired; the farming utensils sluttishly

scattered about a littered yard, where the pigs seemed to preside by undisputed right; house-windows broken, and stuffed with paper or clothes; dishevelled women, and barefooted, anomalous looking human young things. None of the stirring life and activity which such places present in England and Scotland; above all, none of the enchanting mixture of neatness, order, and rustic elegance and comfort, which render so picturesque the surroundings of a farm, and the various belongings of agricultural labor in my own dear country. The fences struck me as peculiar; I never saw any such in England. They are made of rails of wood placed horizontally, and meeting at obtuse angles, so forming a zigzag wall of wood, which runs over the country like the herring-bone seams of a flannel petticoat. At each of the angles, two slanting stakes, considerably higher than the rest of the fence, were driven into the ground, crossing each other at the top, so as to secure the horizontal rails in their position. . . .

At the end of fourteen miles we turned into a swampy field, the whole fourteen coachfuls of us, and by the help of heaven, bag and baggage were packed into the coaches which stood on the railway ready to receive us. The carriages were not drawn by steam, like those on the Liverpool railway, but by horses, with the mere advantage in speed afforded by iron ledges, which, to be sure, compared with our previous progress through the ruts, was considerable. Our coachful got into the first carriage of the train,

escaping, by way of especial grace, the dust which one's predecessors occasion. This vehicle had but two seats, in the usual fashion; each of which held four of us. The whole inside was lined with blazing scarlet leather, and the windows shaded with stuff curtains of the same refreshing color; which with full complement of passengers, on a fine, sunny, American summer's day, must make as pretty a little miniature held as may be, I should think. . . . This railroad is an infinite blessing; 'tis not yet finished, but shortly will be so, and then the whole of that horrible fourteen miles will be performed in comfort and decency, in less than half the time. In about an hour and a half, we reached the end of our railroad part of the journey, and found another steamboat waiting for us, when we all embarked on the Delaware. . . . At about four o'clock, we reached Philadelphia, having performed the journey between that and New York (a distance of a hundred miles,) in less than ten hours, in spite of bogs, ruts and all other impediments. . . .

We proceeded by canal to Utica, which distance we performed in a day and a night, starting at two from Schenectady, and reaching Utica the next day at about noon. I like traveling by the canal boats very much. Ours was not crowded, and the country through which we passed being delightful, the placid moderate gliding through it, at about four miles and a half an hour, seemed to me infinitely preferable to the noise of wheels, the rumble of a coach, and the

jerking of bad roads, for the gain of a mile an hour. The only nuisances are the bridges over the canal, which are so very low, that one is obliged to prostrate oneself on the deck of the boat, to avoid being scraped off it; and this humiliation occurs, upon an average, once every quarter of an hour. . . .

The valley of the Mohawk, through which we crept the whole sunshining day, is beautiful from beginning to end; fertile, soft, rich, and occasionally approaching sublimity and grandeur, in its rocks and hanging woods. We had a lovely day, and a soft blessed sunset, which, just as we came to a point where the canal crosses the river, and where the curved and wooded shores on either side recede, leaving a broad smooth basin, threw one of the most exquisite effects of light and color, I ever remember to have seen, over the water, and through the sky. . . . We sat in the men's cabin until they began making preparations for bed, and then withdrew into a room about twelve feet square, where a whole tribe of women were getting to their beds. Some half undressed, some brushing, some curling, some washing, some already asleep in their narrow cribs, but all within a quarter of an inch of each other; it made one shudder. . . .

. . . At Utica we dined; and after dinner I slept profoundly. The gentlemen, I believe, went out to view the town, which, twenty years ago, was not, and now is a flourishing place, with fine-looking shops, two or three hotels, good broad streets, and a body of



lawyers, who had a supper at the house where we were staying, and kept the night awake with champagne, shouting, toasts, and clapping of hands: so much for the strides of civilization through the savage lands of this new world. . . .

## WHY THE UNITED STATES BANK WAS CLOSED

*By President Andrew Jackson*

**T**HROUGHOUT his first administration, President Jackson had sought to abolish the United States Bank as an "iniquitous institution." His opportunity came at the beginning of his second administration when, on July 10, 1832, he sent this message to Congress, giving his reasons for vetoing the bill to renew the charter. The next step was to remove Federal deposits from the Bank. This his Secretary of the Treasury, Duane, refused to do. Consequently Jackson removed him, and appointed Roger B. Taney, who was more tractable, but whose appointment was held up by the Senate. Subsequently Taney was made Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Following Jackson's message, we publish, for comparison, the opinion of Alexander Hamilton as to the constitutionality of the United States Bank. It was given in 1791, but is appropriately presented in conjunction with the dissenting view of Jackson forty-one years later.

ing these objections. I sincerely regret that, in the act before me, I can perceive none of those modifica-

**A** BANK of the United States is in many respects convenient for the Government and useful to the people. Entertaining this opinion, and deeply impressed with the belief that some of the powers and privileges possessed by the existing Bank are unauthorized by the Constitution, subversive of the rights of the States, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, I felt it my duty, at an early period of my administration, to call the attention of Congress to the practicability of organizing an institution combining all its advantages, and obviat-

tions of the Bank charter which are necessary, in my opinion, to make it compatible with justice, with sound policy, or with the Constitution of our country.

Every monopoly, and all exclusive privileges, are granted at the expense of the public, which ought to receive a fair equivalent. The many millions which this act proposes to bestow on the stockholders of the existing Bank must come directly or indirectly out of the earnings of the American people. It is due to them, therefore, if their Government sell monopolies and exclusive privileges, that they should at least exact for them as much as they are worth in open market. The value of the monopoly in this case may be correctly ascertained. The twenty-eight millions of stock would probably be at an advance of fifty per cent., and command in market at least forty-two millions of dollars, subject to the payment of the present bonus. The present value of the monopoly, therefore, is seventeen millions of dollars, and this the act proposes to sell for three millions, payable in fifteen annual instalments of two hundred thousand dollars each.

It is not conceivable how the present stockholders can have any claim to the special favor of the Government. The present corporation has enjoyed its monopoly during the period stipulated in the original contract. If we must have such a corporation, why should not the Government sell out the whole stock, and thus secure to the people the full market value of

the privileges granted? Why should not Congress create and sell twenty-eight millions of stock, incorporating the purchasers with all the powers and privileges secured in this act, and putting the premium upon the sales into the Treasury.

It has been urged as an argument in favor of re-chartering the present Bank, that the calling in its loans will produce great embarrassment and distress. The time allowed to close its concerns is ample; and if it has been well managed, its pressure will be light, and heavy only in case its management has been bad. If, therefore, it shall produce distress, the fault will be its own: and it would furnish a reason against renewing a power which has been so obviously abused. But will there ever be a time when this reason will be less powerful? To acknowledge its force is to admit that the Bank ought to be perpetual; and, as a consequence, the present stockholders, and those inheriting their rights as successors, be established a privileged order, clothed both with great political power and enjoying immense pecuniary advantages from their connection with the Government. The modifications of the existing charter, proposed by this act, are not such, in my views, as make it consistent with the rights of the States or the liberties of the people.

Is there no danger to our liberty and independence in a Bank that in its nature has so little to bind it to our country. The president of the Bank has told us that most of the State banks exist by its forbearance.

Should its influence become concentrated, as it may under the operation of such an act as this, in the hands of a self-elected directory, whose interests are identified with those of the foreign stockholders, will there not be cause to tremble for the purity of our elections in peace, and for the independence of our country in war. Their power would be great whenever they might choose to exert it; but if this monopoly were regularly renewed every fifteen or twenty years, on terms proposed by themselves, they might seldom in peace put forth their strength to influence elections or control the affairs of the nation. But if any private citizen or public functionary should interpose to curtail its powers, or prevent a renewal of its privileges, it cannot be doubted that he would be made to feel its influence.

Should the stock of the Bank principally pass into the hands of the subjects of a foreign country, and we should unfortunately become involved in a war with that country, what would be our condition? Of the course which would be pursued by a bank almost wholly owned by the subjects of a foreign power, and managed by those whose interests, if not affections, would run in the same direction, there can be no doubt. All its operations within would be in aid of the hostile fleets and armies without. Controlling our currency, receiving our public moneys, and holding thousands of our citizens in dependence, it would be more formidable and dangerous than the naval and military power of the enemy. . . .



It is maintained by the advocates of the Bank, that its constitutionality, in all its features, ought to be considered as settled by precedent, and by the decision of the Supreme Court. To this conclusion I cannot assent. Mere precedent is a dangerous source of authority, and should not be regarded as deciding questions of constitutional power, except where the acquiescence of the people and the States can be considered as well settled. So far from this being the case on this subject, an argument against the Bank might be based on precedent. One Congress, in 1791, decided in favor of a bank; another, in 1811, decided against it. One Congress, in 1815, decided against a bank; another, in 1816, decided in its favor. Prior to the present Congress, therefore, the precedents drawn from that source were equal. If we resort to the States, the expressions of legislative, judicial, and executive opinions against the Bank have been probably to those in its favor as four to one. There is nothing in precedent, therefore, which, if its authority were admitted, ought to weigh in favor of the act before me.

If the opinion of the Supreme Court covered the whole ground of this act, it ought not to control the coördinate authorities of this Government. The Congress, the Executive, and the Court, must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. Each public officer, who takes an oath to support the Constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others.

It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval as it is of the supreme judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. . . .

It cannot be necessary to the character of the Bank as a fiscal agent of the Government that its private business should be exempted from that taxation to which all the State banks are liable; nor can I conceive it "proper" that the substantive and most essential powers reserved by the States shall be thus attacked and annihilated as a means of executing the powers delegated to the general government. It may be safely assumed that none of those sages who had an agency in forming or adopting our Constitution, ever imagined that any portion of the taxing power of the States, not prohibited to them nor delegated to Congress, was to be swept away and annihilated as a means of executing certain powers delegated to Congress. . . .

Suspicious are entertained, and charges are made, of gross abuse and violation of its charter. An investigation unwillingly conceded, and so restricted in time as necessarily to make it incomplete and unsatisfactory, disclosed enough to excite suspicion and alarm. In the practices of the principal bank partially unveiled, in the absence of important witnesses, and in numerous charges confidently made, and as yet wholly uninvestigated, there was enough to induce a

majority of the committee of investigation, a committee which was selected from the most able and honorable members of the House of Representatives, to recommend a suspension of further action upon the bill, and a prosecution of the inquiry. As the charter had yet four years to run, and as a renewal now was not necessary to the successful prosecution of its business, it was to have been expected that the Bank itself, conscious of its purity, and proud of its character, would have withdrawn its application for the present, and demanded the severest scrutiny into all its transactions. In their declining to do so, there seems to be an additional reason why the functionaries of the Government should proceed with less haste and more caution in the renewal of their monopoly. . . .

I have now done my duty to my country. If sustained by my fellow citizens, I shall be grateful and happy; if not, I shall find in the motives which impel me ample grounds for contentment and peace. In the difficulties which surround us and the dangers which threaten our institutions there is cause for neither dismay nor alarm. For relief and deliverance let us firmly rely on that kind Providence which, I am sure, watches with peculiar care over the destinies of our republic, and on the intelligence and wisdom of our countrymen. Through His abundant goodness, and their patriotic devotion, our liberty and Union will be preserved.

# CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

## *Alexander Hamilton's Opinion*

*I*N response to a request from President Washington, Alexander Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, on February 23, 1791, gave this famous opinion as to the constitutionality of the Bank of the United States—an opinion which Washington adopted in signing the bill which created the bank, but with which Jackson differed decidedly in abolishing the bank in 1832. Feeling ran so high in this bank war that the Senate passed a resolution censuring Jackson, a hitherto unheard-of proceeding.

In 1819 the question of the constitutionality of the bank came before the United States Supreme Court in the case of *McCullough vs. Maryland*. Chief Justice Marshall's decision, regarded as one of his ablest, supported that of Hamilton in strongly affirming the constitutionality of the bank. Hamilton's doctrine of the unimplied powers of the Constitution was the first triumph of that principle which has done more than anything else to strengthen the power of the National Government.

from the reflection that the measure originated with him, would be sufficient to produce it. The sense

**T**HE Secretary of the Treasury [Hamilton] having perused with attention the papers containing the opinions of the Secretary of State [Thomas Jefferson] and the Attorney-General [Edmund Randolph] concerning the constitutionality of the bill for establishing a national bank, proceeds, according to the order of the President [Washington], to submit the reasons which have induced him to entertain a different opinion.

It will naturally have been anticipated, that in performing this task he would feel uncommon solicitude. Personal considerations alone, arising

which he has manifested of the great importance of such an institution to the successful administration of the department under his particular care, and an expectation of serious ill consequences to result from a failure of the measure, do not permit him to be without anxiety on public accounts. But the chief solicitude arises from a firm persuasion, that principles of construction like those espoused by the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General would be fatal to the just and indispensable authority of the United States.

In entering upon the argument, it ought to be premised that the objections of the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General are founded on a general denial of the authority of the United States to erect corporations. The latter, indeed, expressly admits, that if there be anything in the bill which is not warranted by the Constitution, it is the clause of incorporation.

Now it appears to the Secretary of the Treasury that this general principle is inherent in the very definition of government, and essential to every step of the progress to be made by that of the United States, namely: That every power vested in a government is in its nature sovereign, and includes, by force of the term, a right to employ all the means requisite and fairly applicable to the attainment of the ends of such power, and which are not precluded by restrictions and exceptions specified in the Constitution, or not immoral, or not contrary to the essential ends of political society.



This principle, in its application to government in general, would be admitted as an axiom; and it will be incumbent upon those who may incline to deny it, to prove a distinction, and to show that a rule which, in the general system of things, is essential to the preservation of the social order, is inapplicable to the United States.

The circumstance that the powers of sovereignty are in this country divided between the National and State governments, does not afford the distinction required. It does not follow from this, that each of the portion of powers delegated to the one or to the other, is not sovereign with regard to its proper objects. It will only follow from it, that each has sovereign power as to certain things, and not as to other things. To deny that the Government of the United States has sovereign power, as to its declared purposes and trusts, because its power does not extend to all cases, would be equally to deny that the State governments have sovereign power in any case, because their power does not extend to every case. The tenth section of the first article of the Constitution exhibits a long list of very important things which they may not do. And thus the United States would furnish the singular spectacle of a political society without sovereignty, or of a people governed, without government.

If it would be necessary to bring proof to a proposition so clear, as that which affirms that the powers of the Federal Government, as to its objects, were

sovereign, there is a clause of its Constitution which would be decisive. It is that which declares that the Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance of it, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority, shall be the supreme law of the land. The power which can create the supreme law of the land in any case, is doubtless sovereign as to such case.

This general and indisputable principle puts at once an end to the abstract question, whether the United States have power to erect a corporation; that is to say, to give a legal or artificial capacity to one or more persons, distinct from the natural. For it is unquestionably incident to sovereign power to erect corporations, and consequently to that of the United States, in relation to the objects intrusted to the management of the government. The difference is this: where the authority of the government is general, it can create corporations in all cases; where it is confined to certain branches of legislation, it can create corporations only in those cases.

Here, then, as far as concerns the reasonings of the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General, the affirmative of the constitutionality of the bill might be permitted to rest. It will occur to the President, that the principle here advanced has been untouched by either of them.

For a more complete elucidation of the point, nevertheless, the arguments which they had used against the power of the government to erect corpo-

rations, however foreign they are to the great and fundamental rule which has been stated, shall be particularly examined. And after showing that they do not tend to impair its force, it shall also be shown that the power of incorporation, incident to the government in certain cases, does fairly extend to the particular case which is the object of the bill.

The first of these arguments is, that the foundation of the Constitution is laid on this ground: "That all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, or to the people." Whence it is meant to be inferred, that Congress can in no case exercise any power not included in those enumerated in the Constitution. And it is affirmed, that the power of erecting a corporation is not included in any of the enumerated powers.

The main proposition here laid down, in its true signification, is not to be questioned. It is nothing more than a consequence of this republican maxim, that all government is a delegation of power. But how much is delegated in each case is a question of fact, to be made out by fair reasoning and construction, upon the particular provisions of the Constitution, taking as guides the general principles and general ends of governments.

It is not denied that there are implied, as well as express powers, and that the former are as effectually delegated as the latter. And for the sake of accuracy it shall be mentioned that there is another class of

powers, which may be properly denominated resulting powers. It will not be doubted that if the United States should make a conquest of any of the territories of its neighbors, they would possess sovereign jurisdiction over the conquered territory. This would be rather a result from the whole mass of the powers of the government, and from the nature of political society, than a consequence of either of the powers specially enumerated. . . .

The proposed bank is to consist of an association of persons, for the purpose of creating a joint capital, to be employed chiefly and essentially in loans. So far the object is not only lawful, but it is the mere exercise of a right which the law allows to every individual. The Bank of New York, which is not incorporated, is an example of such an association. The bill proposes, in addition, that the government shall become a joint proprietor in this undertaking, and that it shall permit the bills of the company, payable on demand, to be receivable in its revenues; and stipulates that it shall not grant privileges, similar to those which are to be allowed to this company, to any others. All this is incontrovertibly within the compass of the discretion of the government. The only question is, whether it has a right to incorporate this company, in order to enable it the more effectually to accomplish ends which are in themselves lawful.

To establish such a right, it remains to show the relation of such an institution to one or more of the specified powers of the government. Accordingly it

is affirmed that it has a relation, more or less direct, to the power of collecting taxes, to that of borrowing money, to that of regulating trade between the States, and to those of raising and maintaining fleets and armies. To the two former the relation may be said to be immediate; and in the last place it will be argued, that it is clearly within the provision which authorizes the making of all needful rules and regulations concerning the property of the United States, as the same has been practiced upon by the government. . . .

The constitutionality of all this would not admit of a question, and yet it would amount to the institution of a bank, with a view to the more convenient collection of taxes. For the simplest and most precise idea of a bank is, a deposit of coin, or other property, as a fund for circulating a credit upon it, which is to answer the purpose of money. That such an arrangement would be equivalent to the establishment of a bank, would become obvious, if the place where the fund to be set apart was kept should be made a receptacle of the moneys of all other persons who should incline to deposit them there for safe-keeping; and would become still more so, if the officers charged with the direction of the fund were authorized to make discounts at the usual rate of interest, upon good security. To deny the power of the government to add these ingredients to the plan, would be to refine away all government. . . .



## THE BLACK HAWK WAR

*From Black Hawk's Autobiography*

HAVING sided with the British in the War of 1812, Black Hawk, the celebrated chief of the Sac Indians, remained, until his death in 1838, a confirmed enemy of the United States. What is known as the Black Hawk War of 1832 was occasioned by the whites occupying lands vacated by the Sacs and Foxes in the upper Mississippi Valley.

The Indians were defeated by General Dodge, near the Wisconsin River; and by General Atkinson, whom Black Hawk calls the White Beaver in his autobiography, at the Bad Axe River, after which he surrendered. The Keokuk mentioned here was a Sac and Fox chief, after whom Keokuk was named.

Black Hawk and nine other Sac warriors were held as hostages, and, after being exhibited in several cities, were confined in Fortress Monroe until 1833. Later Black Hawk was permitted to accompany his tribe to a reservation near Fort Des Moines (Iowa) where he died at 71.

from moving off until all were ready.

My party having all come in and got ready, we commenced our march up the Mississippi; our women

CONCEIVING that the peaceable disposition of Keokuk and his people had been in a great measure the cause of our having been driven from our village, I ascribed their present feelings to the same cause, and immediately went to work to recruit all my own band, and making preparations to ascend Rock River, I made my encampment on the Mississippi, where Fort Madison had stood. I requested my people to rendezvous at that place, sending out soldiers to bring in the warriors, and stationed my sentinels in a position to prevent any

and children in canoes, carrying such provisions as we had, camp equipage, &c. My braves and warriors were on horseback, armed and equipped for defense. The prophet came down and joining us below Rock River, having called at Rock Island on his way down, to consult the war chief, agent and trader; who, he said, used many arguments to dissuade him from going with us, requesting him to come and meet us and turn us back. They told him also there was a war chief on his way to Rock Island with a large body of soldiers.

The prophet said he would not listen to this talk, because no war chief would dare molest us so long as we were at peace. That we had a right to go where we pleased peaceably, and advised me to say nothing to my braves and warriors until we encamped that night. We moved onward until we arrived at the place where General Gaines had made his encampment the year before, and encamped for the night. The prophet then addressed my braves and warriors. He told them to "follow us and act like braves, and we have nothing to fear and much to gain. The American war chief may come, but will not, nor dare not interfere with us so long as we act peaceably. We are not yet ready to act otherwise. We must wait until we ascend Rock River and receive our reënforcements, and we will then be able to withstand any army."

That night the White Beaver, General Atkinson, with a party of soldiers passed up in a steamboat.

Our party became alarmed, expecting to meet the soldiers at Rock River, to prevent us going up. On our arrival at its mouth, we discovered that the steamboat had passed on.

I was fearful that the war chief had stationed his men on some high bluff, or in some ravine, that we might be taken by surprise. Consequently, on entering Rock River we commenced beating our drums and singing, to show the Americans that we were not afraid.

Having met with no opposition, we moved up Rock River leisurely for some distance, when we were overtaken by an express from White Beaver, with an order for me to return with my band and recross the Mississippi again. I sent him word that I would not, not recognizing his right to make such a demand, as I was acting peaceably, and intended to go to the prophet's village at his request, to make corn.

The express returned. We moved on and encamped some distance below the prophet's village. Here another express came from the White Beaver, threatening to pursue us and drive us back, if we did not return peaceably. This message roused the spirit of my band, and all were determined to remain with me and contest the ground with the war chief, should he come and attempt to drive us. We therefore directed the express to say to the war chief "if he wished to fight us he might come on." We were determined never to be driven, and equally so, not to make the first attack, our object being to act only

on the defensive. This we conceived to be our right.

Soon after the express returned, Mr. Gratiot, sub-agent for the Winnebagoes, came to our encampment. He had no interpreter, and was compelled to talk through his chiefs. They said the object of his mission was to persuade us to return. But they advised us to go on—assuring us that the further we went up Rock River the more friends we would meet, and our situation would be bettered. They were on our side and all of their people were our friends. We must not give up, but continue to ascend Rock River, on which, in a short time, we would receive reinforcements sufficiently strong to repulse any enemy. They said they would go down with their agent, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and then return and give us the news. They had to use some stratagem to deceive their agent in order to help us. . . .

Having ascertained that White Beaver would not permit us to remain where we were, I began to consider what was best to be done, and concluded to keep on up the river, see the Pottowattomies and have a talk with them. Several Winnebago chiefs were present, whom I advised of my intentions, as they did not seem disposed to render us any assistance. I asked them if they had not sent us wampum during the winter, and requested us to come and join their people and enjoy all the rights and privileges of their country. They did not deny this; and said if the white people did not interfere, they had no objection

to our making corn this year, with our friend the prophet, but did not wish us to go any further up.

The next day I started with my party to Kishwacokee. That night, I encamped a short distance above the prophet's village. After all was quiet in our camp I sent for my chiefs, and told them that we had been deceived. That all the fair promises that had been held out to us through Neapope were false. But it would not do to let our party know it. We must keep it secret among ourselves, move on to Kishwacokee, as if all was right, and say something on the way to encourage our people. I will then call on the Pottowattomies, hear what they say, and see what they will do.

We started the next morning, after telling our people that news had just come from Milwaukee that a chief of our British Father would be there in a few days. Finding that all our plans were defeated, I told the prophet that he must go with me, and we would see what could be done with the Pottowattomies. On our arrival at Kishwacokee an express was sent to the Pottowattomie villages. The next day a deputation arrived. I inquired if they had corn in their villages. They said they had a very little and could not spare any. I asked them different questions and received very unsatisfactory answers. This talk was in the presence of all my people. I afterwards spoke to them privately, and requested them to come to my lodge after my people had gone to sleep. They came and took seats. I asked them if they had re-



ceived any news from the British on the lake. They said no. I inquired if they had heard that a chief of our British Father was coming to Milwaukee to bring us guns, ammunition, goods and provisions. They said no. I told them what news had been brought to me, and requested them to return to their village and tell the chiefs that I wished to see them and have a talk with them.

After this deputation started, I concluded to tell my people that if White Beaver came after us, we would go back, as it was useless to think of stopping or going on without more provisions and ammunition. I discovered that the Winnebagoes and Pottowattomies were not disposed to render us any assistance. The next day the Pottowattomie chiefs arrived in my camp. I had a dog killed, and made a feast. When it was ready, I spread my medicine bags, and the chiefs began to eat. When the ceremony was about ending, I received news that three or four hundred white men on horseback had been seen about eight miles off. I immediately started three young men with a white flag to meet them and conduct them to our camp, that we might hold a council with them and descend Rock River again. I also directed them, in case the whites had encamped, to return, and I would go and see them. After this party had started I sent five young men to see what might take place. The first party went to the camp of the whites, and were taken prisoners. The last party had not proceeded far before they saw about twenty men coming

toward them at full gallop. They stopped, and, finding that the whites were coming toward them in such a warlike attitude, they turned and retreated, but were pursued, and two of them overtaken and killed. The others made their escape. When they came in with the news, I was preparing my flags to meet the war chief. The alarm was given. Nearly all my young men were absent ten miles away. I started with what I had left, about forty, and had proceeded but a short distance, before we saw a part of the army approaching. I raised a yell, saying to my braves, "Some of our people have been killed. Wantonly and cruelly murdered! We must avenge their death!"

In a little while we discovered the whole army coming towards us at a full gallop. We were now confident that our first party had been killed. I immediately placed my men behind a cluster of bushes, that we might have the first fire when they had approached close enough. They made a halt some distance from us. I gave another yell, and ordered my brave warriors to charge upon them, expecting that they would all be killed. They did charge. Every man rushed towards the enemy and fired, and they retreated in the utmost confusion and consternation before my little but brave band of warriors.

After following the enemy for some distance, I found it useless to pursue them further, as they rode so fast, and returned to the encampment with a few braves, as about twenty-five of them continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. I lighted my pipe and

sat down to thank the Great Spirit for what he had done. I had not been meditating long, when two of the three young men I had sent with the flag to meet the American war chief, entered. My astonishment was not greater than my joy to see them living and well. I eagerly listened to their story, which was as follows:

"When we arrived near the encampment of the whites, a number of them rushed out to meet us, bringing their guns with them. They took us into their camp, where an American who spoke the Sac language a little told us that his chief wanted to know how we were, where we were going, where our camp was, and where was Black Hawk? We told him that we had come to see his chief, that our chief had directed us to conduct him to our camp, in case he had not encamped, and in that event to tell him that he, Black Hawk, would come to see him; he wished to hold a council with him, as he had given up all intention of going to war."

This man had once been a member of our tribe, having been adopted by me many years before and treated with the same kindness as was shown to our young men, but like the caged bird of the woods, he yearned for freedom, and after a few years residence with us an opportunity for escape came and he left us. On this occasion he would have respected our flag and carried back the message I had sent to his chief, had he not been taken prisoner, with a comrade, by some of my braves who did not recognize

him, and brought him into camp. They were securely tied with cords to trees and left to meditate, but were occasionally buffeted by my young men when passing near them. When I passed by him there was a recognition on the part of us both, but on account of former friendship I concluded to let him go, and some little time before the sun went down I released him from his captivity by untying the cords that bound him and accompanied him outside of our lines so that he could escape safely. His companion had previously made a desperate effort to escape from his guards and was killed by them.

They continued their story:

"At the conclusion of this talk a party of white men came in on horseback. We saw by their countenances that something had happened. A general tumult arose. They looked at us with indignation, talked among themselves for a moment, when several of them cocked their guns and fired at us in the crowd. Our companion fell dead. We rushed through the crowd and made our escape. We remained in ambush but a short time, before we heard yelling like Indians running an enemy. In a little while we saw some of the whites in full speed. One of them came near us. I threw my tomahawk and struck him on the head which brought him to the ground; I ran to him and with his own knife took off his scalp. I took his gun, mounted his horse, and brought my friend here behind me. We turned to follow our braves, who were chasing the enemy, and

had not gone far before we overtook a white man, whose horse had mired in a swamp. My friend alighted and tomahawked the man, who was apparently fast under his horse. He took his scalp, horse and gun. By this time our party was some distance ahead. We followed on and saw several white men lying dead on the way. After riding about six miles we met our party returning. We asked them how many of our men had been killed. They said none after the Americans had retreated. We inquired how many whites had been killed. They replied that they did not know, but said we will soon ascertain, as we must scalp them as we go back. On our return we found ten men, besides the two we had killed before we joined our friends. Seeing that they did not yet recognize us, it being dark, we again asked how many of our braves had been killed? They said five. We asked who they were? They replied that the first party of three who went out to meet the American war chief, had all been taken prisoners and killed in the encampment, and that out of a party of five, who followed to see the meeting of the first party with the whites, two had been killed. We were now certain that they did not recognize us, nor did we tell who we were until we arrived at our camp. The news of our death had reached it some time before, and all were surprised to see us again."

The next morning I told the crier of my village to give notice that we must go and bury our dead. In a little while all were ready. A small deputation



was sent for our absent warriors, and the remainder started to bury the dead. We first disposed of them and then commenced an examination in the enemy's deserted encampment for plunder. We found arms and ammunition and provisions, all of which we were sadly in want of, particularly the latter, as we were entirely without. We found also a variety of saddle bags, which I distributed among my braves, a small quantity of whisky and some little barrels that had contained this bad medicine, but they were empty. I was surprised to find that the whites carried whisky with them, as I had understood that all the pale faces, when acting as soldiers in the field, were strictly temperate.

The enemy's encampment was in a skirt of woods near a run, about half a day's travel from Dixon's ferry. We attacked them in the prairie, with a few bushes between us, about sundown, and I expected that my whole party would be killed. I never was so much surprised in all the fighting I have seen, knowing, too, that the Americans generally shoot well, as I was to see this army of several hundreds retreating, without showing fight, and passing immediately through their encampment, I did think they intended to halt there, as the situation would have forbidden attack by my party if their number had not exceeded half of mine, as we would have been compelled to take the open prairie while they could have picked trees to shield themselves from our fire.

I was never so much surprised in my life as I was

in this attack. An army of three or four hundred men, after having learned that we were suing for peace, to attempt to kill the flag-bearers that had gone unarmed to ask for a meeting of the war chiefs of the two contending parties to hold a council, that I might return to the west side of the Mississippi, to come forward with a full determination to demolish the few braves I had with me, to retreat when they had ten to one, was unaccountable to me. It proved a different spirit from any I had ever before seen among the pale faces. I expected to see them fight as the Americans did with the British during the last war, but they had no such braves among them.

At our feast with the Pottowatomies I was convinced that we had been imposed upon by those who had brought in reports of large reënforcements to my band and resolved not to strike a blow; and in order to get permission from White Beaver to return and recross the Mississippi, I sent a flag of peace to the American war chief, who was reported to be close by with his army, expecting that he would convene a council and listen to what we had to say. But this chief, instead of pursuing that honorable and chivalric course, such as I have always practiced, shot down our flag-bearer and thus forced us into war with less than five hundred warriors to contend against three or four thousand soldiers.

The supplies that Neapope and the prophet told us about, and the reënforcements we were to have, were nevermore heard of, and it is but justice to our

British Father to say were never promised, his chief having sent word in lieu of the lies that were brought to me, "for us to remain at peace as we could accomplish nothing but our own ruin by going to war."

What was now to be done? It was worse than folly to turn back and meet an enemy where the odds were so much against us and thereby sacrifice ourselves, our wives and children to the fury of an enemy who had murdered some of our brave and unarmed warriors when they were on a mission to sue for peace.

Having returned to our encampment, and found that all our young men had come in, I sent out spies to watch the movements of the army, and commenced moving up Kishwacokee with the balance of my people. I did not know where to go to find a place of safety for my women and children, but expected to find a good harbor about the head of Rock River. I concluded to go there, and thought my best route would be to go round the head of Kishwacokee, so that the Americans would have some difficulty if they attempted to follow us.

On arriving at the head of Kishwacokee, I was met by a party of Winnebagoes, who seemed to rejoice at our success. They said they had come to offer their services, and were anxious to join us. I asked them if they knew where there was a safe place for our women and children. They told us that they would send two old men with us to guide us to a good safe place.

I arranged war parties to send out in different directions, before I proceeded further. The Winnebagoes went alone. The war parties having all been fitted out and started, we commenced moving to the Four Lakes, the place where our guides were to conduct us. We had not gone far before six Winnebagoes came in with one scalp. They said they had killed a man at a grove, on the road from Dixon's to the lead mines. Four days after, the party of Winnebagoes who had gone out from the head of Kishwacokee, overtook us, and told me that they had killed four men and taken their scalps: and that one of them was Keokuk's father, (the agent). They proposed to have a dance over their scalps. I told them that I could have no dancing in my camp, in consequence of my having lost three young braves; but they might dance in their own camp, which they did. Two days after, we arrived in safety at the place where the Winnebagoes had directed us. In a few days a great number of our warriors came in. I called them all around me, and addressed them. I told them: "Now is the time, if any of you wish to come into distinction, and be honored with the medicine bag! Now is the time to show your courage and bravery, and avenge the murder of our three braves!"

Several small parties went out, and returned again in a few days, with success—bringing in provisions for our people. In the meantime, some spies came in, and reported that the army had fallen back to

Dixon's ferry; and others brought news that the horsemen had broken up their camp, disbanded, and returned home.

Finding that all was safe, I made a dog feast, preparatory to leaving my camp with a large party, (as the enemy were stationed so far off). Before my braves commenced feasting, I took my medicine bags, and addressed them in the following language:

"Braves and Warriors: These are the medicine bags of our forefather, Mukataquet, who was the father of the Sac nation. They were handed down to the great war chief of our nation, Nanamakee, who has been at war with all the nations of the plains, and have never yet been disgraced! I expect you all to protect them!"

After the ceremony was over and our feasting done I started, with about two hundred warriors following my great medicine bags. I directed my course toward sunset and dreamed, the second night after we started, that there would be a great feast prepared for us after one day's travel. I told my warriors my dream in the morning and we started for Moscohocoynak, (Apple River). When we arrived in the vicinity of a fort the white people had built there we saw four men on horseback. One of my braves fired and wounded a man when the others set up a yell as if a large force were near and ready to come against us. We concealed ourselves and remained in this position for some time watching to see the enemy approach, but none came. The four



men, in the meantime, ran to the fort and gave the alarm. We followed them and attacked their fort. One of their braves, who seemed more valiant than the rest, raised his head above the picketing to fire at us when one of my braves, with a well-directed shot, put an end to his bravery. Finding that these people could not be killed without setting fire to their houses and fort I thought it more prudent to be content with what flour, provisions, cattle and horses we could find than to set fire to their buildings, as the light would be seen at a distance and the army might suppose we were in the neighborhood and come upon us with a strong force. Accordingly we opened a house and filled our bags with flour and provisions, took several horses and drove off some of their cattle.

We started in a direction toward sunrise. After marching a considerable time I discovered some white men coming towards us. I told my braves that we would go into the woods and kill them when they approached. We concealed ourselves until they came near enough and then commenced yelling and firing and made a rush upon them. About this time their chief, with a party of men, rushed up to rescue the men we had fired upon. In a little while they commenced retreating and left their chief and a few braves who seemed willing and anxious to fight. They acted like men, but were forced to give way when I rushed upon them with my braves. In a short time the chief returned with a larger party. He seemed determined to fight, and anxious for a battle. When he came

near enough I raised the yell and firing commenced from both sides. The chief, who seemed to be a small man, addressed his warriors in a loud voice, but they soon retreated, leaving him and a few braves on the battlefield. A great number of my warriors pursued the retreating party and killed a number of their horses as they ran. The chief and his few braves were unwilling to leave the field. I ordered my braves to rush upon them, and had the mortification of seeing two of my chiefs killed before the enemy retreated.

This young chief deserves great praise for his courage and bravery, but fortunately for us, his army was not all composed of such brave men.

During this attack we killed several men and about forty horses and lost two young chiefs and seven warriors. My braves were anxious to pursue them to the fort, attack and burn it, but I told them it was useless to waste our powder as there was no possible chance of success if we did attack them, and that as we had run the bear into his hole we would there leave him and return to our camp.

On arriving at our encampment we found that several of our spies had returned, bringing intelligence that the army had commenced moving. Another party of five came in and said they had been pursued for several hours, and were attacked by twenty-five or thirty whites in the woods; that the whites rushed in upon them as they lay concealed and received their fire without seeing them. They immediately retreated while we reloaded. They

entered the thicket again and as soon as they came near enough we fired. Again they retreated and again they rushed into the thicket and fired. We returned their fire and a skirmish ensued between two of their men and one of ours, who was killed by having his throat cut. This was the only man we lost, the enemy having had three killed; they again retreated.

Another party of three Sacs had come in and brought two young white squaws, whom they had given to the Winnebagoes to take to the whites. They said they had joined a party of Pottowatomies and went with them as a war party against the settlers of Illinois. . . .

Learning that the army had commenced moving, and fearing that they might come upon and surround our encampment, I concluded to remove our women and children across the Mississippi, that they might return to the Sac nation again. Accordingly, on the next day we commenced moving, with five Winnebagoes acting as our guides, intending to descend the Wisconsin.

Neapope, with a party of twenty, remained in our rear, to watch for the enemy, while we were proceeding to the Wisconsin, with our women and children. We arrived, and had commenced crossing over to an island, when we discovered a large body of the enemy coming towards us. We were now compelled to fight, or sacrifice our wives and children to the fury of the whites. I met them with fifty warriors,

(having left the balance to assist our women and children in crossing) about a mile from the river, when an attack immediately commenced. I was mounted on a fine horse, and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground and never yield it to the enemy. At this time I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors, that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them and they at us, until it began to grow dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and fearing from his loss of blood that he would soon give out, and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire, in the dusk of the evening, and knowing that our women and children had had sufficient time to reach the island in the Wisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return, by different routes, and meet me at the Wisconsin, and was astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us.

In this skirmish with fifty braves, I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin, with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there, but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under—and whatever may be the sentiments of the white people in relation to this

battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it.

The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by our party; but I am of the opinion that it was much greater, in proportion, than mine. We returned to the Wisconsin and crossed over to our people.

Here some of my people left me, and descended the Wisconsin, hoping to escape to the west side of the Mississippi, that they might return home. I had no objection to their leaving me, as my people were all in a desperate condition, being worn out with traveling and starving. Our only hope to save ourselves was to get across the Mississippi. But few of this party escaped. Unfortunately for them, a party of soldiers from Prairie du Chien were stationed on the Wisconsin, a short distance from its mouth, who fired upon our distressed people. Some were killed, others drowned, several taken prisoners, and the balance escaped to the woods and perished with hunger. Among this party were a great many women and children. . . .

Myself and band having no means to descend the Wisconsin, I started over a rugged country, to go to the Mississippi, intending to cross it and return to my nation. Many of our people were compelled to go on foot, for want of horses, which, in consequence of their having had nothing to eat for a long time, caused our march to be very slow. At length we arrived at the Mississippi, having lost some of



our old men and little children, who perished on the way with hunger.

We had been here but a little while before we saw a steamboat (the "Warrior,") coming. I told my braves not to shoot, as I intended going on board, so that we might save our women and children. I knew the captain (Throckmorton) and was determined to give myself up to him. I then sent for my white flag. While the messenger was gone, I took a small piece of white cotton and put it on a pole, and called to the captain of the boat, and told him to send his little canoe ashore and let me come aboard. The people on board asked whether we were Sacs or Winnebagoes. I told a Winnebago to tell them that we were Sacs, and wanted to give ourselves up! A Winnebago on the boat called out to us "to run and hide, that the whites were going to shoot!" About this time one of my braves had jumped into the river, bearing a white flag to the boat, when another sprang in after him and brought him to the shore. The firing then commenced from the boat, which was returned by my braves and continued for some time. Very few of my people were hurt after the first fire, having succeeded in getting behind old logs and trees, which shielded them from the enemy's fire. . . .

After the boat left us, I told my people to cross if they could, and wished; that I intended going into the Chippewa country. Some commenced crossing, and such as had determined to follow them, remained; only three lodges going with me. Next morning, at

daybreak, a young man overtook me, and said that all my party had determined to cross the Mississippi—that a number had already got over safe, and that he had heard the white army last night within a few miles of them. I now began to fear that the whites would come up with my people and kill them before they could get across. I had determined to go and join the Chippewas; but reflecting that by this I could only save myself, I concluded to return, and die with my people, if the Great Spirit would not give us another victory. During our stay in the thicket, a party of whites came close by us, but passed on without discovering us.

Early in the morning a party of whites being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up; the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could, commenced swimming the Mississippi, with their children on their backs. A number of them were drowned, and some shot before they could reach the opposite shore. . . .

After hearing this sorrowful news, I started with my little party to the Winnebago village at Prairie La Cross. On my arrival there I entered the lodge

of one of the chiefs, and told him that I wished him to go with me to his father, that I intended giving myself up to the American war chief and die, if the Great Spirit saw proper. He said he would go with me. I then took my medicine bag and addressed the chief. I told him that it was "the soul of the Sac nation—that it never had been dishonored in any battle, take it, it is my life—dearer than life—and give it to the American chief!" He said he would keep it, and take care of it, and if I was suffered to live, he would send it to me.

During my stay at the village, the squaws made me a white dress of deer skin. I then started with several Winnebagoes, and went to their agent, at Prairie du Chien, and gave myself up.

On my arrival there, I found to my sorrow, that a large body of Sioux had pursued and killed a number of our women and children, who had got safely across the Mississippi. The whites ought not to have permitted such conduct, and none but cowards would ever have been guilty of such cruelty, a habit which has always been practiced on our nation by the Sioux.

The massacre, which terminated the war, lasted about two hours. Our loss in killed was about sixty, besides a number that was drowned. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by my braves, exactly; but they think that they killed about sixteen during the action.

I was now given up by the agent to the command-

ing officer at Fort Crawford, the White Beaver having gone down the river. We remained here a short time, and then started for Jefferson Barracks . . . from which we were later transferred to Fortress Monroe.

## SLAVE-BREAKING IN THE SOUTH

*By Frederick Douglass*

DOUGLASS, whose father was a white man, was the most conspicuous of the fugitive slaves. He escaped from bondage in 1838, and worked as a day laborer in New York City and New Bedford, Mass. He made the most of his ability to read and write, and, developing an aptitude for oratory, he became a noted lecturer under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

This account, purporting to be his experience as a slave, is taken from his "Autobiography," published in 1845. Following its publication Douglass lectured successfully in England, and while abroad his freedom was purchased. The Civil War served as his stepping-stone to a number of public offices, including that of Minister to Haiti.

with which he till it. Mr. Covey had acquired a very high reputation for breaking young slaves and this reputation was of immense value to him. It enabled him to get his farm tilled with much less expense to himself than he could have had it done without such a reputation. Some slaveholders thought it not much loss to allow Mr. Covey to have their slaves one year, for the sake of the training to which they were sub-

MASTER THOMAS at length said he would stand it no longer. I had lived with him nine months, during which time he had given me a number of severe whippings, all to no good purpose. He resolved to put me out, as he said, to be broken; and, for this purpose, he let me for one year to a man named Edward Covey. Mr. Covey was a poor man, a farm-renter. He rented the place upon which he lived, as also the hands



jected, without any other compensation. He could hire young help with great ease, in consequence of this reputation. Added to the natural good qualities of Mr. Covey, he was a professor of religion—a pious soul—a member and a class-leader in the Methodist church. All of this added weight to his reputation as a “nigger-breaker.” I was aware of all the facts, having been made acquainted with them by a young man who had lived there. I nevertheless made the change gladly; for I was sure of getting enough to eat, which is not the smallest consideration to a hungry man.

I left Master Thomas’s house, and went to live with Mr. Covey, on the 1st of January, 1833. I was now, for the first time in my life, a field hand. In my new employment, I found myself even more awkward than a country boy appeared to be in a large city. I had been at my new home but one week before Mr. Covey gave me a very severe whipping, cutting my back, causing the blood to run, and raising ridges on my flesh as large as my little finger. The details of this affair are as follows: Mr. Covey sent me, very early in the morning of one of our coldest days in the month of January, to the woods, to get a load of wood. He gave me a team of unbroken oxen. He told me which was the in-hand ox, and which the off-hand one. He then tied the end of a large rope around the horns of the in-hand ox, and gave me the other end of it, and told me, if the oxen started to run, that I must hold on upon the rope. I had never

driven oxen before, and of course I was very awkward. I, however, succeeded in getting to the edge of the woods with little difficulty; but I had got a very few rods into the woods, when the oxen took fright, and started full tilt, carrying the cart against trees, and over stumps, in the most frightful manner. I expected every moment that my brains would be dashed out against the trees. After running thus for a considerable distance, they finally upset the cart, dashing it with great force against a tree, and threw themselves into a dense thicket. How I escaped death, I do not know. There I was, entirely alone, in a thick wood, in a place new to me. My cart was upset and shattered, my oxen were entangled among the young trees, and there was none to help me. After a long spell of effort, I succeeded in getting my cart righted, my oxen disentangled, and again yoked to the cart. I now proceeded with my team to the place where I had, the day before, been chopping wood, and loaded my cart pretty heavily, thinking in this way to tame my oxen. I then proceeded on my way home.

I had now consumed one half of the day. I got out of the woods safely, and felt out of danger. I stopped my oxen to open the woods gate; and just as I did so, before I could get hold of my ox-rope, the oxen again started, rushed through the gate, catching it between the wheel and the body of the cart, tearing it to pieces, and coming within a few inches of crushing me against the gate-post. Thus twice, in one short day, I escaped death by the merest chance. On

my return, I told Mr. Covey what had happened, and how it happened. He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his ax cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocket-knife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order. I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offenses.

I lived with Mr. Covey one year. During the first six months of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and plowing teams. Mr. Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us;

and at saving-fodder time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades.

Covey would be out with us. The way he used to stand it was this. He would spend the most of his afternoons in bed. He would then come out fresh in the evening, ready to urge us on with his words, example, and frequently with the whip. Mr. Covey was one of the few slaveholders who could and did work with his hands. He was a hard-working man. He knew by himself just what a man or a boy could do. There was no deceiving him. His work went on in his absence almost as well as in his presence; and he had the faculty of making us feel that he was ever present with us. This he did by surprising us. He seldom approached the spot where we were at work openly, if he could do it secretly. He always aimed at taking us by surprise. Such was his cunning, that we used to call him, among ourselves, "the snake."

When we were at work in the cornfield, he would sometimes crawl on his hands and knees to avoid detection, and all at once he would rise nearly in our midst, and scream out, "Ha, ha! Come, come! Dash on, dash on!" this being his mode of attack, it was never safe to stop a single minute. His comings were like a thief in the night. He appeared to us as being ever at hand. He was under every tree, behind every stump, in every bush, and at every window, on the plantation. He would sometimes mount his horse, as if bound to St. Michael's, a distance of seven miles,

and in half an hour afterwards you would see him coiled up in the corner of the wood-fence, watching every motion of the slaves. He would, for this purpose, leave his horse tied up in the woods. Again, he would sometimes walk up to us, and give us orders as though he was upon the point of starting on a long journey, turn his back upon us, and make as though he was going to the house to get ready; and, before he would get half way thither, he would turn short and crawl into a fence-corner, or behind some tree, and there watch us till the going down of the sun.

Mr. Covey's "forte" consisted in his power to deceive. His life was devoted to planning and perpetrating the grossest deceptions. Every thing he possessed in the shape of learning or religion, he made conform to his disposition to deceive. He seemed to think himself equal to deceiving the Almighty. He would make a short prayer in the morning, and a long prayer at night; and, strange as it may seem, few men would at times appear more devotional than he. The exercises of his family devotions were always commenced with singing; and, as he was a very poor singer himself, the duty of raising the hymn generally came upon me. He would read his hymn, and nod at me to commence. I would at times do so; at others, I would not. My non-compliance would almost always produce much confusion. To show himself independent of me, he would start and stagger through with his hymn in the most discordant manner. In this state of mind, he prayed with more



than ordinary spirit. Poor man! such was his disposition, and success at deceiving, I do verily believe that he sometimes deceived himself into the solemn belief, that he was a sincere worshipper of the most high God . . .

If at any one time of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it could never rain, blow, hail or snow, too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights too long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of this discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute!

## THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

By John G. Whittier

WHITTIER was pre-eminently the poet of the anti-slavery conflict. There is almost no phase of the subject and no episode in the struggle for its abolition which did not inspire his muse. His prose writings against slavery were also numerous—he was a vigorous polemic—and some twenty of his papers, including an interesting account of his association with William Lloyd Garrison in forming the American Anti-Slavery Society, may be found in his prose works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In a pamphlet, originally entitled "*Justice and Expediency*," Whittier refers to his report of the anti-slavery convention of 1833 as his first venture in authorship. He attended the convention as a delegate, at the age of twenty-six, and this particular version of the event was written in 1874. His active participation in politics virtually ceased with the development of anti-slavery opinion in the North.

IN THE gray twilight of a chill day of late November, forty years ago, a dear friend of mine, residing in Boston, made his appearance at the old farm-house in East Haverhill. He had been deputed by the abolitionists of the city, William L. Garrison, Samuel E. Sewall, and others, to inform me of my appointment as a delegate to the convention about to be held in Philadelphia for the formation of an American Anti-slavery Society, and to urge upon me the necessity of my attendance.

Few words of persuasion, however, were needed. I was unused to traveling, my life had been spent on a secluded farm; and the journey, mostly by stage-coach, at that time was really a formidable one.

Moreover, the few abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, their persons threatened, and in some instances a price set on their heads by Southern legislators. Pennsylvania was on the borders of slavery, and it needed small effort of imagination to picture to one's self the breaking up of the convention and maltreatment of its members. This latter consideration I do not think weighed much with me, although I was better prepared for serious danger than for anything like personal indignity. I had read Governor Trumbull's description of the tarring and feathering of his hero MacFingal, when, after the application of the melted tar, the feather bed was ripped open and shaken over him, until

"Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,  
Such plumes about his visage wears,  
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers  
Such superfluity of feathers";

and, I confess, I was quite unwilling to undergo a martyrdom which my best friends could scarcely refrain from laughing at. But a summons like that of Garrison's bugle-blast could scarcely be unheeded by one who, from birth and education, held fast the traditions of that earlier abolitionism which, under the lead of Benezet and Woolman, had effaced from the Society of Friends every vestige of slave-holding. I had thrown myself, with a young man's fervid enthusiasm, into a movement which commended itself

to my reason and conscience, to my love of country and my sense of duty to God and my fellow men. My first venture in authorship was the publication at my own expense, in the spring of 1833, of a pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency," on the moral and political evils of slavery, and the duty of emancipation. Under such circumstances I could not hesitate, but prepared at once for my journey. It was necessary that I should start on the morrow; and the intervening time, with a small allowance of sleep, was spent in providing for the care of the farm and homestead during my absence.

So the next morning I took the stage for Boston, stopping at the ancient hostelry known as the Eastern Stage Tavern; and on the day following, in company with William Lloyd Garrison, I left for New York. At that city we were joined by other delegates, among them David Thurston, a Congregational minister from Maine. On our way to Philadelphia we took, as a matter of necessary economy, a second-class conveyance, and found ourselves, in consequence, among rough and hilarious companions, whose language was more noteworthy for strength than refinement. Our worthy friend the clergyman bore it awhile in painful silence, but at last felt it his duty to utter words of remonstrance and admonition. The leader of the young roisterers listened with ludicrous mock gravity, thanked him for his exhortation, and, expressing fears that the extraordinary effort had exhausted his strength, invited him to take

a drink with him. Father Thurston buried his grieved face in his coat-collar, and wisely left the young reprobates to their own devices.

On reaching Philadelphia, we at once betook ourselves to the humble dwelling on Fifth Street occupied by Evan Lewis, a plain, earnest man and lifelong abolitionist, who had been largely interested in preparing the way for the convention. . . .

We found about forty members assembled in the parlors of our friend Lewis, and after some general conversation Lewis Tappan was asked to preside over an informal meeting preparatory to the opening of the convention. A handsome, intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, responded to the invitation, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, the firm tones of which inspired hope and confidence, stated the objects of our preliminary council, and the purpose which had called us together, in earnest and well-chosen words. In making arrangements for the convention, it was thought expedient to secure, if possible, the services of some citizen of Philadelphia, of distinction and high social standing, to preside over its deliberations. Looking round among ourselves in vain for some titled civilian or doctor of divinity, we were fain to confess that to outward seeming we were but "a feeble folk," sorely needing the shield of a popular name. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to go in search of a president of this description. We visited two prominent gentlemen, known as friendly to emancipation and of high social



standing. They received us with the dignified courtesy of the old school, declined our proposition in civil terms, and bowed us out with a cool politeness equaled only by that of the senior Winkle towards the unlucky deputation of Pickwick and his unprepossessing companions. As we left their doors, we could not refrain from smiling in each other's faces at the thought of the small inducement our proffer of the presidency held out to men of their class. Evidently, our company was not one for respectability to march through Coventry with.

On the following morning we repaired to the Adelphi Building, on Fifth Street, below Walnut, which had been secured for our use. Sixty-two delegates were found to be in attendance. Beriah Green, of the Oneida (New York) Institute, was chosen president, a fresh-faced, sandy-haired, rather common-looking man, but who had the reputation of an able and eloquent speaker. He had already made himself known to us as a resolute and self-sacrificing abolitionist. Lewis Tappan and myself took our places at his side as secretaries, on the elevation at the west end of the hall.

Looking over the assembly, I noticed that it was mainly composed of comparatively young men, some in middle age, and a few beyond that period. They were nearly all plainly dressed, with a view to comfort rather than elegance. Many of the faces turned towards me wore a look of expectancy and suppressed enthusiasm. All had the earnestness which might be

expected of men engaged in an enterprise beset with difficulty and perhaps with peril. The fine, intellectual head of Garrison, prematurely bald, was conspicuous. The sunny-faced young man at his side, in whom all the beautitudes seemed to find expression, was Samuel J. May, mingling in his veins the best blood of the Sewalls and Quincys,—a man so exceptionally pure and large-hearted, so genial, tender, and loving, that he could be faithful to truth and duty without making an enemy.

“The de’il wad look into his face,  
And swear he couldna wrang him.”

That tall, gaunt, swarthy man, erect, eagle-faced, upon whose somewhat martial figure the Quaker coat seemed a little out of place, was Lindley Coates, known in all Eastern Pennsylvania as a stern enemy of slavery. That slight, eager man, intensely alive in every feature and gesture, was Thomas Shipley, who for thirty years had been the protector of the free colored people of Philadelphia, and whose name was whispered reverently in the slave cabins of Maryland as the friend of the black man, one of a class peculiar to old Quakerism, who in doing what they felt to be duty and walking as the Light within guided them knew no fear and shrank from no sacrifice. Braver men the world has not known. . . .

Committees were chosen to draft a constitution for a national Anti-slavery Society, nominate a list

of officers, and prepare a declaration of principles to be signed by the members. . . .

The committee on the constitution made their report, which after discussion was adopted. It disclaimed any right or intention of interfering, otherwise than by persuasion and Christian expostulation, with slavery as it existed in the States, but affirming the duty of Congress to abolish it in the District of Columbia and Territories, and to put an end to the domestic slave-trade. . . .

The committee on the declaration of principles, of which I was a member, held a long session discussing the proper scope and tenor of the document. But little progress being made, it was finally decided to intrust the matter to a sub-committee, consisting of William L. Garrison, S. J. May, and myself; and, after a brief consultation and comparison of each other's views, the drafting of the important paper was assigned to the former gentleman. We agreed to meet him at his lodgings in the house of a colored friend early the next morning. It was still dark when we climbed up to his room, and the lamp was still burning by the light of which he was writing the last sentence of the declaration. We read it carefully, made a few verbal changes, and submitted it to the large committee, who unanimously agreed to report it to the convention.

The paper was read to the convention by Dr. Atlee, chairman of the committee, and listened to with the profoundest interest.

Commencing with a reference to the time, fifty-seven years before, when, in the same city of Philadelphia, our fathers announced to the world their Declaration of Independence,—based on the self-evident truths of human equality and rights,—and appealed to arms for its defense, it spoke of the new enterprise as one “without which that of our fathers is incomplete,” and as transcending theirs in magnitude, solemnity, and probable results as much “as moral truth does physical force.” It spoke of the difference of the two in the means and ends proposed, and of the trifling grievances of our fathers compared with the wrongs and sufferings of the slaves, which it forcibly characterized as unequaled by any others on the face of the earth. It claimed that the nation was bound to repent at once, to let the oppressed go free, and to admit them to all the rights and privileges of others; because, it asserted, no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother; because liberty is inalienable; because there is no difference in principle between slave-holding and man-stealing, which the law brands as piracy; and because no length of bondage can invalidate man’s claim to himself, or render slave laws anything but “an audacious usurpation.”

It maintained that no compensation should be given to planters emancipating slaves, because that would be a surrender of fundamental principles. “Slavery is a crime, and is, therefore, not an article to be sold”; because slave-holders are not just proprietors of what they claim; because emancipation would destroy only

nominal, not real, property; and because compensation, if given at all, should be given to the slaves.

It declared any "scheme of expatriation" to be "delusive, cruel, and dangerous." It fully recognized the right of each State to legislate exclusively on the subject of slavery within its limits, and conceded that Congress, under the present national compact, had no right to interfere, though still contending that it had the power, and should exercise it, "to suppress the domestic slave-trade between the several states," and "to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction."

After clearly and emphatically avowing the principles underlying the enterprise, and guarding with scrupulous care the rights of persons and states under the Constitution, in prosecuting it, the declaration closed with these eloquent words:—

"We also maintain that there are at the present time the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave-holder to vote on three-fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they sup-



port a standing army at the South for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal and full of danger. It must be broken up.

"These are our views and principles,—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of Independence and the truths of divine revelation as upon the everlasting rock.

"We shall organize anti-slavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke.

"We shall circulate unsparingly and extensively anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

"We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

"We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

"We shall encourage the labor of freemen over that of the slaves, by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance. . . ."

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion which lasted several hours. A member of the Society of Friends moved its immediate adoption. "We have," he said, "all given it our assent: every

heart here responds to it. It is a doctrine of Friends that these strong and deep impressions should be heeded." The convention, nevertheless, deemed it important to go over the declaration carefully, paragraph by paragraph. During the discussion one of the spectators asked leave to say a few words. A beautiful and graceful woman, in the prime of life, with a face beneath her plain cap as finely intellectual as that of Madame Roland, offered some wise and valuable suggestions, in a clear, sweet voice, the charm of which I have never forgotten. It was Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia. The president courteously thanked her, and encouraged her to take a part in the discussion. On the morning of the last day of our session the declaration, with its few verbal amendments, carefully engrossed on parchment, was brought before the convention. Samuel J. May rose to read it for the last time. His sweet, persuasive voice faltered with the intensity of his emotions as he repeated the solemn pledges of the concluding paragraphs. After a season of silence, David Thurston, of Maine, rose as his name was called by one of the secretaries, and affixed his name to the document. One after another passed up to the platform, signed, and retired in silence. All felt the deep responsibility of the occasion: the shadow and forecast of a lifelong struggle rested upon every countenance.

Our work as a convention was now done.

## A STATE'S RIGHT TO LEAVE THE UNION

*By Senator John C. Calhoun*

*CALHOUN, who had resigned from the Vice-Presidency and had entered the United States Senate from South Carolina in 1832, made this speech at a time in 1833 when the Senate was debating a bill to enforce the collection of import duties in South Carolina, commonly called the Force Bill. It is a tribute to his statesmanship that Calhoun, after asserting that "the great conservative principle" of union is nullification, sought to avert the clash over slavery between the North and South by checking all discussion of the issue. Nevertheless, Calhoun, as Secretary of State in the Tyler Cabinet, was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the annexation of Texas, in order to extend slave territory, thus practically necessitating a war which he dreaded.*

*Calhoun loved the Union, but he believed the only way to preserve it was to reduce its strength almost to the vanishing point.*

durable and unquestionable record—as much so as the records of any court in the universe; and that the Union, of which the constitutional compact is the bond, is a union between States, and not between a mere mass of individuals, rests on authority not less

THE great question at issue is, where is the paramount power? Where the sovereignty in this complex, but beautiful and admirable system (if well understood) is lodged? for where the sovereignty is, there too must be the paramount power. A few plain, simple and incontrovertible positions will determine this point. That the people of the States, as constituting separate communities, formed the Constitution, is as unquestionable as any historical fact whatever. It stands upon the most

high—on the Constitution itself, which expressly declares, in the article of ratification, that it shall be binding between the States ratifying the same—words more explicit, we would say technical, could not be devised; yet, as certain as these facts are, they cannot be admitted without admitting the doctrines for which South Carolina contends. They, by the most certain and direct deduction, conclusively will show where the paramount power of the system is—where its sovereign authority resides.

No one will pretend that the sovereignty is in the government. To make that assertion would be to go back to the Asiatic idea of government—it is scarcely European, as the most intelligent writers in that section of the globe long since traced sovereignty to a higher source. No, the sovereignty is not in the government, it is in the people. Any other conception is utterly abhorrent to the ideas of every American. There is not a particle of sovereignty in the Government. If, then, it be in the people, which cannot be denied, unless by extinguishing the lights of political science for more than two thousand years, the only possible question that can remain is, in what people? In the people of the United States collectively, as a mass of individuals, or in the people of the twenty-four States, as forming distinct political communities, confederated in this Union?

The facts already published decide this question, and prove the sovereignty to be in the people of the several States. No such community ever existed as

the people of the United States, forming a collective body of individuals in one nation; and the idea that they are so united by the present Constitution, as a social compact, as alleged by the proclamation, is utterly false and absurd. To call the Constitution the social compact, is the greatest possible abuse of language. No two things are more dissimilar; there is not an expression in the whole science of politics more perfectly definite in its meaning than the social compact. It means that association of individuals, founded on the implied assent of all its members, which precedes all Government, and from which Government or the constitutional compact springs; and yet, the President, in the daring attempt to put down our Federal system, has ventured to confound things so totally dissimilar. The sovereignty, then, is in the people of the several States, united in this Federal Union. It is not only in them, but in them unimpaired; not a particle resides in the Government; not one particle in the American people collectively.

The people of the States have, indeed, delegated a portion of their sovereignty to be exercised conjointly by a General Government, and have retained the residue to be exercised by their respective State Governments. But to delegate is not to part with or to impair power. The delegated power in the agent is as much the power of the principal as if it remained in the latter, and may, as between him and his agent, be controlled or resumed at pleasure. Now mark the consequence.



No one can deny that the act of the sovereign binds the citizen or subject. The latter is not individually responsible for the act of the political community of which he is a member, and to which he owes allegiance. The community only is responsible. This is a principle universally recognized; but without regarding a principle so obvious—formed upon the highest sense of justice—this bill proposes to make the citizen of South Carolina individually responsible for the sovereign acts of the State to which he owes his allegiance! An outrage, more than barbarian, upon the fundamental principle of political institutions, as has ever been recognized by all people so far advanced in civilization as to be formed into political communities. None can doubt that the convention of the people of South Carolina is the true organ of her sovereignty. According to our American ideas, sovereignty, instead of lying dormant in the mass of individuals composing a State, and instead of being capable of being called into action by a revolutionary movement only, has a known, organic and peaceable means of action. That means is a convention of the people. Through its instrumentality all of our constitutions, State and Federal, were formed and ratified. Through the same authentic voice the people of South Carolina spoke in her late ordinance; which, as far as her citizens are concerned, is not less obligatory than the Constitution itself.

It is to see that, under this aspect of the subject, this bill presents a question infinitely beyond that of the

tariff or its constitutionality, of nullification, or whether the Supreme Court is the tribunal appointed by the Constitution to decide questions in controversy between the State and Federal Governments. It sweeps away the whole of these questions. It may be admitted, to illustrate this idea, that the tariff is constitutional; that the Supreme Court is the authority appointed by the Constitution to judge questions in conflict between the State and Federal Governments; and yet this bill cannot be justified. High as the authority of the court may be, its powers are but delegated powers; it makes a part of the Government itself; and, like every other portion of the Government, is destitute of the least particle of sovereign power. As delegated powers may be resumed by the sovereign delegating the same, such a resumption may be a breach of compact—a violation of the faith of the State; but, even in that case, the State, as a community, and not its citizens individually, is liable. The State, as a community, can break no law. It can, as a sovereign body, be subject to none. It may pledge its faith; it may delegate its powers; it may break the one and resume the other; but the remedy, in such cases, is not hostile enactments; not law, by which the citizens individually are made responsible—as the bill most absurdly and preposterously proposes; but open force—war itself—unless there be some provision of a remedial and peaceful character provided in the compact.

. . . The illustrious men who framed our Constitution were too wise and patriotic to admit of the introduction of force; in constituting a Federal system, they had too profound a knowledge of the human heart, too deep an insight into history, not to perceive that the introduction of force into such a system must necessarily lead to a military despotism. The fabric is too delicate to stand its rude shock. They devised, as a substitute, a far more effectual and peaceful means—one much more consonant to the advanced progress of political science and civilization. He alluded to the provision by which all contests for power between the Federal Government and the States may be virtually decided in a convention of the States. That is the true, wise, and constitutional means of terminating this controversy. Let the States be convened in convention; let the stockholders, if he might be permitted so to express himself, of this great political partnership be called together, that all conflicts of power between the directors and any portion of the stockholders may be determined in conformity to the provisions prescribed in the charter of association.

If, then, in a case supposed, (where, for the sake of the argument, the constitutionality of the tariff is conceded, and with the same view the authority claimed for the Supreme Court acknowledged,) there would be no right to pass this bill of pains and penalties on the citizens of South Carolina for adhering to their allegiance to the State, how much stronger must be the objection to its passage when we advert to the

fact, that it is not a case of resumption of power delegated to the Government, but the defense of reserved powers against unconstitutional encroachment. So far from conceding the constitutionality of the tariff or the powers claimed for the Supreme Court, not only the State of South Carolina, but all the Southern States, believe it to be not only unconstitutional, but highly oppressive; and that the Supreme Court, so far from being the tribunal appointed to decide political controversies, is limited by the Constitution itself to cases arising in law and equity, and, of course, where the parties are amenable to its process.

## CHICAGO AS A GROWING VILLAGE

*By Patrick Shirreff*

**SHIRREFF** was a Scotch farmer who, in 1833, visited this country for the purpose of studying the adaptability of its various sections to agricultural emigration. His written reports deal primarily with this subject, but comment generally on the country and its inhabitants.

Chicago, which is an Indian word meaning wild onion—a plant which formerly flourished in that vicinity—was laid out as a town in 1830, and was incorporated in 1833. Its first settler was Jean Baptiste Point de Saible, a mulatto refugee who came from Haiti about 1779, and whose cabin-store was acquired in 1804 by John Kinzie, the first white man of American birth to make his home there.

At the time of which this article tells (1833), the Indians sold a large tract of land in the vicinity, agreeing to move across the Mississippi. This they did two years later; and the Fort Dearborn mentioned, being no longer necessary, was abandoned in 1837 and later demolished.

sides of the river, over which there is a bridge. This is already a place of considerable trade, supplying salt, tea, coffee, sugar and clothing to a large tract

**C**HICAGO is situated on Lake Michigan, at the confluence of the Chicago River, a small stream, affording the advantages of a canal to the inhabitants for a limited distance. At the mouth of the river is Fort Dearborn, garrisoned by a few soldiers, and one of the places which has been long held to keep the Indian tribes in awe. The entrance from the lake to the river is much obstructed by sand banks, and an attempt is making to improve the navigation.

Chicago consists of about 150 wood houses, placed irregularly on both



of country to the south and west; and when connected with the navigable point of the river Illinois, by a canal or railway, cannot fail of rising to importance. Almost every person I met regarded Chicago as the germ of an immense city, and speculators have already bought up, at high prices, all the building ground in the neighborhood. Chicago will, in all probability, attain considerable size, but its situation is not so favorable to growth as many other places in the Union. The country south and west of Chicago has a channel of trade to the south by New Orleans; and the navigation from Buffalo by Lake Huron is of such length, that perhaps the produce of the country to the south of Chicago will find an outlet to Lake Erie by the waters of the rivers Wabash and Mamee. A canal has been in progress for three years, connecting the Wabash and Mamee, which flows into the west end of Lake Erie; and there can be little difficulty in connecting the Wabash with the Illinois, which, if effected, will materially check the rise of Chicago.

At the time of visiting Chicago, there was a treaty in progress with the Pottowatamy Indians, and it was supposed nearly 8000 Indians, of all ages, belonging to different tribes, were assembled on the occasion, a treaty being considered a kind of general merry-making, which lasts several weeks; and animal food, on the present occasion, was served out by the States government. The forests and prairies in the neighborhood were studded with the tents of the Indians,

and numerous herds of horses were browsing in all directions.

Some of the tribes could be distinguished by their peculiarities. The Sauks and Foxes have their heads shaven, with exception of a small tuft of hair on the crown. Their garments seemed to vary according to their circumstances, and not to their tribes. The dress of the squaws was generally blue cloth, and sometimes printed cotton, with ornaments in the ears, and occasionally also in the nose. The men generally wore white blankets, with a piece of blue cloth round their loins; and the poorest of them had no other covering, their arms, legs and feet being exposed in nakedness. A few of them had cotton trousers, and jackets of rich patterns, loosely flowing, secured with a sash; boots, and handkerchiefs or bands of cotton, with feathers in the head-dress, their appearance reminding me of the costume of some Asiatic nations. The men are generally without beards, but in one or two instances I saw tufts of hair on the chin, which seemed to be kept with care, and this was conspicuously so among the well-dressed portion. The countenances of both sexes were frequently bedaubed with paint of different kinds, including red, blue and white.

In the forenoon of my arrival, a council had been held, without transacting business, and a race took place in the afternoon. The spectators were Indians, with exception of a few travelers, and their small number showed the affair excited little interest. The riders had a piece of blue cloth round their loins, and in other respects were perfectly naked, having the

whole of their bodies painted of different hues. The race horses had not undergone a course of training. They were of ordinary breed, and, according to British taste at least, small, coarse and ill-formed.

Intoxication prevailed to a great extent among both sexes. When under the influence of liquor, they did not seem unusually loquacious, and their chief delight consisted in venting low shouts, resembling something between the mewing of a cat and the barking of a dog. I observed a powerful Indian, stupefied with spirits, attempting to gain admittance to a shop, vociferating in a noisy manner; as soon as he reached the highest step, a white game gave him a push, and he fell with violence on his back in a pool of mud. He repeated his attempt five or six times in my sight, and was uniformly thrown back in the same manner. Male and female Indians were looking on and enjoying the sufferings of their countryman. The inhuman wretch who thus tortured the poor Indian, was the vender of the poison which had deprived him of his senses.

Besides the assemblage of Indians, there seemed to be a general fair at Chicago. Large wagons drawn by six or eight oxen, and heavily laden with merchandise, were arriving from, and departing to, distant parts of the country. There was also a kind of horse-market, and I had much conversation with a dealer from the State of New York, having serious intentions of purchasing a horse to carry me to the banks of the Mississippi, if one could have been got suitable for the journey. The dealers attempted to palm colts on me for aged horses, and seemed versed in all the

trickery which is practiced by their profession in Britain.

A person showed me a model of a threshing-machine and a churn, for which he was taking orders, and said he furnished the former at \$30, or L.6, 10s. sterling. There were a number of French descendants, who are engaged in the fur-trade, met in Chicago, for the purpose of settling accounts with the Indians. They were dressed in broadcloths and boots, and boarded in the hotels. They are a swarthy scowling race, evidently tinged with Indian blood, speaking the French and English languages fluently, and much addicted to swearing and whisky.

The hotel at which our party was set down, was so disagreeably crowded, that the landlord could not positively promise beds, although he would do everything in his power to accommodate us. The house was dirty in the extreme, and confusion reigned throughout, which the extraordinary circumstances of the village went far to extenuate. I contrived, however, to get on pretty well, having by this time learned to serve myself in many things, carrying water for washing, drying my shirt, wetted by the rain of the preceding evening, and brushing my shoes. The table was amply stored with substantial provisions, to which justice was done by the guests, although indifferently cooked, and still more so served up.

When bed-time arrived, the landlord showed me to an apartment about ten feet square, in which there

were two small beds already occupied, assigning me in a corner a dirty pallet, which had evidently been recently used, and was lying in a state of confusion. Undressing for the night had become a simple proceeding, and consisted in throwing off shoes, neck-cloth, coat and vest, the two latter being invariably used to aid the pillow, and I had long dispensed with a nightcap. I was awakened from a sound sleep towards morning, by an angry voice uttering horrid imprecations, accompanied by a demand for the bed I occupied. A lighted candle, which the individual held in his hand, showed him to be a French trader, accompanied by a friend, and as I looked on them for some time in silence, their audacity and brutality of speech increased. At length I lifted my head from the pillow, leaned on my elbow, and with a steady gaze, and the calmest tone of voice, said,—“Who are you that address me in such language?” The countenance of the angry individual fell, and he subduedly asked to share my bed. Wishing to put him to a farther trial, I again replied,—“If you will ask the favor in a proper manner, I shall give you an answer.” He was now either ashamed of himself, or felt his pride hurt, and both left the room without uttering a word. Next morning, the individuals who slept in the apartment with me, discovered that the intruders had acted most improperly towards them, and the most noisy of the two entered familiarly into conversation with me during breakfast, without alluding to the occurrence of the preceding evening.



# PRINCIPLES OF EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT

*By President Andrew Jackson*

*THIS protest was made to the United States Senate by President Jackson in 1834, as a result of its censure of him for his action in attempting to abolish the United States Bank. Never before had a President been subjected to such a Senatorial proceeding. Three years later, however, the resolution of censure was by vote expunged from the Congressional Record.*

*Jackson, in his often-assailed bank policy, seems to have been nearer right in some respects than his critics. He was vain of his integrity—proud of the position he occupied—and was little inclined to brook either criticism or questioning. His decisions were often determined by his manipulating friends, known as the "Kitchen Cabinet," who shrewdly used his force and popularity. The Senate refused to memorialize the accompanying protest.*

enue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.

Having had the honor, through the voluntary suffrages of the American people, to fill the office of the President of the United States during the period which may be presumed to have been referred to in

IT appears by the published Journal of the Senate that on the 26th of December last a resolution was offered by a member of the Senate, which after a protracted debate was on the 28th day of March last modified by the mover and passed by the votes of twenty-six Senators out of forty-six who were present and voted, in the following words, viz.:

Resolved, That the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public rev-

this resolution, it is sufficiently evident that the censure it inflicts was intended for myself. Without notice, unheard and untried, I thus find myself charged on the records of the Senate, and in a form hitherto unknown in our history, with the high crime of violating the laws and Constitution of my country.

It can seldom be necessary for any department of the Government, when assailed in conversation or debate or by the strictures of the press or of popular assemblies, to step out of its ordinary path for the purpose of vindicating its conduct or of pointing out any irregularity or injustice in the manner of the attack; but when the Chief Executive Magistrate is, by one of the most important branches of the Government in its official capacity, in a public manner, and by its recorded sentence, but without precedent, competent authority, or just cause, declared guilty of a breach of the laws and Constitution, it is due to his station, to public opinion, and to a proper self-respect that the officer thus denounced should promptly expose the wrong which has been done.

In the present case, moreover, there is even a stronger necessity for such a vindication. By an express provision of the Constitution, before the President of the United States can enter on the execution of his office he is required to take an oath or affirmation in the following words:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United

States and will do the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

The duty of defending so far as in him lies the integrity of the Constitution would indeed have resulted from the very nature of his office, but by thus expressing it in the official oath or affirmation, which in this respect differs from that of any other functionary, the founders of our Republic have attested their sense of its importance and have given to it a peculiar solemnity and force. Bound to the performance of this duty by the oath I have taken, by the strongest obligations of gratitude to the American people, and by the ties which unite my every earthly interest with the welfare and glory of my country, and perfectly convinced that the discussion and passage of the above-mentioned resolution were not only unauthorized by the Constitution, but in many respects repugnant to its provisions and subversive of the rights secured by it to other coördinate departments, I deem it an imperative duty to maintain the supremacy of that sacred instrument and the immunities of the department intrusted to my care by all means consistent with my own lawful powers, with the rights of others, and with the genius of our civil institutions. To this end I have caused this my solemn protest against the aforesaid proceedings to be placed on the files of the executive department and to be transmitted to the Senate.

It is alike due to the subject, the Senate, and the people that the views which I have taken of the pro-

ceedings referred to, and which compel me to regard them in the light that has been mentioned, should be exhibited at length, and with the freedom and firmness which are required by an occasion so unprecedented and peculiar.

Under the Constitution of the United States the powers and functions of the various departments of the Federal Government and their responsibilities for violation or neglect of duty are clearly defined or result by necessary inference. The legislative power is, subject to the qualified negative of the President, vested in the Congress of the United States, composed of the Senate and House of Representatives; the executive power is vested exclusively in the President, except that in the conclusion of treaties and in certain appointments to office he is to act with the advice and consent of the Senate; the judicial power is vested exclusively in the Supreme and other courts of the United States, except in cases of impeachment, for which purpose the accusatory power is vested in the House of Representatives and that of hearing and determining in the Senate. But although for the special purposes which have been mentioned there is an occasional intermixture of the powers of the different departments, yet with these exceptions each of the three great departments is independent of the others in its sphere of action, and when it deviates from that sphere is not responsible to the others further than it is expressly made so in the Constitution. In every other respect each of them is the coequal of the other two,

and all are the servants of the American people, without power or right to control or censure each other in the service of their common superior, save only in the manner and to the degree which that superior has prescribed.

The responsibilities of the President are numerous and weighty. He is liable to impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, and on due conviction to removal from office and perpetual disqualification; and notwithstanding such conviction, he may also be indicted and punished according to law. He is also liable to the private action of any party who may have been injured by his illegal mandates or instructions in the same manner and to the same extent as the humblest functionary. In addition to the responsibilities which may thus be enforced by impeachment, criminal prosecution, or suit at law, he is also accountable at the bar of public opinion for every act of his Administration. Subject only to the restraints of truth and justice, the free people of the United States have the undoubted right, as individuals or collectively, orally or in writing, at such times and in such language and form as they may think proper, to discuss his official conduct and to express and promulgate their opinions concerning it. Indirectly also his conduct may come under review in either branch of the Legislature, or in the Senate when acting in its executive capacity, and so far as the executive or legislative proceedings of these bodies may require it, it may be exercised by them. These are believed to be



the proper and only modes in which the President of the United States is to be held accountable for his official conduct.

Tested by these principles, the resolution of the Senate is wholly unauthorized by the Constitution, and in derogation of its entire spirit. It assumes that a single branch of the legislative department may for the purposes of a public censure, and without any view to legislation or impeachment, take up, consider, and decide upon the official acts of the Executive. But in no part of the Constitution is the President subjected to any such responsibility, and in no part of that instrument is any such power conferred on either branch of the Legislature. . . .

. . . It is due to the high trust with which I have been charged, to those who may be called to succeed me in it, to the representatives of the people whose constitutional prerogative has been unlawfully assumed, to the people and to the States, and to the Constitution they have established that I should not permit its provisions to be broken down by such an attack on the executive department without at least some effort "to preserve, protect, and defend" them. With this view, and for the reasons which have been stated, I do hereby solemnly protest against the aforementioned proceedings of the Senate as unauthorized by the Constitution, contrary to its spirit and to several of its express provisions, subversive of that distribution of the powers of government which it has ordained and established, destructive of the checks

and safeguards by which those powers were intended on the one hand to be controlled and on the other to be protected, and calculated by their immediate and collateral effects, by their character and tendency, to concentrate in the hands of a body not directly amenable to the people a degree of influence and power dangerous to their liberties and fatal to the Constitution of their choice.

The resolution of the Senate contains an imputation upon my private as well as upon my public character, and as it must stand forever on their journals, I can not close this substitute for that defense which I have not been allowed to present in the ordinary form without remarking that I have lived in vain if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and purposes from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased; in vain have I since periled property, fame, and life in defense of the rights and privileges so dearly bought; in vain am I now, without a personal aspiration or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers from which by mere inactivity in relation to a single point I might have been exempt, if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs. Had I pre-

ferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers never in the fire of youth nor in the vigor of manhood could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty, and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel is to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No; the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people unimpaired the sacred trust they have confided to my charge; to heal the wounds of the Constitution and preserve it from further violation; to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments that they will find happiness or their liberties protection, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none, dispensing its blessings, like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires; such an one only under which our States may remain for ages to come united, prosperous, and free. If the

Almighty Being who has hitherto sustained and protected me will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief that I have contributed in some small degree to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty.

To the end that the resolution of the Senate may not be hereafter drawn into precedent with the authority of silent acquiescence on the part of the executive department, and to the end also that my motives and views in the Executive proceedings denounced in that resolution may be known to my fellow-citizens, to the world, and to all posterity, I respectfully request that this message and protest may be entered at length on the journals of the Senate.

## TRANSMITTING ANTI-SLAVERY MAIL

*By Postmaster-General Amos Kendall*

**A**PPOINTED *Postmaster-General by Jackson in 1835, the year in which this letter was addressed to the postmaster at New York, Amos Kendall had ably filled many public offices, and during the Jackson administration was extremely influential. He aided in shaping Jackson's anti-bank policy, was a special treasury agent to conduct negotiations with State banks, and is credited with having written several of Jackson's state papers. He was a prominent member of what was known as Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet," a group of advisers who are supposed to have influenced "Old Hickory" more than did the members of the Cabinet themselves.*

*For the first time in its history, Kendall cleared the Postoffice Department of debt, and introduced numerous salutary reforms. Later he became associated with S. F. B. Morse in the ownership and management of the Morse electric telegraph patents, bringing about their commercial success and amassing a fortune.*

or regulation of his department, to exclude from the mails any species of newspapers, magazines or pamphlets. Such a power vested in the head of this

**I**T was right to propose to the Anti-Slavery Society voluntarily to desist from attempting to send their publications into the Southern States by public mails; and their refusal to do so, after they were apprised that the entire mails were put in jeopardy by them, is but another evidence of the fatuity of the counsels by which they are directed.

After mature consideration of the subject, and seeking the best advice within my reach, I am confirmed in the opinion, that the Postmaster-General has no legal authority, by any order



department would be fearfully dangerous, and has been properly withheld. Any order or letter of mine directing or officially sanctioning the step you have taken, would therefore be utterly powerless and void, and would not in the slightest degree relieve you from its responsibility.

But to prevent any mistake in your mind, or in that of the abolitionists, or of the public, in relation to my position and views, I have no hesitation in saying, that I am deterred from giving any order to exclude the whole series of abolition publications from the Southern mails only by a want of legal power; and that if I were situated as you are, I would do as you have done.

Postmasters may lawfully know in all cases the contents of newspapers, because the law expressly provides that they shall be so put up that they may be readily examined; and if they know those contents to be calculated and designed to produce, and if delivered, will certainly produce the commission of the most aggravated crimes upon the property and persons of their fellow citizens, it cannot be doubted that it is their duty to detain them, if not even to hand them over to the civil authorities. The Postmaster-General has no legal power to prescribe any rule for the government of postmasters in such cases, nor has he ever attempted to do so. They act in each case upon their own responsibility, and if they improperly detain or use papers sent to their offices for

transmission or delivery, it is at their peril and on their heads falls the punishment. . . .

From the specimens I have seen of anti-slavery publications, and the concurrent testimony of every class of citizens except the abolitionists, they tend directly to produce in the South, evils and horrors surpassing those usually resulting from foreign invasion or ordinary insurrection. From their revolting pictures and fervid appeals addressed to the senses and passions of the blacks they are calculated to fill every family with assassins and produce at no distant day an exterminating servile war. So aggravated is the character of those papers that the people of the Southern States with an unanimity never witnessed except in cases of extreme danger, have evinced, in public meetings and by other demonstrations, a determination to seek defense and safety in putting an end to their circulation by any means, and at any hazard. Lawless power is to be resisted; but power which is exerted in palpable self-defense, is not lawless. That such is the power whose elements are now agitating the South, the united people of that section religiously believe; and so long as that shall be their impression, it will require the array of armies to carry the mails in safety through their territories, if they continue to be used as the instrument of those who are supposed to seek their destruction.

As a measure of great public necessity, therefore, you and the other postmasters who have assumed the responsibility of stopping these inflammatory papers,

will, I have no doubt, stand justified in that step before your country and all mankind.

But perhaps the legal right of the abolitionists to make use of the public mails in distributing their insurrectionary papers throughout the Southern States, is not so clear as they seem to imagine. When those States became independent they acquired a right to prohibit the circulation of such papers within their territories; and their power over the subject of slavery and all its incidents, was in no degree diminished by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is still as undivided and sovereign as it was when they were first emancipated from the dominion of the king and Parliament of Great Britain. In the exercise of that power, some of those States have made the circulation of such papers a capital crime; others have made it a felony punishable by confinement in the penitentiary; and perhaps there is not one among them which has not forbidden it under heavy penalties. If the abolitionists or their agents were caught distributing their tracts in Louisiana, they would be legally punished with death; if they were apprehended in Georgia, they might be legally sent to the penitentiary; and in each of the slaveholding States they would suffer the penalties of their respective laws.

Now, have these people a legal right to do by the mail carriers and postmasters of the United States, acts, which if done by themselves or their agents, would lawfully subject them to the punishment due to felons of the deepest dye? Are the officers of the

United States compelled by the Constitution and laws, to become the instruments and accomplices of those who design to baffle and make nugatory the constitutional laws of the States—to fill them with sedition, murder and insurrection—to overthrow those institutions which are recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution itself?

And is it entirely certain, that any existing law of the United States would protect mail carriers and postmasters against the penalties of the State laws, if they shall knowingly carry, distribute or hand out any of these forbidden papers? If a State by a constitutional law declare any specific act to be a crime, how are officers of the United States who may be found guilty of that act, to escape the penalties of the State law? It might be in vain for them to plead that the post office law made it their duty to deliver all papers which came by mail. In reply to this argument it might be alleged, that the post office law imposes penalties on postmasters for “improperly” detaining papers which come by the mail, and that the detention of the papers in question is not improper, because their circulation is prohibited by valid State laws. Ascending to a higher principle, it might be plausibly alleged, that no law of the United States can protect from punishment any man, whether a public officer or citizen, in the commission of an act which the State, acting within the undoubted sphere of her reserved rights, has declared to be a crime. . . .

Upon these grounds a postmaster may well hesitate

to be the agent of the abolitionists in sending their incendiary publications into States where their circulation is prohibited by law, and much more may postmasters residing in those States refuse to distribute them. Whether the arguments here suggested be sound or not, of one thing there can be no doubt. If it shall ever be settled by the authority of Congress, that the post office establishment may be legally, and must be actually employed as an irresponsible agent to enable misguided fanatics or reckless incendiaries to stir up with impunity insurrection and servile war in the Southern States, those States will of necessity consider the General Government as an accomplice in the crime—they will look upon it identified in a cruel and unconstitutional attack as their unquestionable rights and dearest interests, and they must necessarily treat it as a common enemy in their means of defence. Ought the postmaster or the department, by thrusting these papers upon the Southern States now, in defiance of their laws, to hasten a state of things so deplorable?

I do not desire to be understood as affirming that the suggestion here thrown out, ought, without the action of higher authority, to be considered as the settled construction of the law, or regarded by postmasters as the rule of their future action. It is only intended to say, that in a sudden emergency, involving principles so grave and consequences so serious, the safest course for postmasters and the best for the country, is that which you have adopted.



## THE MOBBIING OF GARRISON IN THE STREETS OF BOSTON

*William Lloyd Garrison's Own Account*

**T**HIS incident, described in the "*Life of Garrison, Told by His Children*," illustrates the kind of persecution to which pioneer abolitionists were subjected, even in New England. The Boston mob was roused to action by a meeting of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, in October, 1835, at which, it was rumored, the English abolitionist, Thompson, was to speak. Garrison's life had been threatened repeatedly; and at one time the State of Georgia offered \$5,000 for his arrest and prosecution.

His earlier tribulations came about through his zeal as editor of the "*Liberator*," which he founded in Boston in 1831, and by his publication of "*Thoughts on African Colonization*," denouncing the moderate opponents of slavery. Later on Garrison went so far as to denounce the United States Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." His own account of the mobbing is a good example of his vigorous style of writing.

but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight, but the

**I**T was apparent that the multitude would not disperse until I had left the building; and as egress out of the front door was impossible, the Mayor and his assistants, as well as some of my friends, earnestly besought me to effect my escape in the rear of the building. . . .

Preceded by my faithful and beloved friend, Mr. J—— R —— C——, I dropped from a back window onto a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. We entered into a carpenter's shop, through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane,

workmen promptly closed the door of the shop, kept them at bay for a time, and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage.

I told Mr. C. it would be futile to attempt to escape—I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them as long as possible. We then went upstairs, and, finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad piled up some boards in front of me to shield me from observation. In a few minutes several ruffians broke into the chamber, who seized Mr. C. in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, "This is not Garrison, but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell." Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; though, as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped.

On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented, and said—"Don't let us kill him outright." So they drew me back, and coiled a rope about my body—probably to drag me through the streets. I bowed to the mob, and, requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from the rope, and was seized by two or three powerful men,

to whose firmness, policy and muscular energy I am probably indebted for my preservation.

They led me along bareheaded (for I had lost my hat), through a mighty crowd, ever and anon shouting "He sha'n't be hurt!! You sha'n't hurt him! Don't hurt him! He is an American," etc., etc. This seemed to excite sympathy among many in the crowd, and they reiterated the cry, "He sha'n't be hurt!" I was thus conducted through Wilson's Lane into State Street, in the rear of the City Hall, over the ground that was stained with the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of liberty and independence, by the memorable massacre of 1770—and upon which was proudly unfurled, only a few years since, with joyous acclamations, the beautiful banner presented to the gallant Poles by the young men of Boston! . . .

Orders were now given to carry me to the Mayor's office in the City Hall. As we approached the south door, the Mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force, he was quickly thrust aside—and now came a tremendous rush on the part of the mob to prevent my entering the hall. For a moment the conflict was dubious—but my sturdy supporters carried me safely up to the Mayor's room. . . .

Having had my clothes rent asunder, one individual kindly lent me a pair of pantaloons—another, a coat—a third, a stock—a fourth, a cap as a substitute for my lost hat. After a consultation of fifteen or twenty minutes, the Mayor and his advisers came to the

singular conclusion, that the building would be endangered by my continuing in it, and that the preservation of my life depended upon committing me to jail, ostensibly as a disturber of the peace! A hack was got in readiness at the door to receive me—and, supported by Sheriff Parkman and Ebenezer Bailey, Esq. (the Mayor leading the way), I succeeded in getting into it without much difficulty, as I was not readily identified in my new garb.

Now came a scene that baffles the power of description. As the ocean, lashed into fury by the spirit of the storm, seeks to whelm the adventurous bark beneath its mountain waves—so did the mob, enraged by a series of disappointments, rush like a whirlwind upon the frail vehicle in which I sat, and endeavored to drag me out of it. Escape seemed a physical impossibility. They clung to the wheels—dashed open the doors—seized hold of the horses—and tried to upset the carriage. They were, however, vigorously repulsed by the police—a constable sprang in by my side—the doors were closed—and the driver, lustily using his whip upon the bodies of his horses and the heads of the rioters, happily made an opening through the crowd, and drove at a tremendous speed for Leverett Street. But many of the rioters followed even with superior swiftness, and repeatedly attempted to arrest the progress of the horses. To reach the jail by a direct course was found impracticable; and after going in a circuitous direction, and encountering many “hairbreadth ‘scapes,” we drove

up to this new and last refuge of liberty and life, when another bold attempt was made to seize me by the mob—but in vain. In a few moments I was locked up in a cell, safe from my persecutors, accompanied by two delightful associates, a good conscience and a cheerful mind.



## THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

*By Captain R. M. Potter*

**CAPTAIN POTTER** lived in Matamoros, Mexico, on the Rio Grande River, when the Alamo fell, and, long residing near the scene of the massacre that occurred in 1836, had exceptional opportunities for obtaining the accurate information contained in this account. Urged repeatedly to publish it in the interests of history, he gave to the *San Antonio Herald*, in 1860 an imperfect outline of this record which was afterwards circulated in pamphlet form.

Subsequently he obtained many additional and interesting details from Colonel Juan Seguin, U. S. A., who was an officer of the Alamo garrison up to within six days of the assault and whose death removed the last of those who were soldiers of the Alamo when it was first invested. The accompanying article is a revision made by Captain Potter of his narrative of 1860.

Remembered that not a single combatant of the last struggle from within the fort survived to tell the tale, while the official reports of the enemy were neither circumstantial nor reliable. When horror is intensified by mystery, the sure product is romance.

A trustworthy account of the assault could be compiled only by comparing and combining the verbal

**THE FALL** of the Alamo and the massacre of its garrison, which in 1836 opened the campaign of Santa Ana in Texas, caused a profound sensation throughout the United States, and is still remembered with deep feeling by all who take an interest in the history of that section; yet the details of the final assault have never been fully and correctly narrated, and wild exaggerations have taken their place in popular legend. The reason will be obvious when it is remem-

narratives of such of the assailants as could be relied on for veracity, and adding to this such lights as might be gathered from military documents of that period, from credible local information, and from any source more to be trusted than rumor. As I was a resident at Matamoros when the event occurred, and for several months after the invading army retreated thither, and afterwards resided near the scene of action, I had opportunities for obtaining the kind of information referred to better perhaps than have been possessed by any person now living outside of Mexico. . . .

Before beginning the narrative, however, I must describe the Alamo and its surroundings as they existed in the spring of 1836. San Antonio, then a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, had a Mexican population, a minority of which was well affected to the cause of Texas, while the rest were inclined to make the easiest terms they could with whichever side might be for the time being dominant. The San Antonio River, which, properly speaking, is a large rivulet, divided the town from the Alamo, the former on the west side and the latter on the east. The Alamo village, a small suburb of San Antonio, was south of the fort, or Mission, as it was originally called, which bore the same name. The latter was an old fabric, built during the first settlement of the vicinity by the Spaniards; and having been originally designed as a place of safety for the colonists and their property in case of Indian hostility, with room

sufficient for that purpose, it had neither the strength, compactness, nor dominant points which ought to belong to a regular fortification. The front of the Alamo Chapel bears date of 1757, but the other works must have been built earlier. As the whole area contained between two and three acres, a thousand men would have barely sufficed to man its defenses; and before a regular siege train they would soon have crumbled. Yoakum, in his history of Texas, is not only astray in his details of the assault, but mistaken about the measurement of the place. Had the works covered no more ground than he represents, the result of the assault might have been different. . . .

Thus the works were mounted with fourteen guns, which agrees with Yoakum's account of their number, though Santa Ana in his report exaggerates it to twenty-one. The number, however, has little bearing on the merits of the final defense, with which cannon had very little to do. These guns were in the hands of men unskilled in their use, and owing to the construction of the works most of them had little width of range. Of the buildings above described, the chapel and the two barracks are probably still standing. They were repaired and newly roofed during the Mexican war for the use of the United States Quartermaster's department.

In the winter of 1835-6 Colonel Neill, of Texas, was in command of San Antonio, with two companies of volunteers, among whom was a remnant of New Orleans Greys, who had taken an efficient

part in the siege and capture of the town about a year before. At this time the Provisional Government of Texas, which, though in revolt, had not yet declared a final separation from Mexico, had broken into a conflicting duality. The Governor and Council repudiated each other, and each claimed the obedience which was generally not given to either. Invasion was impending, and there seemed to be little more than anarchy to meet it.

During this state of affairs Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. B. Travis, who had commanded the scouting service of the late campaign, and had since been commissioned with the aforesaid rank as an officer of regular cavalry, was assigned by the Governor to relieve Colonel Neill of the command of his post. The volunteers, who cared little for either of the two governments, wished to choose their own leader, and were willing to accept Travis only as second in command. They were, therefore, clamorous that Neill should issue an order for the election of a Colonel.

To get over the matter without interfering with Travis' right, he prepared an order for the election of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and was about to depart, when his men, finding out what he had done, mobbed him, and threatened his life unless he should comply with their wishes. He felt constrained to yield, and on the amended order James Bowie was unanimously elected a full Colonel. He had been for several years a resident of Texas, and had taken a prominent part in the late campaign against Cos. His election oc-

curred early in February, 1836, about two weeks before the enemy came in sight; and Travis, who had just arrived or came soon after, found Bowie in command of the garrison, and claiming by virtue of the aforesaid election the right to command him and the reënforcement he brought. They both had their headquarters at the Alamo, where their men were quartered, and there must have been a tacit understanding on both sides that conflict of authority should as far as possible be avoided. This, however, could not have continued many days but for the common bond of approaching peril.

Travis brought with him a company of regular recruits, enlisted for the half regiment of cavalry which the Provisional Government had intended to raise. J. N. Seguin, a native of San Antonio who had been commissioned as the senior Captain of Travis' corps, joined him at the Alamo and brought into the garrison the skeleton of his company, consisting of nine Mexican recruits, natives, some of the town aforesaid and others of the interior of Mexico. The aforesaid company and squad of enlisted men and the two companies of volunteers under Bowie formed the garrison of the Alamo, which then numbered from a hundred and fifty-six to a hundred and sixty. Of these the volunteers comprised considerably more than half, and over two-thirds of the whole were men who had but recently arrived in the country. Seguin and his nine recruits were all that represented the Mexican population of Texas. Of that nine, seven



fell in the assault, the Captain and two of his men having been sent out on duty before that crisis.

David Crocket, of Tennessee, who had a few years before represented a squatter constituency in Congress, where his oratory was distinguished for hard sense and rough grammar, had joined the garrison a few weeks before, as had also J. B. Bonham, Esq., of South Carolina, who had lately come to volunteer in the cause of Texas, and was considered one of the most chivalrous and estimable of its supporters. I pair them, a rough gem and a polished jewel, because their names are among the best known of those who fell; but I am not aware that either of them had any command.

The main army of operation against Texas moved from Laredo upon San Antonio in four successive detachments. This was rendered necessary by the scarcity of pasture and water on certain portions of the route. The lower division, commanded by Brigadier-General Urrea, moved from Matamoros on Goliad by a route near the coast, and a short time after the fall of the Alamo achieved the capture and massacre of Fannius' command.

The advance from Laredo, consisting of the dragoon regiment of Dolores and three battalions of infantry, commanded by Santa Ana in person, arrived at San Antonio on the afternoon of February 22. No regular scouting service seems to have been kept up from the post of Bowie and Travis, owing probably to division and weakness of authority, for, though

the enemy was expected, his immediate approach was not known to many of the inhabitants till the advance of his dragoons was seen descending the slope west of the San Pedro. A guard was kept in town with a sentinel on the top of the church, yet the surprise of the population was so nearly complete that one or more American residents engaged in trade fled to the Alamo, leaving their stores open. The garrison, however, received more timely notice, and the guard retired in good order to the fort.

The confusion at the Alamo, which for the time being was great, did not impede a prompt show of resistance. In the evening, soon after the enemy entered the town, a shot from the 18-pounder of the fort was answered by a shell from the invaders; and this was followed by a parley, of which different accounts have been given. According to Santa Ana's official report, after the shell was thrown, a white flag was sent out by the garrison with an offer to evacuate the fort if allowed to retire unmolested and in arms, to which reply was made that no terms would be admitted short of an unconditional surrender. Seguin, however, gave me a more reliable version of the affair. He related that after the firing a parley was sounded and a white flag raised by the invaders. Travis was not inclined to respond to it; but Bowie, without consulting him, and much to his displeasure, sent a flag of truce to demand what the enemy wanted. Their General, with his usual duplicity, denied having sounded a parley or raised a flag, and informed

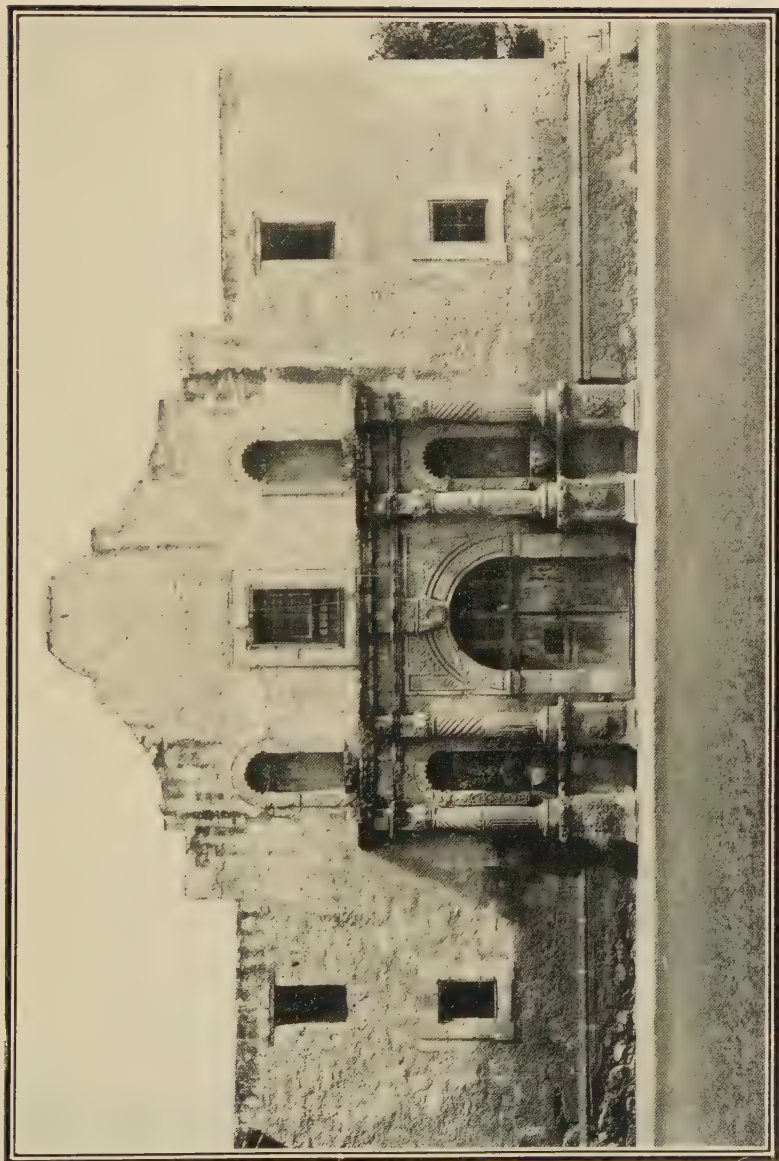
the messenger that the garrison could be recognized only as rebels, and be allowed no other terms than a surrender at discretion. When informed of this, Travis harangued his men and administered to them an oath that they would resist to the last. . . .

On the night of the 22d of February the enemy planted two batteries on the west side of the river, one bearing west and the other southwest from the Alamo, with a range which no houses then obstructed. They were the next day silenced by the fire of the 18-pounder of the fort, but were restored to activity on the following night. On the 24th another body of Mexican troops, a regiment of cavalry and three battalions of infantry arrived; and then the fort was invested and a regular siege commenced, which, counting from that day till the morning of the 6th of March, occupied eleven days. By the 27th seven more besieging batteries were planted, most of them on the east side of the river, and bearing on the northwest, southwest, and south of the fort; but there were none on the east. As that was the only direction in which the garrison would be likely to attempt retreat, Santa Ana wished to leave a temptation to such flitting, while he prepared to intercept it by forming his cavalry camp on what is now called the Powder House Hill, east of the Alamo. . . .

The stern resistance which had sprung up in the demoralized band within, and the comparative unity and order which must have come with it, were ushered in by a scene which promised no such outcome. The

first sight of the enemy created as much confusion with as little panic at the Alamo as might be expected among men who had known as little of discipline as they did of fear. Mr. Lewis, of San Antonio, informed me that he took refuge for a few hours in the fort when the invaders appeared, and the disorder of the post beggared description. Bowie with a detachment was engaged in breaking open deserted houses in the neighborhood and gathering corn, while another squad was driving cattle into the enclosure east of the long barrack. Some of the volunteers, who had sold their rifles to obtain the means of dissipation, were clamoring for guns of any kind; and the rest, though in arms, appeared to be mostly without orders or a capacity for obedience. No "army in Flanders" ever swore harder. He saw but one officer, who seemed to be at his proper post and perfectly collected. This was an Irish Captain named Ward, who, though generally an inveterate drunkard, was now sober, and stood quietly by the guns of the south battery, ready to use them. Yet amid the disorder of that hour no one seemed to think of flight; the first damaging shock, caused by the sight of the enemy, must have been cured by the first shell that he threw; and the threat conveyed by Santa Ana's message seems to have inspired a greater amount of discipline than those men had before been thought capable of possessing. The sobered toper who stood coolly by his guns was the first pustule which foretold a speedy inoculation of the whole mass with that qualification.





THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS





The conflict of authority between Bowie and Travis, owing probably to the caution in which neither was deficient, had luckily produced no serious collision; and it was perhaps as fortunate that, at about the second day of the siege, the rivalry was cut short by a prostrating illness of the former, when Bowie was stricken by an attack of pneumonia, which would probably have proved fatal, had not its blow been anticipated by the sword. This left Travis in undisputed command. . . .

On the following night, the 1st of March, a company of thirty-two men from Gonzales made its way through the enemy's lines, and entered the Alamo never again to leave it. This must have raised the force to 188 men or thereabout, as none of the original number of 156 had fallen.

On the night of the 3d of March, Travis sent out another courier with a letter of that date to the government, which reached its destination. In that last despatch he says: "With a hundred and forty-five men I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated from 1,500 to 6,000, and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in the attempt. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon-balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen. We have been miraculously preserved." As this was but two days and three nights before the final assault, it is quite possible that not a single defender was stricken down till the fort was stormed. At the first

glance it may seem almost farcical that there should be no more result from so long a fire, which was never sluggish; but if so, this was a stage on which farce was soon to end in tragedy, and those two elements seem strangely mingled through the whole contest. . . .

On the 4th of March Santa Ana called a council of war, and fixed on the morning of the 6th for the final assault. The besieging force now around the Alamo, comprising all the Mexican troops which had yet arrived, consisted of the two dragoon regiments of Dolores and Tampico, which formed a brigade, commanded by General Andrade, two companies or batteries of artillery under Colonel Ampudia, and six battalions of infantry, namely, Los Zapadores (engineer troops), Jimenes, Guerrero, Matamoros, Toluca, and Tres Villas. These six battalions of foot were to form the storming forces. The order for the attack, which I have read, but have no copy of, was full and precise in its details, and was signed by General Amador, as Chief of Staff. . . . Santa Ana took his station, with a part of his staff and all the bands of music, at a battery about five hundred yards south of the Alamo and near the old bridge, from which post a signal was to be given by a bugle-note for the columns to move simultaneously at double-quick time against the fort. One, consisting of Los Zapadores, Toluca, and the light companies, and commanded by Castrillon, was to rush through the breach on the north; another, consisting of the battalion of Jimenes and other troops, and com-

manded by General Cos, was to storm the chapel; and a third, whose leader I do not recollect, was to scale the west barrier. Cos, who had evacuated San Antonio a year before under capitulation, was assigned to the most difficult point of attack, probably to give him an opportunity to retrieve his standing. By the timing of the signal it was calculated that the columns would reach the foot of the wall just as it should become sufficiently light for good operation.

When the hour came, the south guns of the Alamo were answering the batteries which fronted them; but the music was silent till the blast of a bugle was followed by the rushing tramp of soldiers. The guns of the fort opened upon the moving masses, and Santa Ana's bands struck up the assassin note of "deguello," or no quarter. But a few and not very effective discharges of cannon from the works could be made before the enemy were under them, and it was probably not till then that the worn and wearied garrison was fully mustered. Castrillon's column arrived first at the foot of the wall, but was not the first to enter.

The guns of the north, where Travis commanded in person, probably raked the breach, and this or the fire of the riflemen brought the column to a disordered halt, and Colonel Duque, who commanded the battalion of Toluca, fell dangerously wounded; but, while this was occurring, the column from the west crossed the barrier on that side by escalade at a point north of the center, and, as this checked re-

sistance at the north, Castrillon shortly after passed the breach. It was probably while the enemy was thus pouring into the large area that Travis fell at his post, for his body, with a single shot in the forehead, was found beside the gun at the northwest angle. The outer walls and batteries, all except one gun, of which I will speak, were now abandoned by the defenders. In the meantime Cos had again proved unlucky. His column was repulsed from the chapel, and his troops fell back in disorder behind the old stone stable and huts that stood south of the southwest angle. There they were soon rallied and led into the large area by General Amador. I am not certain as to his point of entrance, but he probably followed the escalade of the column from the west.

This all passed within a few minutes after the bugle sounded. The garrison, when driven from the thinly manned outer defenses, whose early loss was inevitable, took refuge in the buildings before described, but mainly in the long barrack; and it was not till then, when they became more concentrated and covered within, that the main struggle began. They were more concentrated as to space, not as to unity of command; for there was no communicating between buildings, nor, in all cases, between rooms. There was little need of command, however, to men who had no choice left but to fall where they stood before the weight of numbers. There was now no retreating from point to point, and each group of defenders had to fight and die in the den where it



was brought to bay. From the doors, windows, and loopholes of the several rooms around the area the crack of the rifle and the hiss of the bullet came fierce and fast; as fast the enemy fell and recoiled in his first efforts to charge. The gun beside which Travis fell was now turned against the buildings, as were also some others, and shot after shot was sent crashing through the doors and barricades of the several rooms. Each ball was followed by a storm of musketry and a charge; and thus room after room was carried at the point of the bayonet, when all within them died fighting to the last. The struggle was made up of a number of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand, between squads of the garrison and bodies of the enemy. The bloodiest spot about the fort was the long barrack and the ground in front of it, where the enemy fell in heaps.

Before the action reached this stage, the turning of Travis' gun by the assailants was briefly imitated by a group of the defenders. "A small piece on a high platform," as it was described to me by General Bradburn, was wheeled by those who manned it against the large area after the enemy entered it. Some of the Mexican officers thought it did more execution than any gun which fired outward; but after two effective discharges it was silenced, when the last of its cannoneers fell under a shower of bullets. I cannot locate this gun with certainty, but it was probably the twelve-pound carronade which fired over the center of the west wall from a high command-

ing position. The smallness assigned to it perhaps referred only to its length. According to Mr. Ruiz, then the Alcalde of San Antonio, who, after the action, was required to point out the slain leaders to Santa Ana, the body of Crocket was found in the west battery just referred to; and we may infer that he either commanded that point or was stationed there as a sharpshooter. The common fate overtook Bowie in his bed in one of the rooms of the low barrack, when he probably had but a few days of life left in him; yet he had enough remaining, it is said, to shoot down with his pistols more than one of his assailants ere he was butchered on his couch. If he had sufficient strength and consciousness left to do it, we may safely assume that it was done.

The chapel, which was the last point taken, was carried by a "coup de main" after the fire of the other buildings was silenced. Once the enemy in possession of the large area, the guns of the south could be turned to fire into the door of the church, only from fifty to a hundred yards off, and that was probably the route of attack. The inmates of this last stronghold, like the rest, fought to the last, and continued to fire down from the upper works after the enemy occupied the floor. A Mexican officer told of seeing one of his soldiers shot in the crown of the head during this *mêlée*. Towards the close of the struggle Lieutenant Dickenson, with his child in his arms, or, as some accounts say, tied to his back, leaped from the east embrasure of the chapel, and

both were shot in the act. Of those he left behind him, the bayonet soon gleaned what the bullet had left; and in the upper part of that edifice the last defender must have fallen. The morning breeze which received his parting breath probably still fanned his flag above that fabric, for I doubt not he fell ere it was pulled down by the victors.

The Alamo had fallen; but the impression it left on the invader was the forerunner of San Jacinto. It is a fact not often remembered that Travis and his band fell under the Mexican Federal flag of 1824, instead of the Lone Star of Texas, although Independence, unknown to them, had been declared by the new Convention four days before at Washington, on the Brazos. They died for a Republic of whose existence they never knew. The action, according to Santa Ana's report, lasted thirty minutes. It was certainly short, and possibly no longer time passed between the moment the enemy entered the breach and that when resistance died out. The assault was a task which had to be carried out quickly or fail. Some of the incidents which have to be related separately occurred simultaneously, and all occupied very little time. . . .

The stranger will naturally inquire where lie the heroes of the Alamo, and Texas can reply only by a silent blush. A few hours after the action the bodies of the slaughtered garrison were gathered by the victors, laid in three heaps, mingled with fuel and burned, though their own dead were interred. On

the 25th of February, 1837, the bones and ashes of the defenders were, by order of General Houston, collected, as well as could then be done, for burial by Colonel Seguin, then in command at San Antonio. The bones were placed in a large coffin, which, together with the gathered ashes, was interred with military honors. The place of burial was a peach orchard, then outside of the Alamo village and a few hundred yards from the fort. When I was last there, in 1861, it was still a large enclosed open lot, though surrounded by the suburb which had there grown up; but the rude landmarks which had once pointed out the place of sepulture had long since disappeared. Diligent search might then have found it, but it is now densely built over, and its identity is irrecoverably lost.

ON THE 2d of March, 1836, the delegates of the people of Texas in general convention at Washington on the Brazos declared their independence of Mexico. Their Declaration of Independence may be read in the appendix to Kennedy's History of Texas, vol. ii., and elsewhere. On the same day General Samuel Houston, the Texan commander-in-chief, issued a proclamation announcing that war was waging on the frontier, and Bexar besieged by 2,000 of the enemy, while the garrison was only 150 strong. "The citizens of Texas must rally to the aid of our army, or it will perish. Independence is declared: it must be maintained. Immediate action, united with

valor, alone can achieve the great work." But the immediate action was too late. Already Santa Ana and his forces were closing in around the fated little band in the Alamo at San Antonio; and between midnight and dawn on the morning of March 6 came the terrible assault described in the leaflet, from which not one of the 180 Texans escaped alive, although before the last man died 500 of their assailants had fallen. No fiercer or more heroic fight was ever seen in America or in the world. The Texan force was under the command of William Barrett Travis, whose last letter, to the president of the convention at Washington, dated March 3, is given in Kennedy, vol. ii., p. 184. Its last words were: "The bearer of this will give your honorable body a statement more in detail, should he escape through the enemies' lines. God and Texas! Victory or Death!" Extracts from Almonte's Journal, on the Mexican side, are also given in Kennedy. Certain details of the massacre were supplied by Mrs. Dickenson, the wife of one of the massacred men, who along with a negro servant was spared.

The account of the battle in Yoakum's History of Texas should be consulted. In the large new History of Texas by Wooten a special chapter on the "Siege and Fall of the Alamo" is contributed by Seth Shepard, and this is of great value. Judge Shepard pronounces Captain Potter's account, printed in the present leaflet, "the most accurate account that has yet appeared." Captain Potter was, at the time of the



siege, a resident of Matamoros. He knew many of the leading Mexican officers personally, and his critical investigations were of such a nature that his paper has the value of an original document. It was first printed in the Magazine of American History, January, 1878, and is reprinted here by the permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.

On the capitol grounds at Austin, Tex., stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo, erected in 1891, with the inscription: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

## THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

*By General Sam Houston*

*HOUSTON made his report of the Battle of San Jacinto to Congress in the third person. It was printed in the "Congressional Globe." As a result of the battle fought April 21, 1836, the Mexican President-General Santa Ana was captured by the Texans under Houston, and the independence of Texas was achieved.*

*Yielding to popular clamor, the "hero of San Jacinto" reluctantly became a candidate for President of the Republic of Texas, and was elected by a large majority. One of his first acts was to liberate Santa Ana, who had been kept in captivity, and to send him to Washington to confer with President Jackson. He next opened negotiations with the United States Government for the annexation of Texas, but the measure met with such opposition in Congress that it did not succeed until 1845, when Houston went to Washington as the first United States Senator from the Lone Star State.*

**I**T is necessary, in the first place, to announce the fact that, on the 2d of March, 1836, the declaration of Texan independence was proclaimed. The condition of the country at that time I will not particularly explain; but a provisional government had existed previous to that time. In December, 1835, when the troubles first began in Texas, in the inception of its revolution, Houston was appointed Major General of the forces by the consultation then in session at San Felipe. He remained in that position. A delegate

from each municipality, or what would correspond to counties here, was to constitute the government, with a Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Council. They had the power of the country. An army was requi-

site, and means were necessary to sustain the revolution. This was the first organization of anything like a government, which absorbed the power that had previously existed in committees of vigilance and safety in different sections of the country. When the General was appointed, his first act was to organize a force to repel an invading army which he was satisfied would advance upon Texas. A rendezvous had been established, at which the drilling and organization of the troops was to take place, and officers were sent to their respective posts for the purpose of recruiting men. Colonel Fannin was appointed at Matagorda, to superintend that district, second in command to the General-in-Chief; and he remained there until the gallant band from Alabama and Georgia visited that country. They were volunteers under Colonels Ward, Shackelford, Duvall, and other illustrious names. When they arrived, Colonel Fannin, disregarding the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, became, by countenance of the council, a candidate for commander of the volunteers. Some four or five hundred of them had arrived, all equipped and disciplined; men of intelligence, men of character, men of chivalry and of honor. A more gallant band never graced the American soil in defense of liberty. He was selected; and the project of the council was to invade Matamoras, under the auspices of Fannin. San Antonio had been taken in 1835. Troops were to remain there. It was a post more than seventy miles from any colonies or settlements by the Americans.

It was a Spanish town or city, with many thousand population, and very few Americans. The Alamo was nothing more than a church, and derived its cognomen from the fact of its being surrounded by poplars or cotton-wood trees. The Alamo was known as a fortress since the Mexican revolution in 1812. . . .

. . . the Commander-in-Chief . . . send an order to Colonel Neill, who was in command of the Alamo, to blow up that place and fall back to Gonzales, making that a defensive position, which was supposed to be the furthest boundary the enemy would ever reach.

This was on the 17th of January. That order was secretly superseded by the council; and Colonel Travis, having relieved Colonel Neill, did not blow up the Alamo, and retreat with such articles as were necessary for the defense of the country; but remained in possession from the 17th of January until the last of February, when the Alamo was invested by the force of Santa Anna. Surrounded there, and cut off from all succor, the consequence was they were destroyed; they fell victims to the ruthless feelings of Santa Anna, by the contrivance of the council, and in violation of the plans of the Major General for the defense of the country. . . .

The General proceeded on his way and met many fugitives. The day on which he left Washington, the 6th of March, the Alamo had fallen. He anticipated it; and marching to Gonzales as soon as practicable, though his health was infirm, he arrived there on the

11th of March. He found at Gonzales three hundred and seventy-four men, half fed, half clad, and half armed, and without organization. That was the nucleus on which he had to form an army and defend the country. No sooner did he arrive than he sent a dispatch to Colonel Fannin, fifty-eight miles, which would reach him in thirty hours, to fall back. He was satisfied that the Alamo had fallen. Colonel Fannin was ordered to fall back from Goliad, twenty-five miles to Victoria, on the Guadalupe, thus placing him within striking distance of Gonzales, for he had only to march twenty-five miles to Victoria to be on the east side of the Colorado, with the only succor hoped for by the General. He received an answer from Colonel Fannin, stating that he had received his order; had held a council of war; and that he had determined to defend the place, and called it Fort Defiance, and had taken the responsibility to disobey the order. . . .

. . . Fannin, after disobeying orders, attempted, on the 19th, to retreat; and had only twenty-five miles to reach Victoria. His opinions of chivalry and honor were such that he would not avail himself of the night to do it in, although he had been admonished by the smoke of the enemies' encampment for eight days previous to attempting a retreat. He then attempted to retreat in open day. The Mexican cavalry surrounded him. He halted in a prairie, without water; commenced a fortification, and there was surrounded by the enemy, who, from the hilltops, shot down upon him. Though the most gallant spirits were



there with him, he remained in that situation all that night and the next day, when a flag of truce was presented; he entered into a capitulation, and was taken to Goliad, on a promise to be returned to the United States with all associated with him. In less than eight days, the attempt was made to massacre him and every man with him. I believe some few did escape, most of whom came afterwards and joined the army.

The General fell back from the Colorado. . . . He marched and took position on the Brazos, with as much expedition as was consistent with his situation; but at San Felipe he found a spirit of dissatisfaction in the troops. The Government had removed east. It had left Washington and gone to Harrisburg, and the apprehension of the settlers had been awakened and increased, rather than decreased. The spirits of the men were bowed down. Hope seemed to have departed, and with the little band alone remained anything like a consciousness of strength.

. . . On the Brazos, the efficient force under his command amounted to five hundred and twenty. . . . The encampment on the Brazos was the point at which the first piece of artillery was ever received by the army. They were without munitions; old horse shoes, and all pieces of iron that could be procured, had to be cut up; various things were to be provided; there were no cartridges and but few balls. Two small six-pounders, presented by the magnanimity of the people of Cincinnati, and subsequently called the "twin sisters," were the first pieces of artil-

lery that were used in Texas. From thence, the march commenced at Donoho's, three miles from Groce's. It had required several days to cross the Brazos, with the horses and wagons. . . .

The march to Harrisburg was effected through the greatest possible difficulties. The prairies were quagmired. . . . Notwithstanding that, the remarkable success of the march brought the army in a little time to Harrisburg, opposite which it halted. . . . Orders were given by the General immediately to prepare rations for three days, and to be at an early hour in readiness to cross the bayou. The next morning we find that the Commander-in-Chief addressed a note in pencil to Colonel Henry Raguet, of Nacogdoches, in these words:

“Camp at Harrisburg, April 19, 1836.

“Sir: This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time, I have looked for reinforcements in vain. The convention adjourning to Harrisburg, struck panic throughout the country. Texas could have started at least four thousand men. We will only have about seven hundred to march with, besides the camp guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom, growing out of necessity, to meet the enemy now; every consideration enforces it. No previous occasion would justify it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action.” . . .

“We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely upon His providence.

"My country will do justice to those who serve her. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free." . . .

A crossing was effected by the evening, and the line of march was taken up . . . for San Jacinto, for the purpose of cutting off Santa Anna below the junction of the San Jacinto and Buffalo bayou. . . .

In the morning the sun had risen brightly, and he determined with this omen, "to-day the battle shall take place." . . . After the council was dismissed, the General sent for Deaf Smith and his comrade, Reeves, who came mounted, when he gave them the axes so as not to attract the attention of the troops. They placed them in their saddles, as Mexicans carry swords and weapons, and started briskly for the scene of action. The General announced to them: "You will be speedy if you return in time for the scenes that are to be enacted here." They executed the order, and when the troops with the General were within sixty yards of the enemy's front, when charging, Deaf Smith returned and announced that the bridge was cut down. It had been preconcerted to announce that the enemy had received no reinforcement. It was announced to the army for the first time; for the idea that the bridge would be cut down was never thought of by any one but the General himself, until he ordered it to be done, and then only known to Smith and his comrade. It would have made the army polemic if it had been known that Vince's bridge was

to be destroyed, for it cut off all means of escape for either army. There was no alternative but victory or death. . . .

With the exception of the Commander-in-Chief, no gentleman in the army had ever been in a general action, or even witnessed one; no one had been drilled in a regular army, or had been accustomed to the evolutions necessary to the maneuvering of troops. So soon as the disposition of the troops was made, according to his judgment, he announced to the Secretary of War the plan of battle. It was concurred in instantly. The Commander-in-Chief requested the Secretary of War to take command of the left wing, so as to possess him of the timber, and enable him to turn the right wing of the enemy. The General's plan of battle was carried out.

## THE CRUSHING OF THE CREEKS

*United States War Department Report*

**T**HIS official communication was sent by Governor William Schley, of Georgia, on October 7, 1836, to two Federal commissioners, Alfred Balch and T. Hartley Crawford, who were in Georgia for the purpose of fixing the blame for the Creek War and to determine what future action the United States government ought to take. Some of the Creek Indians had joined the United States forces against the Seminoles, while others had begun raiding Georgia and Alabama towns and villages.

Defeated by Government and State troops under Generals Scott and Sanford, nearly 25,000 Creek were removed to the Arkansas River in 1837, less than 800 being left behind. The Government tried to Christianize and civilize them, but they fiercely refused either missionaries or schools; especially Christianity which was scorned by them as the religion of their negro slaves.

tions of danger to the white population of Alabama and Georgia were resorted to by the State and General Governments, and what these means were.

**I** HAVE the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3d instant, in which you request me to communicate to you, as commissioners on the part of the United States to inquire into the causes of the recent Creek hostilities, such information as I may have, and which may be communicated consistently with my ideas of propriety and public duty, in regard to the causes of these hostilities, the time when the aspect of things on the Chattahoochee became alarming, the time when the means of meeting reasonable anticipa-



Of the causes which led to the Creek War I know nothing, and can, therefore, only give you my opinion, with the reasons on which it is founded.

The great majority of the Creek Indians are idle, dissolute vagrants, many of whom had, for a long time, been subsisting on provisions stolen, mostly from the people of Georgia living on and near the Chattahoochee. They were in the daily practice of crossing the river, stealing cattle, horses, hogs, corn, and such other articles as they wanted. If the people thus robbed objected, or attempted to resist or punish them, they would add murder to their other crimes. Many of them were in a state of starvation, and had no means of obtaining subsistence, except by depredations on the property of the white people. In the prosecution of their unlawful purpose they were sometimes detected, and in the conflict which ensued, some of each party were occasionally killed. A state of bad feeling was the consequence on both sides, and, with the Creeks ripened into a determination to revenge the death of their guilty comrades. They were, moreover, determined not to emigrate to Arkansas; and believed that, in the moment of panic and consternation produced by their hostilities, they could escape to Florida with the booty they could obtain from the murdered and fleeing inhabitants.

These, in my opinion, were some of the causes which produced the Creek War.

Public opinion has, in some sections of the State, assigned, as a principle cause of hostilities, the frauds

which are alleged to have been committed on the Creeks in the purchase of their lands. Of this I know nothing, and have no evidence on which to form an opinion. I cannot, therefore, either affirm or deny the truth of the report.

The predatory incursions of the Creeks into Georgia kept up a constant excitement in the counties on and near the Chattahoochee, which produced repeated calls on the Executive of the State for protection. In the month of January last, arms and ammunition were sent to the counties thus annoyed, and in each a corps of twenty men was formed and called into service as spies to watch the movements of the Indians, and give notice of their conduct to the commanding officer of the county, or to chastise and drive them off, if their numbers were not too great.

These companies were kept in service until about the tenth of March, when they were superseded by a small battalion of mounted men, consisting of about two hundred, under the command of Major John H. Howard. This force was placed on the Chattahoochee, eighteen miles below Columbus, with instructions to patrol the country; and it had the effect to tranquilize the frontier until early in the month of May, when the Creeks commenced open active hostilities by murdering the white people and burning their towns and property, and carrying away such booty as they could procure.

The first notice I received of this state of things on the frontier was contained in a communication

from the honorable John Fontaine, Mayor of Columbus [Georgia], dated on the 9th day of May, and received at the Executive office on the 11th. On the 12th I sent to Columbus one six-pound field piece and all the small arms remaining in the arsenal, and wrote to the Secretary of War, giving him information of the situation of the people in that quarter, and the general hostility of the Indians. On the 13th I issued an order inviting volunteers to march to the scene of danger, and used all the exertions in my power to bring to the field a competent force, and furnished them with munitions of war.

The troops began to arrive on the frontier the last of May, and the first company was mustered into the service on the 2d or 3d of June, as well as I now recollect.

Previous to this, however, the militia of the neighborhood had been called out for temporary protection, and until the army could be assembled. The troops, as fast as they arrived and could be provided with arms, etc., were placed at different points on the river below Columbus, to prevent the escape of the enemy to Florida. The number of Georgia troops that flocked to the standard was between four and five thousand, besides which there was a considerable number of regular troops. But most of the Georgians were without arms, and, consequently, were not in a condition to go in search of the hostile Indians, until about the 18th or 20th of June, when the troops received arms and took up the line of march under Generals Scott and Sanford.

## WHY THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS WAS OPPOSED

By William Ellery Channing, D.D.

**T**HIS is the main portion of a letter written to Senator Henry Clay in 1837 by Dr. Channing, the most famous and eloquent of the early Unitarian divines. His interest in social problems led to his active participation in the anti-slavery movement. He was not an extreme abolitionist, but favored political action. His principles are clearly enunciated in this protest against the proposed annexation of Texas, on the ground that it would strengthen "the peculiar institutions of the South, and open a new and vast field for slavery."

Dr. Channing was greatly esteemed by such notable contemporaries as Wordsworth and Coleridge, in England, and our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." In concert with Emerson and other great intellectual leaders, Channing was a factor in the strenuous New England life of his time.

gentleman, now a Senator in Congress, it was maintained, that five or six slaveholding states would by this measure be added to the Union; and he even intimated that as many as nine states as large as Ken-

**I** PROCEED now to a consideration of what is to me the strongest argument against annexing Texas to the United States. This measure will extend and perpetuate slavery. . . .

. . . It is fitted and still more intended to do so. On this point there can be no doubt. As far back as the year 1829, the annexation of Texas was agitated in the Southern and Western States; and it was urged on the ground of the strength and extension it would give to the slaveholding interest. In a series of essays ascribed to a gen-

tucky might be formed within the limits of Texas. In Virginia, about the same time, calculations were made as to the increased value which would thus be given to slaves, and it was even said, that this acquisition would raise the price fifty per cent. Of late the language on this subject is most explicit. The great argument for annexing Texas is, that it will strengthen "the peculiar institutions" of the South, and open a new and vast field for slavery.

By this act, slavery will be spread over regions to which it is now impossible to set limits. Texas, I repeat it, is but the first step of aggression. I trust, indeed, that Providence will beat back and humble our cupidity and ambition. But one guilty success is often suffered to be crowned, as men call it, with greater; in order that a more awful retribution may at length vindicate the justice of God, and the rights of the oppressed. Texas, smitten with slavery, will spread the infection beyond herself. We know that the tropical regions have been found most propitious to this pestilence; nor can we promise ourselves, that its expulsion from them for a season forbids its return. By annexing Texas, we may send this scourge to a distance, which, if now revealed, would appal us, and through these vast regions every cry of the injured will invoke wrath on our heads.

By this act, slavery will be perpetuated in the old States as well as spread over new. It is well known, that the soil of some of the old States has become exhausted by slave cultivation. Their neighborhood to



communities, which are flourishing under free labor, forces on them perpetual arguments for adopting this better system. They now adhere to slavery, not on account of the wealth which it extracts from the soil, but because it furnishes men and women to be sold in newly settled and more southern districts. It is by slave breeding and slave selling that these States subsist. Take away from them a foreign market, and slavery would die. Of consequence, by opening a new market, it is prolonged and invigorated. By annexing Texas, we shall not only create it where it does not exist, but breathe new life into it, where its end seemed to be near. States, which might and ought to throw it off, will make the multiplication of slaves their great aim and chief resource.

Nor is the worst told. As I have before intimated, and it cannot be too often repeated, we shall not only quicken the domestic slave trade; we shall give a new impulse to the foreign. This indeed we have pronounced in our laws to be felony; but we make our laws cobwebs, when we offer to rapacious men strong motives for their violation. Open a market for slaves in an unsettled country, with a sweep of sea-coast, and at such a distance from the seat of government that laws may be evaded with impunity, and how can you exclude slaves from Africa? It is well known that cargoes have been landed in Louisiana. What is to drive them from Texas? In incorporating this region with the Union to make it a slave country, we send the kidnapper to prowl through the jungles, and

to dart, like a beast of prey, on the defenceless villages of Africa. We chain the helpless despairing victims; crowd them into the fetid, pestilential slave ship; expose them to the unutterable cruelties of the middle passage, and, if they survive it, crush them with perpetual bondage.

I now ask, whether as a people, we are prepared to seize on a neighboring territory for the end of extending slavery? I ask, whether, as a people, we can stand forth in the sight of God, in the sight of the nations, and adopt this atrocious policy? Sooner perish! Sooner be our name blotted out from the record of nations! . . .

Whoever studies modern history with any care, must discern in it a steady growing movement towards one most interesting result, I mean, towards the elevation of the laboring class of society. . . .

It is the great mission of this country, to forward this revolution, and never was a sublimer work committed to a nation. Our mission is to elevate society through all its conditions, to secure to every human being the means of progress, to substitute the government of equal laws for that of irresponsible individuals, to prove that, under popular institutions, the people may be carried forward, that the multitude who toil are capable of enjoying the noblest blessings of the social state. The prejudice, that labor is a degradation, one of the worst prejudices handed down from barbarous ages, is to receive here, a practical refutation. The power of liberty to raise up the whole

people, this is the great Idea, on which our institutions rest, and which is to be wrought out in our history. Shall a nation having such a mission abjure it, and even fight against the progress which it is specially called to promote?

The annexation of Texas, if it should be accomplished, would do much to determine the future history and character of this country. It is one of those measures, which call a nation to pause, reflect, look forward, because their force is not soon exhausted. . . . The chief interest of a people lies in measures, which, making, perhaps, little noise, go far to fix its character, to determine its policy and fate for ages, to decide its rank among nations. A fearful responsibility rests on those who originate or control these pregnant acts. The destiny of millions is in their hands. The execration of millions may fall on their heads. Long after present excitements shall have passed away, long after they and their generation shall have vanished from the earth, the fruits of their agency will be reaped. Such a measure is that of which I now write. It will commit us to a degrading policy, the issues of which lie beyond human foresight. In opening to ourselves vast regions, through which we may spread slavery, and in spreading it for this, among other ends, that the slaveholding states may bear rule in the national councils, we make slavery the predominant interest of the state. We make it the basis of power, the spring or guide of public measures, the object for which the revenues,

strength, and wealth of the country, are to be exhausted. Slavery will be branded on our front, as the great Idea, the prominent feature of the country. We shall renounce our high calling as a people, and accomplish the lowest destiny to which a nation can be bound.

And are we prepared for this degradation? Are we prepared to couple with the name of our country the infamy of deliberately spreading slavery, and especially of spreading it through regions from which the wise and humane legislation of a neighboring republic had excluded it? We call Mexico a semi-barbarous people; and yet we talk of planting slavery where Mexico would not suffer it to live. What American will not blush to lift his head in Europe, if this disgrace shall be fastened on his country? Let other calamities, if God so will, come on us. Let us be steeped in poverty. Let pestilence stalk through our land. Let famine thin our population. Let the world join hands against our free institutions, and deluge our shores with blood. All this can be endured. A few years of industry and peace will recruit our wasted numbers, and spread fruitfulness over our desolated fields. But a nation devoting itself to the work of spreading and perpetuating slavery, stamps itself with a guilt and shame, which generations may not be able to efface. The plea on which we have rested, that slavery was not our choice, but a sad necessity bequeathed us by our fathers, will avail us

no longer. The whole guilt will be assumed by ourselves.

It is very lamentable, that among the distinguished men of the South, any should be found so wanting to their own fame, as to become advocates of slavery . . . that men, who might leave honorable and enduring record of themselves in their country's history . . . should lend their great powers to the extension of slavery, is among the dark symptoms of the times. . . . Have they nothing of that prophetic instinct, by which truly great men read the future? Can they learn nothing from the sentence now passed on men, who, fifty years ago, defended the slave trade? . . .

I have expressed my fears, that by the annexation of Texas, slavery is to be continued and extended. But I wish not to be understood, as having the slightest doubt as to the approaching fall of the institution. It may be prolonged to our reproach and greater ultimate suffering. But fall it will and must. . . . Moral laws are as irresistible as physical. In the most enlightened countries of Europe, a man would forfeit his place in society, by vindicating slavery. The slaveholder must not imagine, that he has nothing to do but fight with a few societies. These, of themselves, are nothing. He should not waste on them one fear. They are strong, only as representing the spirit of the Christian and civilized world. His battle is with the laws of human nature and the irresistible tendencies of human affairs. These are not to be withstood by artful strokes of policy, or by daring



crimes. The world is against him, and the world's Maker. Every day the sympathies of the world are forsaking him. Can he hope to sustain slavery against the moral feeling, the solemn sentence of the human race?

## ABOLITION INCITES THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY

By Horace Greeley

GREELEY'S account of the mobbing and shooting of the abolitionist editor, *Elijah P. Lovejoy*, at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, appears in his "American Conflict," a remarkable Civil War history showing "the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events." This article reveals the characteristics of its author as "a champion in the arena of public affairs, laying about him with pen and speech like an ancient Bayard with his sword." The battles he fought for humanity have made him an epic figure in American journalism.

*Lovejoy*, who at first refrained from taking any part in the anti-slavery agitation, was virtually goaded into becoming an Abolitionist. His violent death, following a series of persecutions, caused great excitement throughout the country. Henry Tanner, one of the defenders of the warehouse-scene of the tragedy here reviewed, has described it at length as "The Martyrdom of *Lovejoy*."

westward, and in the autumn of that year found employment as a teacher in St. Louis. In 1828, he became editor of a political journal, of the "National

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, son of Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, and the eldest of seven children, was born at Albion, Maine, November 9, 1802. His ancestors, partly English and partly Scotch, all of the industrious middle class, had been citizens of New Hampshire and of Maine for several generations. He was distinguished, from early youth, alike for diligence in labor and for zeal and success in the acquisition of knowledge. He graduated with high honors at Waterville College, Maine, in September, 1826. In May following, he turned his face

Republican" faith, and was thence actively engaged in politics of the Clay and Webster school, until January, 1832, when he was brought under deep religious impressions, and the next month united with the Presbyterian Church. Relinquishing his political pursuits and prospects, he engaged in a course of study preparatory for the ministry, entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, on the 24th of March.

He received, next spring, a license to preach from the second Presbytery of Philadelphia, and spent the summer as an evangelist in Newport, R. I., and in New York. He left the last-named city in the autumn of that year, and returned to St. Louis, at the urgent invitation of a circle of fellow-Christians, who desired him to establish and edit a religious newspaper in that city—furnishing a capital of twelve hundred dollars for the purpose, and guaranteeing him, in writing, the entire control of the concern.

The "St. Louis Observer," weekly, was accordingly first issued on the 22d of November. It was of the "Evangelical" or Orthodox Protestant school; but had no controversy, save with wickedness, and no purpose but to quicken the zeal and enlarge the usefulness of professing Christians, while adding, if possible, to their number. There is no evidence that it was commenced with any intent to war on slavery, or with any expectation of exciting the special hostility of any interest but that of Satan. Its first exhibition of a combative or belligerent tendency had

for its object the Roman Catholics and their dogmas; but this, though it naturally provoked some resentment in a city so largely Catholic as St. Louis, excited no tumult or violence. Its first articles concerning slavery were exceedingly moderate in their tone, and favorable rather to colonization than to immediate Abolition. Even when the editor first took decided ground against slavery, he still affirmed his hostility to immediate, unconditional emancipation.

On the request of its proprietors, Mr. Lovejoy gave up the establishment to them, intending to leave St. Louis; but they handed it over in payment of a debt of five hundred dollars, and the new owner immediately presented it to Mr. Lovejoy, telling him to go on with the paper as before. Meantime, his press was taken from St. Louis, by steamboat, to Alton, and landed on the bank about daylight on Sunday morning. It lay there in safety through the Sabbath; but, before the next morning, it had been destroyed by some five or six individuals. On Monday, a meeting of citizens was held, and a pledge voluntarily given to make good to Mr. Lovejoy his loss. The meeting passed some resolutions condemnatory of abolitionism, and Mr. Lovejoy assured them that he had not come to Alton to establish an Abolition, but a religious, journal; that he was not an Abolitionist, as they understood the term, but was an uncompromising enemy of slavery, and so expected to live and die.

The "Observer" was issued regularly at Alton until the 17th of August, 1837—discussing slavery among other topics, but occasionally, and in a spirit of decided moderation. But no moderation could satisfy those who had determined that the subject should not be discussed at all. . . .

Two unsuccessful attempts having already been made—the office of "The Observer" was entered between the hours of ten and eleven P.M., by a band of fifteen or twenty persons, and the press, type, etc., utterly destroyed. The mob commenced, as usual, by throwing stones at the building, whereby one man was hit on the head and severely wounded; whereupon the office was deserted, and the destroyers finished their work without opposition, while a large concourse were "looking on and consenting." The authorities did nothing most rigorously. Mr. Lovejoy was absent at the time, but was met in the street by the mob, who stopped him, threatened him, and assailed him with vile language, but did him no serious harm.

On the 24th of August he issued an appeal to the friends of law and order for aid in reëstablishing "The Observer"; and this appeal was promptly and generously responded to. Having obtained a sufficient amount in Alton and Quincy alone, he sent to Cincinnati to purchase new printing materials. Meantime, he issued an address, submitting "To the Friends of the Redeemer in Alton" his resignation of the editorship of the paper, offering to hand over to them



the subscription list, now exceeding two thousand names, on condition that they pay the debts of the concern, receive all dues and assets, and furnish him sufficient means to remove himself and family to another field of labor. A meeting was accordingly held, which resolved that "The Observer" ought to be continued, while the question of retaining Mr. Lovejoy as its editor was discussed through two or three evenings, but left undecided.

Meantime, while he was absent, attending a meeting of the Presbytery, his new press—the third which he had brought to Alton within a little more than a year—arrived on the 21st of September, was landed about sunset, and immediately conveyed by his friends to the warehouse of Geary & Weller. As it passed along the streets—"There goes the Abolition press! stop it! stop it!" was cried, but no violence was attempted. The Mayor, apprised of its arrival and also of its peril, gave assurance that it should be protected, and asked its friends to leave the matter entirely in his hands, which they did. A constable was posted by the Mayor at the door of the warehouse, with orders to remain until a certain hour. He left at that hour; and immediately ten or twenty ruffians, with handkerchiefs tied over their faces, broke open the store, rolled the press across the street to the riverbank, broke it into pieces, and threw it in. Before they had finished the job, the Mayor was on hand, and ordered them to disperse. They replied, that they would, so soon as they got through, and were as good

as their word. The Mayor declared that he had never witnessed a more quiet and gentlemanly mob!

Mr. Lovejoy preached at St. Charles, Missouri, the home of his wife's relatives, a few days after—October 1st—and was mobbed at the house of his mother-in-law, directly after his return from evening church. The mob attempted, with oaths and blows, to drag him from the house, but were defeated, mainly through the courageous efforts of his wife and one or two friends. Three times the house was broken into and a rush made up-stairs; and, finally, Mr. Lovejoy was induced, through the entreaties of his wife, to leave it clandestinely and take refuge with a friends, a mile distant, whence he and his wife made their way back to Alton next day. . . .

It was known in Alton that a new press was now on the way to Mr. Jovejoy, and might arrive at any time. Great excitement pervaded the community. Friends were on the alert to protect it on its arrival, and enemies to insure its destruction. It finally reached St. Louis on the night of the 5th, and an arrangement was made to have it landed at Alton at three o'clock on the morning of the 7th. Meantime Mr. Lovejoy and a friend went to the Mayor and notified him of its expected arrival and of the threats that it should be destroyed, requesting the appointment of special constables to protect it. A meeting of the City Council was held, and some discussion had; but the subject was laid on the table and nothing done. . . .

About ten o'clock, some thirty persons, as if by preconcert, suddenly emerged from a neighboring grog-shop—a few of them with arms, but the majority with only stones in their hands—formed a line at the south end of the store, next the river, knocked and hailed. Mr. Gilman, from the garret door, asked what they wanted. Their leader replied: "The press." Mr. Gilman assured them that it would not be given up; adding: "We have no ill feelings toward any of you, and should much regret to do you any injury; but we are authorized by the Mayor to defend our property, and shall do so with our lives." The leader replied that they were resolved to have the press at any sacrifice, and presented a pistol, whereupon Mr. Gilman retired into the building. The mob then passed around to the opposite end of the warehouse and commenced throwing stones, which soon demolished several of the windows. No resistance was offered, the inmates having agreed not to fire unless their lives were in danger.

The warehouse being of stone, and solidly built, no further impression was made on it by this assault. Finding their missiles ineffectual, the mob fired two or three guns into the building, by which no one was hit. The fire was then returned, and several of the rioters wounded, one of them mortally. Hereupon, the mob recoiled, carrying off their wounded. But they soon returned with ladders, and other preparations for firing the roof of the warehouse, cursing and shouting, "Burn them out! burn them out!"

They kept carefully on the side of the building where there were no windows, so that they could not be injured or repelled by its defenders. The Mayor and a justice were now deputed by the mob to bear a message to the inmates of the building, proposing that, on condition the press were given up, no one should be further molested, and no more property destroyed. The proposition was quietly declined. . . .

The mob now raised their ladders against the building, mounted to the roof, and kindled a fire there, which burned rather slowly. Five of the defenders hereupon volunteered to sally out and drive them away. They left by the south door, passed around the corner to the east side of the building, and fired upon the man who guarded the foot of the ladder, drove him off, and dispersed his immediate comrades, returning to the store to reload. Mr. Jovejoy and two others stepped again to the door, and stood looking around just without the building—Mr. Lovejoy in advance of the others. Several of the rioters were concealed from their view behind a pile of lumber a few rods in their front. One of these had a two-barreled gun, which he fired. Mr. Lovejoy received five balls, three of them in his breast, probably each mortal. He turned quickly, ran into the store, and up a flight of stairs into the counting-room, where he fell, exclaiming, "Oh God, I am shot! I am shot!" and almost instantly expired. One of his friends received at the same time a ball in his leg, of which he recovered. Those remaining alive in the building

now held a consultation, and concluded to surrender. One of their number went up to the scuttle and apprised the mob that Mr. Lovejoy was dead, and that the press would now be given up. A yell of exultation was sent up by the rioters and the proposed surrender declined. . . . The rioters then rushed into the building, threw the press out of the window, broke it up, and pitched the pieces into the river. They destroyed no other property, save a few guns. . . . At two o'clock, they had dispersed and all was quiet again.

Mr. Jovejoy's remains were borne away next morning to his dwelling, amid the jeers and scoffs of his murderers. He was buried the day following—Thursday, November 9.



## EFFECTS OF THE PANIC OF 1837

By Captain Frederick Marryat

CAPTAIN MARRYAT, the well-known English novelist, author of "*Mr. Midshipman Easy*" and other best sellers of the early nineteenth century, visited America in 1837 and recorded his impressions in "*A Diary in America, With Remarks on Its Institutions.*" His visit was enlivened by events incident to the most severe panic that had yet convulsed the country, growing out of President Jackson's fight on the Bank of the United States. Its career being ended, the Federal government encouraged the formation of hundreds of new State banks with nominal capital and the flooding of the country with paper money. Wild speculation occurred, especially in land, millions of acres being bought, on credit extended by the banks and held for a rise. When the banks began to call their loans and to increase rates of interest the panic was started. There was an epidemic of business failures and more than a hundred banks suspended. Captain Marryat pens a vivid picture of the state of chaos he encountered.

not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me.

A VISIT, to make it agreeable to both parties, should be well timed. My appearance at New York was very much like bursting into a friend's house with a merry face when there is a death in it—with the sudden change from levity to condolence. "Any other time most happy to see you. You find us in a very unfortunate situation."

"Indeed I'm very—very sorry."

Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I

Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, careworn faces, rapid exchanges of salutations, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered together on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads, and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

The Americans delight in hyperbole; in fact they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humor, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the choler of both.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried one. "I've a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week."

This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very

favorable such a blow would be to his present circumstances.

"Will you! By heavens, then pray do; it's just the thing I want, for how else am I to get over next Monday and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell."

All the banks have stopped payment in specie, and there is not a dollar to be had. I walked down Wall Street, and had a convincing proof of the great demand for money, for somebody picked my pocket.

The militia are under arms, as riots are expected. The banks in the country and other towns have followed the example of New York, and thus has General Jackson's currency bill been repealed without the aid of Congress. Affairs are now at their worst, and now that such is the case, the New Yorkers appear to recover their spirits. One of the newspapers humorously observes—"All Broadway is like unto a new-made widow, and don't know whether to laugh or cry." There certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition; if they fall, they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New York merchants are of that elastic nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into coach springs, and such really appears to be their character.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually have stopped payment;—they never refuse anything in New York;—but nobody will give specie in change, and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating medium.

Some of the shopkeepers told me that they had been obliged to turn away a hundred dollars a day; and many a Southerner, who has come up with a large supply of Southern notes, has found himself a pauper, and has been indebted to a friend for a few dollars in specie to get home again.

The radicals here, for there are radicals, it appears, in a democracy—

“In the lowest depths, a lower deep”—

are very loud in their complaints. I was watching the swarming multitude in Wall Street this morning, when one of these fellows was declaiming against the banks for stopping specie payments, and “robbing a poor man in such a willainous manner,” when one of the merchants, who appeared to know his customer, said to him—“Well, as you say, it is hard for a poor fellow like you not to be able to get dollars for his notes; hand them out and I’ll give you specie for them myself!” The blackguard had not a cent in his pocket, and walked away, looking very foolish. He reminded me of a little chimney-sweeper at the Tower Hamlets election, asking—“Vot vos my hopinions about primaginitur?”—a very important point to him certainly, he having no parents, and having been brought up by the parish.

I was in a store when a thorough-bred Democrat walked in. He talked loud, and voluntarily gave it as his opinion that all this distress was the very best

thing that could have happened to the country, as America would now keep all the specie and pay her English creditors with bankruptcies. There always appears to me to be a great want of moral principle in all radicals; indeed, the leveling principles of radicalism are adverse to the sacred rights of "meum" and "tuum." At Philadelphia the ultra Democrats have held a large public meeting, at which one of the first resolutions brought forward and agreed to was—"That they did not owe one farthing to the English people."

"They may say the times are bad," said a young American to me, "but I think that they are excellent. A twenty-dollar note used to last but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and show them my twenty-dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy everything that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty-dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is, for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again in New York it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs."

A government circular, enforcing the act of Congress, which obliges all those who have to pay custom-house duties or postage to do so in specie, has created great dissatisfaction, and added much to the distress and difficulty. At the same time that they (the Government) refuse to take from their debtors



the notes of the banks, upon the ground that they are no longer legal tenders, they compel their creditors to take those very notes—having had a large quantity in their possession at the time that the banks suspended specie payments—an act of despotism which the English government would not venture upon.

Miss Martineau's work is before me. How dangerous it is to prophesy. Speaking of the merchants of New York, and their recovering after the heavy losses they sustained by the calamitous fire of 1835, she says, that although eighteen millions of property were destroyed, not one merchant failed; and she continues, "It seems now as if the commercial credit of New York could stand any shock short of an earthquake like that of Lisbon." That was the prophesy of 1836. Where is the commercial credit of New York now in 1837?

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theaters and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each "good for one glass of brandy and water." At an oyster shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the street, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good

for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank notes, or as they are called here, "Shin plasters," which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return of cash payments.

Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall Street.

"Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch today?"

"Yes!"

"Then here's a ticket, and give me two shaves in return."

The most prominent causes of this convulsion have already been laid before the English public; but there is one—that of speculating in land—which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon, nor has the importance been given to it which it deserves; as, perhaps, next to the losses occasioned by the great fire, it led, more than any other species of over-speculation and over-trading, to the distress which has ensued.

## THE LAST SEMINOLE WAR

*By Thomas H. Benton.*

AT THE time of the last Seminole War (1835-42) Thomas H. Benton was a United States Senator, and no one was better qualified to record the events of "the most desperate and costly of our Indian wars . . . and the last serious obstruction offered by the red-skins to the national plan of transferring them bodily to the west side of the Mississippi." In his "Thirty Years' View," Benton gives this account of the tragic stand made by Osceola and his Seminoles for the hunting-grounds of their ancestors.

Osceola was born in Georgia in 1804, and died at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, where he was a prisoner, in 1838. He was the son of an English trader and an Indian woman. It took seven years and cost some \$30-000,000 to subjugate the Seminoles, following their massacre of Major Dade and his command of a hundred men, on December 28, 1835, as here described.

thirty millions of money—and baffled the exertions of several generals; recommenced when supposed to be finished; and was only finally terminated by

THIS was one of the most troublesome, expensive and unmanageable Indian wars in which the United States had been engaged; and from the length of time it continued the amount of money it cost, and the difficulty of obtaining results, it became a convenient handle of attack upon the [Jackson] administration; and in which party spirit, in pursuit of its object, went the length of injuring both individual and national character. It continued about seven years—as long as the Revolutionary War—cost some

changing military campaigns into an armed occupation by settlers. All the opposition presses and orators took hold of it, and made its misfortunes the common theme of invective and declamation.

Its origin was charged to the oppressive conduct of the administration—its protracted length to their imbecility—its cost to their extravagance—its defeats to the want of foresight and care. The Indians stood for an innocent and persecuted people. Heroes and patriots were made of their chiefs. Our generals and troops were decried; applause was lavished upon a handful of savages who could thus defend their country; and corresponding censure upon successive armies which could not conquer them. All this going incessantly into the Congress debates and the party newspapers, was injuring the administration at home, and the country abroad; and, by dint of iteration and reiteration, stood a good chance to become history, and to be handed down to posterity.

At the same time the war was one of flagrant and cruel aggression on the part of these Indians. Their removal to the west of the Mississippi was part of the plan for the general removal of all the Indians, and every preparation was complete for their departure by their own agreement, when it was interrupted by a horrible act. It was the 28th day of December, 1835, that the United States agent in Florida, and several others, were suddenly massacred by a party under Osceola, who had just been at the hospitable table with them: at the same time the sutler and

others were attacked as they sat at the table; the same day two expresses were killed; and to crown these bloody deeds, the same day witnessed the destruction of Major Dade's command of 112 men, on its march from Tampa Bay to Withlacootchee. All these massacres were surprises, the result of concert, and executed as such upon unsuspecting victims. The agent (Mr. Thompson) and some friends were shot from the bushes while taking a walk near his house; the sutler and his guests were shot at the dinner table; the express riders were waylaid, and shot in the road; Major Dade's command was attacked on the march, by an unseen foe, overpowered, and killed nearly to the last man. All these deadly attacks took place on the same day and at points wide apart—showing that the plot was as extensive as it was secret, and cruel as it was treacherous; for not a soul was spared in either of the four relentless attacks.

It was two days after the event that an infantry soldier of Major Dade's command appeared at Fort King, on Tampa Bay, from which it had marched six days before, and gave information of what had happened. The command was on the march, in open pine woods, tall grass all around, and a swamp on the left flank. The grass concealed a treacherous ambuscade. The advanced guard had passed, and was cut off. Both the advance and the main body were attacked at the same moment, but divided from each other. A circle of fire enclosed each—fire from an invisible foe. To stand was to be shot down; to



advance was to charge upon concealed rifles. But it was the only course—was bravely adopted—and many savages, thus sprung from their coverts, were killed. The officers, courageously exposing themselves, were rapidly shot—Major Dade early in the action. At the end of an hour successive charges had roused the savages from the grass (which seemed to be alive with their naked and painted bodies, yelling and leaping), and driven beyond the range of shot.

But the command was too much weakened for a further operation. The wounded were too numerous to be carried along; too precious to be left behind to be massacred. The battle-ground was maintained, and a small band had conquered respite from attack: but to advance or retreat was equally impossible. The only resource was to build a small pen of pine logs, cut from the forest, collect the wounded and the survivors into it, as into a little fort, and repulse the assailants as long as possible. This was done till near sunset—the action having begun at ten in the morning.

By that time every officer was dead but one, and he desperately wounded, and helpless on the ground. Only two men remained without wounds, and they red with the blood of others, spirted upon them, or stained in helping the helpless. The little pen was filled with the dead and the dying. The firing ceased. The expiring lieutenant told the survivors he could do no more for them, and gave them leave to save

themselves as they could. They asked his advice. He gave it to them; and to that advice we are indebted for the only report of that bloody day's work. He advised them all to lay down among the dead—to remain still—and take their chances of being considered dead. This advice was followed. All became still, prostrate and motionless; and the savages, slowly and cautiously approaching, were a long time before they would venture within the ghastly pen, where danger might still lurk under apparent death.

A squad of about forty negroes—fugitives from the Southern States, more savage than the savage—were the first to enter. They came in with knives and hatchets, cutting throats and splitting skulls wherever they saw a sign of life. To make sure of skipping no one alive, all were pulled and handled, punched and kicked; and a groan or movement, an opening of the eye, or even the involuntary contraction of a muscle, was an invitation to the knife and the tomahawk. Only four of the living were able to subdue sensations, bodily and mental, and remain without sign of feeling under this dreadful ordeal; and two of these received stabs, or blows—as many of the dead did. Lying still until the search was over, and darkness had come on, and the butchers were gone, these four crept from among their dead comrades and undertook to make their way back to Tampa Bay—separating into two parties for greater safety.

The one that came in first had a narrow escape. Pursuing a path the next day, an Indian on horseback, and with a rifle across the saddle-bow, met them full in the way. To separate, and take the chance of a divided pursuit, was the only hope for either: and they struck off into opposite directions. The one to the right was pursued; and very soon the sharp crack of a rifle made known his fate to the one that had gone to the left. To him it was a warning, that his comrade being dispatched, his own turn came next. It was open pine woods, and a running, or standing, man visible at a distance. The Indian on horseback was already in view. Escape by flight was impossible. Concealment in the grass, or among the palmettos, was the only hope; and this was tried. The man lay close: the Indian rode near him. He made circles around, eying the ground far and near. Rising in his stirrups to get a wider view, and seeing nothing, he turned the head of his horse and galloped off—the poor soldier having been almost under the horse's feet. This man, thus marvelously escaping, was the first to bring in the sad report of the Dade defeat—followed soon after by two others with its melancholy confirmation.

And these were the only reports ever received of that completest of defeats. No officer survived to report a word. All were killed in their places—men and officers, each in his place, no one breaking ranks or giving back: and when afterward the ground was examined, and events verified by signs, the skeletons

in their places, and the bullet holes in trees and logs, and the little pen with its heaps of bones, showed that the carnage had taken place exactly as described by the men. And this was the slaughter of Major Dade and his command—of 108 out of 112; as treacherous, as barbarous, as perseveringly cruel as ever was known. One single feature is some relief to the sadness of the picture, and discriminates this defeat from most others suffered at the hands of Indians. There were no prisoners put to death; for no man surrendered. There were no fugitives slain in vain attempts at flight; for no one fled. All stood, and fought, and fell in their places, returning blow for blow while life lasted. It was the death of soldiers, showing that steadiness in defeat which is above courage in victory.

And this was the origin of the Florida Indian war: and a more treacherous, ferocious, and cold-blooded origin was never given to any Indian war. Yet such is the perversity of party spirit that its author—the savage Osceola—has been exalted into a hero-patriot; our officers, disparaged and ridiculed; the administration loaded with obloquy. And all this by our public men in Congress, as well as by writers in the daily and periodical publications. The future historian who should take these speeches and publications for their guide (and they are too numerous and emphatic to be overlooked), would write a history discreditable to our arms, and reproachful to our justice. It would be a narrative of wickedness and imbecility on our

part—of patriotism and heroism on the part of the Indians: those Indians whose very name (Seminole—wild), define them as the fugitives from all tribes, and made still worse than fugitive Indians by a mixture with fugitive negroes, some of whom became their chiefs.



## THE "LOG-CABIN AND HARD CIDER" CAMPAIGN

By Horace Greeley

GREELEY, whose editorship of "The Log-Cabin" played no small part in the election of General William Henry Harrison as ninth President of the United States, was a delegate to the Whig Convention at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which nominated Harrison, in preference to Henry Clay and General Scott, in 1839. There forthwith began a political campaign which for popular enthusiasm and widespread activity has probably never been equaled in American politics. As Greeley records, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," new methods were introduced, and the log-cabin and hard cider became special emblems of the party of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

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Although in good health at the time of his inauguration, 1840, General Harrison fell ill and died a year later, the whole political situation being thus suddenly altered. He was succeeded by John Tyler.

NEW YORK, which gave Mr. Van Buren the largest majority of any State in 1836, had been held against him throughout his administration, though she was his own State, and he had therein a powerful body of devoted, personal adherents, led by such men of eminent ability as Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, and Edwin Croswell. She had been so held by the talent, exertion and vigilance of men equally able and determined, among whom Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward (now Gov-

recommendations and dispensation of State patronage had made him many enemies; and the friends of Mr. Van Buren counted, with reason, on carrying the State for his reelection, and against that of Governor Seward, in the impending struggle of 1840. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee and all the Northwest had been carried against the Whigs in the most recent contests; Mr. Van Buren's star was clearly in the ascendant at the South; while New England and New Jersey were nicely balanced—Massachusetts, as well as Maine and New Hampshire, having chosen a Democratic Governor (Marcus Morton) in 1839.

Mr. Van Buren's administration, though at first condemned, was now sustained by a popular majority: New York alone—his own State—stood forth the flagship of the opposition. Both parties were silently preparing to put forth their very best efforts in the Presidential contest in prospect; but fully two-thirds of the States, choosing about that proportion of the electors, were now ranged on the Democratic side—many of them by impregnable majorities—while scarcely one State was unquestionably Whig. Mr. Van Buren, when first overwhelmed by the popular surge that followed close upon the collapse of the pet bank system, had calmly and with dignity appealed to the people's "sober second thought"; and it now seemed morally certain that he would be triumphantly reelected.

Such were the auspices under which the first Whig National Convention (the second National Conven-

tion ever held by any party—that held in 1840 by the Democrats at Baltimore, which nominated Van Buren and Johnson, having been the first) assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., early in December, 1839. Of its doings I was a deeply interested observer. The States were nearly all represented, though in South Carolina there were no Whigs but a handful; even the name was unknown in Tennessee, and the party was feeble in several other States. But the delegations convened included many names widely and favorably known—including two ex-Governors of Virginia (James Barbour and John Tyler), one of Kentucky (Thomas Metcalf), one of Ohio (Joseph Vance), and at least one from several other States. I recollect at least two ex-Governors of Pennsylvania (John Andrew Shultze and Joseph Ritner) as actively counseling and sympathizing with the delegates.

The sittings of the convention were protracted through three or four days, during which several ballots for President were taken. There was a plurality, though not a majority, in favor of nominating Mr. Clay; but it was in good part composed of delegates from States which could not rationally be expected to vote for any Whig candidate. On the other hand, the delegates from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana said, "We can carry our States for General Harrison, but not for Mr. Clay." New York and New Jersey cast their earlier votes for General Scott, but stood ready to unite on General Harrison whenever it should be clear that he could be nominated and elected; and

they ultimately did so. The delegates from Maine and Massachusetts contributed powerfully to secure General Harrison's ultimate nomination. Each delegation cast its vote through a committee, and the votes were added up by a general committee, which reported no names and no figures, but simply that no choice had been effected; until at length the Scott votes were all cast for Harrison, and his nomination thus effected; when the result was proclaimed.

Governor Seward, who was in Albany (there were no telegraphs in those days), and Mr. Weed, who was present, and very influential in producing the result, were strongly blamed by the ardent, uncalculating supporters of Mr. Clay, as having cheated him out of the nomination—I could never see with what reason. They judged that he could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly. If politics do not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them.

Mr. John Tyler, with many or quite all his fellow delegates from Virginia, was for Clay first, last and all the time; for him whether he could be elected or not. When it was announced that Mr. Clay was defeated, he cried (so it was reported); and that report (I think) gave him the nomination for Vice-President without a contest. It was an attempt of the triumphant Harrisonites to heal the wounds of Mr. Clay's devoted friends. Yet the nomination was, for several reasons, a strong one.

Mr. Tyler, though a Jackson man, had received, in 1828, the votes for United States Senator of the Adams men in the Virginia Legislature, and been thereby elected over John Randolph. When Jackson removed the deposits from the United States Bank, he united with the Whigs in publicly condemning the act; and, having been superseded therefor, he was thereafter regarded as a Whig. He had voted alone in the Senate of 1832-33 against the Force bill, which provided for the collection of the Federal revenue in South Carolina in defiance of the nullifying ordinance of her convention. He had run for Vice-President on the White ticket in 1836, and so had acquired a hold on the Southern opponents of Van Buren, which soon brought them all heartily into the support of the Harrisburg ticket. In short, the convention made the strongest possible ticket, so far as success was regarded; and everyone who had eyes could see that the Democrats in attendance desired and worked for the nomination of Mr. Clay. One of them, after the ticket was made, offered to bet that it would not be elected; but, his offer being promptly accepted, and he requested to name the amount, he hauled off. In short, we left Harrisburg with that confidence of success which goes far to secure its own justification; and we were greeted on our way home as though the battle were already won.

But it was well understood that the struggle would be desperate, especially in our State, and preparations



were soon in progress to render it effective. Our adversaries now helped us to our most effective weapons. They at once commenced assailing General Harrison as an imbecile, dotard, granny, etc., who had seen no real fighting, but had achieved a good deal of tall running from the enemy; and one militia general, Crary, who represented Michigan in the House, having made a speech in this vein, provoked a response from Hon. Tom Corwin of Ohio, which for wit, humor, and withering yet good-natured sarcasm has rarely, if ever, been excelled. The triumph was overwhelming; and, when the venerable and grave John Quincy Adams, in a few casual remarks next morning, spoke carelessly of "the late General Crary," a spontaneous roar attested the felicity of the allusion.

General Harrison had lived many years after his removal to Ohio in a log house, and had been a poor man most of his life, as he still was. A Democratic journalist, scoffing at the idea of electing such a man to the Presidency, smartly observed, in substance, "Give him a log-cabin and a barrel of hard cider, and he will stay content in Ohio, not aspiring to the Presidency." The taunt was immediately caught up by the Whigs: "log-cabins" and "hard cider" became watchwords of the canvass; and every hour the excitement and enthusiasm swelled higher and higher.

But the Democratic party claimed an unbroken series of triumphs in every Presidential election which it did not throw away by its own dissensions; and, being now united, regarded its success as inevitable.

"You Whigs," said Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, one of its most effective canvassers, "achieve great victories every day in the year but one—that is the day of election." It was certain that a party which had enjoyed the ever-increasing patronage of the Federal Government for the preceding twelve years, which wielded that of most of the States also, and which was still backed by the popularity and active sympathy of General Jackson, was not to be expelled from power without the most resolute, persistent, systematic exertions. Hence, it was determined in the councils of our friends at Albany that a new campaign paper should be issued, to be entitled "The Log-Cabin"; and I was chosen to conduct it. No contributions were made or sought in its behalf. I was to publish as well as edit it; it was to be a folio of good size; and it was decided that fifteen copies should be sent for the full term of six months (from May 1 to November 1) for \$5.

I had just secured a new partner (my fifth or sixth) of considerable business capacity, when this campaign sheet was undertaken; and the immediate influx of subscriptions frightened and repelled him. He insisted that the price was ruinous—that the paper could not be afforded for so little—that we should inevitably be bankrupted by its enormous circulation—and all my expostulations and entreaties were unavailing against his fixed resolve to get out of the concern at once. I therefore dissolved and settled with him, and was left alone to edit and publish both "The New-Yorker" and "The Log-Cabin," as I had in 1838

edited, but not published, "The New-Yorker" and "The Jeffersonian." Having neither steam presses nor facilities for mailing, I was obliged to hire everything done but the head-work, which involved heavier outlays than I ought to have had to meet. I tried to make "The Log-Cabin" as effective as I could, with wood engravings of General Harrison's battle-scenes, music, etc., and to render it a model of its kind; but the times were so changed that it was more lively and less sedately argumentative than "The Jeffersonian."

Its circulation was entirely beyond precedent. I fixed the edition of No. 1 at 30,000; but before the close of the week I was obliged to print 10,000 more; and even this was too few. The weekly issues ran rapidly up to 80,000, and might have been increased, had I possessed ample facilities for printing and mailing, to 100,000. With the machinery of distribution by news companies, expresses, etc., now existing, I guess that it might have been swelled to a quarter of a million. And, though I made very little money by it, I gave every subscriber an extra number containing the results of the election. After that, I continued the paper for a full year longer; having a circulation for it of 10,000 copies, which about paid the cost, counting my work as editor nothing.

"The Log-Cabin" was but an incident, a feature of the canvass. Briefly, we Whigs took the lead, and kept it throughout. Our opponents struggled manfully, desperately; but wind and tide were against them. They had campaign and other papers, good

speakers, and large meetings; but we were far ahead of them in singing, and in electioneering emblems and mottoes which appealed to popular sympathies. The elections held next after the Harrisburg nominations were local, but they all went our way; and the State contests, which soon followed, amply confirmed their indications. In September, Maine held her State election, and chose the Whig candidate for Governor (Edward Kent) by a small majority, but on a very full vote. The Democrats did not concede his election till after the vote for President, in November. Pennsylvania, in October, gave a small Democratic majority; but we insisted that it could be overcome when we came to vote for Harrison, and it was. In October, Ohio, Indiana, and Georgia all gave decisive Harrison majorities, rendering the great result morally certain. Yet, when the Presidential electors chosen were fully ascertained, even the most sanguine among us were astounded by the completeness of our triumph. We had given General Harrison the electoral votes of all but the seven States of New Hampshire, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas—sixty in all—while our candidate had 234; making his the heaviest majority by which any President had ever been chosen. New York, where each party had done its best, had been carried for him by 13,290 majority; but Governor Seward had been reelected by only 5,315. With any other candidate for President, he could scarcely have escaped defeat.

I judge that there were not many who had done

more effective work in the canvass than I had; but I doubt that General Harrison ever heard my name. I never visited nor wrote him; I was not of the throng that surrounded him on reaching Washington—in fact, I did not visit that city, in 1841, until after his most untimely death. I received the news of that calamity on landing one morning from an Albany steamboat; and I mournfully realized, on the instant, that it was no common disaster, but far-reaching in its malign influence. General Harrison was never a great man, but he had good sense, was moderate in his views, and tolerant of adverse convictions; he truly loved and aspired to serve his country, and was at the summit of a broadly based and substantial popularity which, had he lived out his term, would have averted many impending evils. Our country, in my view, had lost many abler men, but none that she could so ill spare since Washington. He was President for one short month; and then the hopes born of his election were suddenly buried in his grave.



## DORR'S REBELLION IN RHODE ISLAND

By C. C. Jewett

**THOMAS WILSON DORR**, celebrated as the leader of the rebellion in Rhode Island which bears his name, succeeded dramatically, in 1842, in procuring an extension of the right of suffrage in the State, although the rebellion failed and Dorr was convicted of treason and sentenced to imprisonment for life. After serving three years, however, he was released and his citizenship was restored.

At that time the Rhode Island form of government was based on the charter issued by Charles II in 1663, and by the act of 1798, the suffrage had been granted only to those who had a freehold valued at \$134, or bringing an annual rental of \$7. Also Providence, with twenty times the population of Portsmouth, had the same number of representatives in the State Assembly. Prior to the events recorded in the accompanying letter written by a resident of Providence, Dorr had vainly sought Federal support. Though his methods were revolutionary and unwise, they led to the adoption of the present constitution.

They paraded through the principal streets, Dorr being seated in an open carriage, with a sword at his

ON MONDAY, May 16th, 1842, Thomas W. Dorr, calling himself the Governor of Rhode Island, arrived in Providence, from New York and Washington. He was met at the State line, by a gang of armed men and boys, who accompanied him in an extra train of cars on the Stonington Railroad to the depot in Providence, where he was received by a large collection of people, some armed, some unarmed. He was escorted into the city by a procession numbering about twelve hundred—three hundred of whom were under arms—preceded by a band of music.

side and the bayonets of his followers bristling in the rear, seemed to fancy himself not only Governor, but monarch of all he surveyed. The citizens, for, be it known, that most of those who swelled the throng at his heels, could not claim the honor of belonging to Providence—the citizens, looked on, with teeth set and flashing eyes. I had read but an hour or two before, Dorr's "Proclamation," heralding his approach, in which he declared war not only against Rhode Island but against the government of the United States—saying that though the authorities of Rhode Island and of the United States were against him, the people were everywhere on his side, and that he was ready to make Rhode Island the battle ground of American Liberty. I had watched this whole struggle with intense anxiety. I thought I could see the interests of rational liberty throughout the United States, depending upon the issue. Two days' success of such principles as Dorr advocated would have thrown the whole Union into convulsions. . . .

After parading the streets a few hours and addressing his followers in a most inflammatory speech, Dorr took up his quarters at the house of one Burrington Anthony, formerly United States Marshal for Rhode Island, and Dorr's High Sheriff for the county of Providence. The house is on Federal Hill, a short remove from the thickly settled part of the city. A large company of armed men were retained to guard the house.

At one o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, Dorr ordered the signal guns for collecting his friends to be fired. They soon came flocking from all quarters. In the afternoon, a company of them came down into the city and carried away, without resistance, two brass six-pounders from the alarm-post of the United Train of Artillery. It was generally supposed in the town that the only object of this gathering was to prevent arrests. But towards night information reached Governor King, from sources that could be relied on, that an attack would be made on the arsenal that very night.

The State officers now moved with an energy and resolution worthy of all praise. A strong additional guard was sent to the arsenal. Notices were immediately printed and circulated through the city, requesting all who were disposed to maintain law and order to repair forthwith to the arsenal and receive arms. A steamboat was dispatched as soon as she could be got ready to bring companies from Warren, Bristol and Newport, and messengers were sent off in advance of the boat to give the alarm. All this occurred about seven o'clock in the evening. I went over to the arsenal to receive my musket, and everything looked warlike. . . . On returning from the arsenal through one of the most populous streets of the city I found that many, walking like myself, with their muskets, were stopped by squads of armed men, who, aided by the darkness, came suddenly upon them and wrenched away their arms. I only avoided

a fight for my own by turning into another street and taking a circuitous route. About one thousand stands of arms were distributed among the citizens. But a comparatively small number of these fell into the hands of the rebels.

The system of espionage established through the city was one of the most fearful things of the whole affair. A group of citizens could not assemble at the corner of a street, in a store, or a public building, and scarcely in a private house, but some spy would be standing silently in their midst, listening to all that was said, and taking down the name of any one who expressed an opinion in opposition to the conspirators. . . .

The watchmen of the city, their numbers much increased by volunteers, were all armed, and many of them provided with horses. . . . The signal was agreed upon, and all awaited the event in terrible suspense. At two o'clock in the morning the alarm was sounded. The bells rung violently a few moments, then commenced the alarm toll—three strokes of a bell, answered by three of the next, and that by another, and so on around the city. The moon had set—a heavy fog rested on the river, and brooded over the town. The people began to gather. Every good man felt it his duty to show himself, wives retained not their husbands, Spartan mothers bade their sons go forth. Everyone knew the crisis had come. . . .

One veteran I well remember, who entered the armory, straightening up to the height of his man-

hood's prime, the fire of youth still burning beneath the white fringers of his wrinkled brows, "Will you take a man who can fight, but can't run?" said he. He was received with a spontaneous burst of applause—almost the only sound above a low, solemn tone, which I heard on that fearful night. . . .

The cause of the alarm was information brought by the watch that the conspirators had left their position and were moving toward the arsenal. At two o'clock in the morning they commenced their march. Their numbers had been variously estimated at from three to eight hundred. There were probably six hundred in all, and one half of them armed. They advanced near to the arsenal and demanded a surrender in the name of Colonel Wheeler, and in behalf of Governor Dorr. The arsenal was commanded by Colonel Leonard Blodget, a fearless man and an excellent officer. His answer was, "I know no such man as Colonel Wheeler, or Governor Dorr."

"Governor Dorr is present and with a sufficient force to batter down and take the arsenal if it is not surrendered. Must I carry back the answer you have given?"

"That or none."

Dorr then ordered the cannon—two six-pounders—to be brought within musket shot. They were heavily charged with ball and slugs. He gave the order to fire. It was followed by no report. He repeated the order with the same result. Suspecting his men of treachery, he became perfectly furious,



brandished his sword, and with bitter imprecations seized a match and applied it himself. The powder flashed harmlessly upon the piece. He probably saw the truth, that his own followers would not sustain him in his desperate career; and, filled with rage and chagrin, he withdrew immediately to his old quarters. . . .

While these events were transpiring at the arsenal, the companies from the city were moving towards the scene of action a mile and a half distant. Their march can never be forgotten by any who were present. The stillness of midnight was broken only by the solemn tolls of the bells, the quick footfall of citizen after citizen as he left his home and hurried armed to join the ranks, and the occasional report of a cannon which came booming across the cove from the rebel quarters. The companies moved on, speechless and without music, a dark mass in solid phalanx, amid darkness and gloom, to a fate they knew not, but resolved to meet it like men. . . .

The sudden retreat of Dorr prevented the necessity of immediate conflict. At daylight a notice issued by the Mayor was circulated through the city requesting all men to close their places of business during the day, and to meet at the Cadet alarm-post, at half past seven o'clock. Dorr ordered his men to breakfast and to be at their posts by seven, prepared to defend him to the last. About seven, the steamboat arrived, bringing the Warren, Bristol and Newport troops, a

hundred and sixty-one in number—as fine, resolute looking body of men as I ever saw. . . .

Punctual to the hour, the citizens assembled and joined the various military companies, and the whole body, numbering more than five hundred men, with six field-pieces, moved off towards Federal Hill, under command of Governor King and Colonel William Blodget. . . .

As we were approaching Dorr's headquarters, the report came that he had fled—but no one seemed to believe it, it was so unlike what we had been led to expect of him. . . . Governor King, with the High Sheriff, at the head of one of the companies, now entered the house, amid shouts and threats, but without a gun being fired, searched it thoroughly, and announced to the troops that Dorr had actually fled. His flight, it seems, was so secret that only two or three of his own men knew it till a short time before it was thus announced. A company of men on horseback were despatched in pursuit of Dorr, and the attention of the rest directed to taking the cannon from the remaining mob of insurgents, and dispersing them. It seemed impossible to do this without the loss of many valuable lives. They were strongly posted—they were men, ferocious by nature, desperate in circumstances, and infuriated by liquor. They brandished their lighted matches within a few inches of their heavy-loaded cannon, and were several times prevented from firing only by some one of them less drunk, who struck off the match with a sword just as

it was descending upon the powder. At this time we were facing their cannon, in a perfectly straight street, within half musket shot. . . .

The Governor exhorted them for the last time to disperse. They answered only with oaths and threats, and bravado. He waited a short time, and just as the word was given, the leaders of the rebels entreated the Governor to stop, told him that the men were drunk, and that they themselves had lost all command of them; but that if he would withdraw his forces from the ground, they would pledge themselves to return the cannon, and would induce the men to disperse as soon as the madness from rum had somewhat abated. . . . In consideration of these statements and pledges, and to spare the lives of citizens who might otherwise be slaughtered, the Governor withdrew his forces. But no sooner had they returned to the armories than the miscreants, joined by many others, refused to return the guns and commenced throwing up a breast-work to defend themselves. . . . They worked all night, and drank deeply of rum—but the cold dews and the hard labor, had a wonderful effect in sobering them, so that towards morning finding they were not reinforced as they expected to be, they brought back the cannon and dispersed.

# THE WEBSTER-ASHBURTON TREATY FORECASTS THE FATE OF TEXAS

*By a French-born American Citizen*

THE ASHBURTON TREATY, AND THE REASONS WHY IT HAS  
MADE THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS POPULAR IN THE  
UNITED STATES

*THIS is one in a series of articles published anonymously in France and America shortly after the Webster-Ashburton Treaty between Great Britain and the United States was signed three years before Texas was annexed, in 1845. It explains why the treaty was making Texas annexation a popular American issue, the reason being that Great Britain was seeking to establish a protectorate over Texas and had bamboozled America into making the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.*

*Prior to its ratification, England could not communicate with Canada (other than Nova Scotia) in winter because of a wedge-shaped strip of land belonging to Maine. This was ceded to Canada, the United States paying Maine and Massachusetts \$300,000 as compensation.*

France, for the purpose of refuting, at once, the daily abuse belched out by the British press, concerning what it calls the grasping

THE news lately received from the United States, represent the popular feeling in favor of the annexation of Texas as daily gaining ground; the impulse that produces it, proceeds from a cause that begins to be felt in the Northern States, although that cause has not yet been publicly divulged. The reasons why the American press has been silent thereupon, will be easily seen through on reading the following explanation. It is now given in

ambition of the United States; the cause alluded to is briefly explained underneath.

The Ashburton Treaty has enabled England to assume a threatening, and a truly formidable attitude on the Northern and Northwestern frontiers of the Federal Union. The new position created by that treaty, enables her to stir up, on a great scale, the whole of the Indian nations and tribes which have been of late years mostly concentrated west of the Mississippi, many of them with hostile feelings against the United States. Admitting the assertion as to the effect of the treaty to be true, it will be easily conceived, by looking over a chart of America, how important it is to prevent Great Britain from extending her protection to Texas, and from cementing with that country a connection akin to the one she established formerly with Portugal; it would, undoubtedly, enable her to control altogether the Gulf of Mexico; and it would give her an entering wedge to scatter her emissaries among the Indian tribes as far up as Lake Michigan, and thereby encircle with enemies the whole of the western frontier of the Union from North to South, which enemies would rise up at her bidding; and in order to demonstrate the strict truth of the above assertion, as to the dangerous consequences of the Ashburton Treaty, I am going to set forth, as clearly and as forcibly as I possibly can, the position of England before the treaty, and compare it with what it is now, and what it may be within a short time.



In the month of November, 1837, a general rising of the people of Canada took place against the Colonial Government. The river St. Lawrence was then bound in icy fetters, and the news reached England through the United States, as no part of Canada can be approached from sea in winter time. Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is the only harbor that has a free communication with England all the year round; but Halifax, before the Ashburton Treaty, could not communicate with Canada, on account of a strip of land belonging to the State of Maine, which stretched so far North in those uncultivated and dreary regions as to prevent the possibility of its being turned. The result was, that England, notwithstanding her large standing army and her numerous fleets, could not send a single regiment to strengthen the garrison. The St. Lawrence did not open until the end of the month of May, and England would no doubt have lost, forever, her colony; if local causes had not enabled the Colonial Government to get over their adversaries without any material aid from the metropolis.

Anterior to the Ashburton Treaty, the Northern and Western frontiers of the Union were comparatively safe, as, in case of war, Canada was actually cut out from England seven months out of twelve. It was then annually dependant on the United States for supplies and intelligence from abroad—that is, from the month of November to the month of May. The Ashburton Treaty has brought about a complete

change. That part of the State of Maine which England had been so long coveting, for the purpose of opening a short and easy communication between Halifax and Canada, having been given up to her by the United States, a military road has already been completed; a railway is even talked of, and now, the British Ministry can send direct, despatches, emissaries, ammunitions, troops, &c., whenever it suits them, in winter as well as in summer. It must be taken into consideration, besides, that England keeps in North America, since the treaty, a garrison of twelve thousand men, which is nearly double the number of the whole regular American army, while in 1837 she had hardly three thousand! England has now completed such a compact and powerful organization in Canada, that she can, through the means of her steam navy on the Lakes, annoy and harass the American Union on a frontier extending three thousand miles.

But what ought to be considered the most dangerous features of this new position, is the rapidity wherewith instructions may be transmitted from London to Montreal. Celerity in war movements is well known to be the most energetic promoter of success, and the British Ministers might now, in the space of a few weeks, organize a plan of operations with the incalculable advantage of being able to superintend its execution, details, and progress, almost daily, from Downing street, in London, through expeditious steamers from England to Halifax; and the whole

available force of Great Britain might thus be brought to act wherever it would be thought to be the most effective.

The Colonial authorities in Canada succeeded in the last war, with limited means, to stir up against the Americans some of the Indian tribes, which waged on the borders a war of extermination, without distinction of age or sex. Now that we can appreciate the extent and efficiency of the means at the disposal of England, we may form some idea of the extension she might give to such a cruel and barbarous warfare. Well, if England, over and above the powerful means that the Ashburton Treaty has supplied her with, was to succeed besides to draw Texas under her protection, and was thereby, as a matter of course, to control the Gulf of Mexico, she might, it appears obvious, stir up simultaneously an Indian war all along the extensive Western frontiers, and at the same time, a war of revolted slaves at the South; which war of all others, is the most dangerous to the American Confederacy. To break asunder the Republican Union, has been the secret aim at which British machinations have been directed ever since 1815. This is the aim she had in view when she lavished so much money to abolish slavery in her Colonies on the coast of America.

It is needless, no doubt, to enter into further developments. Every intelligent reader understands now the reasons why the annexation of Texas has become so popular. The Ashburton Treaty has made

it an event of sheer necessity for the protection of the American Confederacy; so much so, indeed, that many individuals in the Northern States, who at first opposed annexation on account of honest and conscientious scruples about slavery, admit now, after a more comprehensive view of the subject, the urgency of immediate annexation.

But many people will probably exclaim, how is it that the American Government has been drawn into the discreditable cession of a passage whereof the consequences might be so disastrous? I confine myself to-day to prove the fact—the following remarks will, however, account for the silence of the American press. The fed attorney of Baring & Co. was Secretary of State, and was the American negotiator of the disgraceful treaty. President Tyler was so situated with his Whig Cabinet, that he was drawn into signing it—over two-thirds of both the Whig and Democratic Senators were equally guilty in voting for its ratification. Most of the influential presses took sides in its favor, some of them biased by their political leaders, others through mere corrupt influence. These circumstances, and the general disgust they created, explain the sullen silence of the great mass of the community on that infamous treaty.

## EMIGRATION INTO OREGON

By Thomas H. Benton

THE Oregon Question had occupied much of the attention of Congress since 1820, and when Russia agreed to make no settlements south of  $54^{\circ} 40'$  the idea gained ground that this was the proper northern boundary. Emigration to the Oregon country had begun in 1832; the Methodists founded a mission under Jason Lee in 1834, and the Presbyterians under Marcus Whitman in 1836. By 1843-4 the American population numbered many thousands more than the British, who were limited to Hudson Bay Company trappers, and the boundary dispute becoming acute, the cry "Fifty-four forty, or fight," was raised. It was finally agreed that the boundary should be  $49^{\circ}$  to the channel between Vancouver and the mainland, thence down the middle of this channel, through the Straits of San Juan de Fuca to the sea. The rush of American settlers described by Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," as saving Oregon to the United States took place at this period.

it over them. So far as the action of the Government was concerned, it operated to endanger our title to the Columbia, to prevent emigration, and to incur the loss of the country. . . .

THE great event of carrying the Anglo-Saxon race to the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and planting that race firmly on that sea, took place at this time, beginning in 1842, and largely increasing in 1843. It was not an act of the Government, leading the people and protecting them; but, like all the other great emigrations and settlements of that race on our continent, it was the act of the people, going forward without government aid or countenance, establishing their possession, and compelling the government to follow with its shield, and spread



The title to the country being endangered by the acts of the Government, the saving of it devolved upon the people—and they saved it. In 1842, invited by numerous newspaper publications, upward of a thousand American emigrants went to the country, making their long pilgrimage overland from the frontiers of Missouri, with their wives and children, their flocks and herds, their implements of husbandry and weapons of defense—traversing the vast inclined plane to the base of the Rocky Mountains, crossing that barrier (deemed impassable by Europeans) and descending the wide slope which declines from the mountains to the Pacific. Six months would be consumed in this journey, filled with hardships, beset by dangers from savage hostility, and only to be prosecuted in caravans of strength and determination. The Burnets and Applegates from Missouri were among the first leaders, and in 1843, some two thousand more joined the first emigration.

To check these bold adventurers was the object of the Government: to encourage them, was the object of some Western Members of Congress, on whom (in conjunction with the people) the task of saving the Columbia evidently devolved. These Congressmen were ready for their work, and promptly began. . . . An American settlement grew up at the mouth of the Columbia. Conventional agreements among themselves answered the purpose of laws. A colony was planted—had planted itself—and did not intend to retire from its position—and did not. It remained

and grew; and that colony of self-impulsion, without the aid of government, and in spite of all its blunders, saved the Territory of Oregon to the United States: one of the many events which show how little the wisdom of government has to do with great events which fix the fate of countries.

Connected with this emigration, and auxiliary to it, was the first expedition of Lieutenant Fremont to the Rocky Mountains, and undertaken and completed in the summer of 1842—upon its outside view the conception of the Government, but in fact conceived without its knowledge, and executed upon solicited orders, of which the design was unknown. Lieutenant Fremont was a young officer, appointed in the topographical corps from the class of citizens by President Jackson upon the recommendation of Mr. Poinsett, Secretary at War. He did not enter the army through the gate of West Point, and was considered an intrusive officer by the graduates of that institution. Having, before his appointment, assisted for two years the learned astronomer, Mr. Nicollet, in his great survey of the country between the Missouri and Mississippi, his mind was trained to such labor; and instead of hunting comfortable berths about the towns and villages, he solicited employment in the vast regions beyond the Mississippi.

Colonel Abert, the chief of the corps, gave him an order to go to the frontier beyond the Mississippi. That order did not come up to his views. After receiving it he carried it back, and got it altered, and

the Rocky Mountains inserted as an object of his exploration, and the South Pass in those mountains named as a particular point to be examined, and its position fixed by him. It was through this pass that the Oregon emigration crossed the mountains, and the exploration of Lieutenant Fremont had the double effect of fixing an important point in the line of the emigrants' travel, and giving them encouragement from the apparent interest which the Government took in their enterprise. At the same time the Government, that is, the executive administration, knew nothing about it. The design was conceived by the young lieutenant: the order for its execution was obtained, upon solicitation, from his immediate chief—importing, of course, to be done by his order, but an order which had its conception elsewhere.

## DICKENS VISITS AMERICA

*His Own Account in Letters to Friends in England*

MUCH less familiar and in some respects more interesting and important than his "American Notes" are the letters of Charles Dickens, describing his travels in this country, included in John Forster's life of the novelist, published in London thirty years later. The freshness of first impressions is in them; they are simple and direct, unweakened by the rhetorical additions of his more formal book. "Written amid such distraction, fatigue and weariness as they describe," says Forster, "amid the jarring noises of hotels and streets, aboard steamers, on canal boats, and in log huts, there is not an erasure in them."

Dickens celebrated his thirtieth birthday (February 7, 1842) while in America. He had planned a more extended tour, but his wife's health interfered. Boston, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Cleveland to Buffalo, Niagara—which he viewed with something like ecstasy—and Montreal were in his itinerary.

were a long time (an hour at least) working in. I was standing in full fig on the paddle-box beside the

DURING the whole voyage the weather had been unprecedentedly bad, the wind for the most part dead against them, the wet intolerable, the sea horribly disturbed, the days dark, and the nights fearful. On the previous Monday night it had blown a hurricane, beginning at five in the afternoon and raging all night.

As his first American experience is very lightly glanced at in the Notes, a fuller picture will perhaps be welcome. "As the Cunard boats [in Boston] have a wharf of their own at the custom-house, and that a narrow one, we [wrote Dickens]

captain, staring about me, when suddenly, long before we were moored to the wharf, a dozen men came leaping on board at the peril of their lives, with great bundles of newspapers under their arms; worsted comforters (very much the worse for wear) round their necks; and so forth.

‘Aha!’ says I, ‘this is like our London Bridge’; believing, of course, that these visitors were newsboys. But what do you think of their being editors? And what do you think of their tearing violently up to me and beginning to shake hands like madmen? Oh! if you could have seen how I wrung their wrists! And if you could but know how I hated one man in very dirty gaiters, and with very protruding upper teeth, who said to all comers after him, ‘So you’ve been introduced to our friend Dickens—eh?’ There was one among them though, who really was of use; a Doctor S., editor of the ————. He ran off here (two miles at least), and ordered rooms and dinner. And in course of time Kate, and I, and Lord Mulgrave (who was going back to his regiment at Montreal on Monday, and had agreed to live with us in the meanwhile) sat down in a spacious and handsome room to a very handsome dinner, bating peculiarities of putting on table, and had forgotten the ship entirely. A Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we touched the land, and brought us here in his carriage. Then, after sending



a present of most beautiful flowers, he left us to ourselves, and we thanked him for it."

What further he had to say of that week's experience finds its first public utterance here. "How can I tell you," he continues, "what has happened since that first day? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theater; of the copies of verses, letter of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston, next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling each) of the tickets. There is to be a ball next Monday week at New York, and 150 names appear on the list of the committee. There is to be a dinner in the same place, in the same week, to which I have had an invitation with every known name in America appended to it. But what can I tell you about any of these things which will give you the slightest notion of the enthusiastic greeting they give me, or the cry that runs through the whole country? I have had deputations from the Far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles' distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me. I have heard from the universities, Congress, Senate, and bodies, public and

private, of every sort and kind. 'It is no nonsense, and no common feeling,' wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. 'It is all heart. There never was, and never will be, such a triumph.' And it is a good thing, is it not, . . . to find those fancies it has given me and you the greatest satisfaction to think of, at the core of it all? It makes my heart quieter, and me a more retiring, sober, tranquil man, to watch the effect of those thoughts in all this noise and hurry, even than if I sat, pen in hand, to put them down for the first time. I feel, in the best aspects of this welcome, something of the presence and influence of that spirit which directs my life, and through a heavy sorrow has pointed upward with unchanging finger for more than four years past. And if I know my heart, not twenty times this praise would move me to an act of folly." . . .

His second letter, radiant with the same kindly warmth that gave always preeminent charm to his genius, was dated from the Carlton Hotel, New York, on the 14th of February [1842], but its only allusion of any public interest was to the beginning of his agitation of the question of international copyright. He went to America with no express intention of starting this question in any way, and certainly with no belief that such remark upon it as a person in his position could alone be expected to make would be resented strongly by any sections of the American people. But he was not long left in doubt on this head. He had spoken upon it twice publicly, "to the

great indignation of some of the editors here, who are attacking me for so doing, right and left." On the other hand, all the best men had assured him that, if only at once followed up in England, the blow struck might bring about a change in the law; and, yielding to the pleasant hope that the best men could be a match for the worst, he urged me to enlist on his side what force I could, and in particular, as he had made Scott's claim his war-cry, to bring Lockhart into the field. I could not do much, but I did what I could.

Three days later he began another letter; and, as this will be entirely new to the reader, I shall print it as it reached me, with only such omission of matter concerning myself as I think it my duty, however reluctantly, to make throughout these extracts: "We left Boston on the fifth, and went away with the governor of the city to stay till Monday at his house at Worcester. He married a sister of Bancroft's, and another sister of Bancroft's went down with us. The village of Worcester is one of the prettiest in New England. . . . On Monday morning at nine o'clock we started again by railroad and went on to Springfield, where a deputation of two were waiting, and everything was in readiness that the utmost attention could suggest. Owing to the mildness of the weather, the Connecticut River was 'open,' videlicet not frozen, and they had a steamboat ready to carry us on to Hartford; thus saving a land-journey of only twenty-five miles, but on such roads

at this time of year that it takes nearly twelve hours to accomplish! The boat was very small, the river full of floating blocks of ice, and the depth where we went (to avoid the ice and the current) not more than a few inches.

"After two hours and a half of this queer traveling, we got to Hartford. There, there was quite an English inn; except in respect of the bed-rooms, which are always uncomfortable; and the best committee of management that has yet presented itself. They kept us more quiet, and were more considerate and thoughtful, even to their own exclusion, than any I have yet had to deal with. Kate's face being horribly bad, I determined to give her a rest here; and accordingly wrote to get rid of my engagement at New Haven, on that plea. We remained in this town until the eleventh: holding a formal levee every day for two hours, and receiving on each from two hundred to three hundred people. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the eleventh, we set off (still by railroad) for New Haven, which we reached about eight o'clock. The moment we had had tea, we were forced to open another levee for the students and professors of the college (the largest in the States), and the townspeople. I suppose we shook hands, before going to bed, with considerably more than five hundred people; and I stood, as a matter of course, the whole time. . . .

"I was delighted to find on board a Mr. Felton [afterward president of Harvard] whom I had known

at Boston. He is the Greek professor at Cambridge, and was going on to the ball and dinner. Like most men of his class whom I have seen, he is a most delightful fellow—unaffected, hearty, genial, jolly; quite [like] an Englishman of the best sort. We drank all the porter on board, ate all the cold pork and cheese, and were very merry indeed. I should have told you, in its proper place, that both at Hartford and New Haven a regular bank was subscribed, by these committees, for all my expenses. No bill was to be got at the bar, and everything was paid for. But as I would on no account suffer this to be done, I stoutly and positively refused to budge an inch until Mr. Q. should have received the bills from the landlord's own hands, and paid them to the last farthing. Finding it impossible to move me, they suffered me, most unwillingly, to carry the point.

“About half-past 2 we arrived here [New York]. In half an hour more, we reached this hotel, where a very splendid suite of rooms was prepared for us; and where everything is very comfortable, and no doubt (as at Boston) enormously dear. Just as we sat down to dinner, David Colden made his appearance; and when he had gone, and we were taking our wine, Washington Irving came in alone, with open arms. And here he stopped, until ten o'clock at night.” (Through Lord Jeffrey, with whom he was connected by marriage, and Macready, of whom he was the cordial friend, we already knew Mr. Colden; and his subsequent visits to Europe led to many years'



intimate intercourse, greatly enjoyed by us both.) "Having got so far, I shall divide my discourse into four points. First, the ball. Secondly, some slight specimens of a certain phase of character in the Americans. Thirdly, international copyright. Fourthly, my life here, and projects to be carried out while I remain.

"Firstly, the ball. It came off last Monday (vide pamphlet). 'At a quarter-past 9, exactly' (I quote the printed order of proceeding), we were waited upon by 'David Colden, Esquire, and General George Morris'; habited, the former in full ball costume, the latter in the full-dress uniform of Heaven knows what regiment of militia. The General took Kate, Colden gave his arm to me, and we proceeded downstairs to a carriage at the door, which took us to the stage-door of the theater, greatly to the disappointment of an enormous crowd who were besetting the main door and making a most tremendous hullabaloo.

"The scene on our entrance was very striking. There were three thousand people present in full dress; from the roof to the floor, the theater was decorated magnificently; and the light, glitter, glare, show, noise, and cheering, baffle my descriptive powers. We were walked in through the center of the center dress-box, the front whereof was taken out for the occasion; so to the back of the stage, where the Mayor and other dignitaries received us; and we were then paraded all round the enormous ballroom, twice, for the gratification of the many-headed. That

done, we began to dance—Heaven knows how we did it, for there was no room. And we continued dancing until, being no longer able even to stand, we slipped away quietly, and came back to the hotel. All the documents connected with this extraordinary festival (quite unparalleled here) we have preserved; so you may suppose that on this head alone we shall have enough to show you when we come home. The bill of fare for supper is, in its amount and extent, quite a curiosity. . . .

“The newspapers were, if possible, unusually loquacious; and in their accounts of me, and my seeings, sayings, and doings on the Saturday night and Sunday before, they describe my manner, mode of speaking, dressing, and so forth. In doing this, they report that I am a very charming fellow (of course), and have a very free and easy way with me; ‘which,’ say they, ‘at first amused a few fashionables’; but soon pleased them exceedingly. Another paper, coming after the ball, dwells upon its splendor and brilliancy; hugs itself and its readers upon all that Dickens saw, and winds up by gravely expressing its conviction that Dickens was never in such society in England as he has seen in New York, and that its high and striking tone cannot fail to make an indelible impression on his mind! For the same reason I am always represented, whenever I appear in public, as being ‘very pale’: ‘apparently thunderstruck’; and utterly confounded by all I see. You recognize the queer vanity which is at the root of all this? I have

plenty of stories in connection with it to amuse you with when I return." . . .

"I have the privilege of appearing on the floor of both Houses here [in Washington], and go to them every day. They are very handsome and commodious. There is a great deal of bad speaking, but there are a great many very remarkable men, in the legislature: such as John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun and others: with whom I need scarcely add I have been placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow—seventy-six years old, but with most surprising vigor, memory, readiness and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting; an irresistible man. There are some very notable specimens, too, out of the West. Splendid men to look at, hard to receive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse. It would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of some of these glorious fellows."

"Irving was with me at Washington yesterday, and wept heartily at parting. He is a fine fellow, when you know him well; and you would relish him, my dear friend, of all things. We have laughed together at some absurdities we have encountered in company, quite in my vociferous Devonshire Terrace style. The 'Merrikin' Government has treated him, he says, most liberally and handsomely in every respect. He thinks of sailing for Liverpool on the 7th of April, passing a short time in London, and then going to Paris. Per-

haps you may meet him. If you do, he will know that you are my dearest friend, and will open his whole heart to you at once. His secretary of legation, Mr. Coggleswell, is a man of very remarkable information, a great traveler, a good talker, and a scholar. . . .

The next letter described his experiences in the Far West, his stay in St. Louis, his visit to a prairie, the return to Cincinnati, and, after a stage-coach ride from that city to Columbus, the travel thence to Sandusky, and so, by Lake Erie, to the Falls of Niagara. . . .

"A St. Louis lady complimented Kate upon her voice and manner of speaking, assuring her that she should never have suspected her of being Scotch, or even English. She was so obliging as to add that she would have taken her for an American, anywhere: which she (Kate) was no doubt aware was a very great compliment, as the Americans were admitted on all hands to have greatly refined upon the English language! I need not tell you that out of Boston and New York a nasal drawl is universal, but I may as well hint that the prevailing grammar is also more than doubtful; that the oddest vulgarisms are received idioms; that all the women who have been bred in slave-States speak more or less like negroes, from having been constantly in their childhood with black nurses; and that the most fashionable and aristocratic (these are two words in great use), instead of asking you in what place you were born, inquire where you 'hail from'! . . ."

"I never in my life was in such a state of excitement as coming from Buffalo here [to Niagara Falls] this morning. You come by railroad, and are nigh two hours upon the way. I looked out for the spray, and listened for the roar, as far beyond the bounds of possibility as though, landing in Liverpool, I were to listen for the music of your pleasant voice in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At last, when the train stopped, I saw two great white clouds rising up from the depths of the earth—nothing more. They rose up slowly, gently, majestically, into the air. I dragged Kate down a deep and slippery path leading to the ferry-boat; bullied Anne for not coming fast enough; perspired at every pore; and felt, it is impossible to say how, as the sound grew louder and louder in my ears, and yet nothing could be seen for the mist.

"There were two English officers with us (ah! what gentlemen, what noblemen of nature they seemed), and they hurried off with me; leaving Kate and Anne on a crag of ice; and clambered after me over the rocks at the foot of the small fall, while the ferryman was getting the boat ready. I was not disappointed—but I could make out nothing. In an instant I was blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. I saw the water tearing madly down from some immense height, but could get no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. But when we were seated in the boat, and crossing at the very foot of the cataract—then I began to feel what it was. Directly I had changed my clothes at the inn



I went out again, taking Kate with me, and hurried to the Horseshoe Fall. I went down alone, into the very basin. It would be hard for a man to stand nearer God than he does there. There was a bright rainbow at my feet; and from that I looked up to—great Heaven! to what a fall of bright green water! The broad, deep, mighty stream seems to die in the act of falling; and from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, and has been haunting this place with the same dread solemnity—perhaps from the creation of the world.

“We purpose remaining here a week. In my next I will try to give you some idea of my impressions, and to tell you how they change with every day. At present it is impossible. I can only say that the first effect of this tremendous spectacle on me was peace of mind—tranquillity—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of terror. I can shudder at the recollection of Glencoe (dear friend, with Heaven’s leave we must see Glencoe together), but whenever I think of Niagara I shall think of its beauty.

“If you could hear the roar that is in my ears as I write this. Both Falls are under our windows. From our sitting-room and bedroom we look down straight upon them. There is not a soul in the house but ourselves. What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose

ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us—but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight.”

## THE INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH

*By Samuel F. B. Morse*

MORSE first conceived the idea of the telegraph while aboard the packet-ship "Sully" on his way from Europe to America in 1832, while discussing the then recent French discovery of a method for obtaining the electric spark from the magnet. He was a graduate of Yale and was reckoned a successful artist, ranking with Washington Alston and Benjamin West. He was the first president of the National Academy of Design.

His right to the discovery of the telegraph was attacked and he labored for many years in defending his patent, and even his honor and integrity; but all his claims were finally established. The device brought him honors such as come to few inventors.

This account of the inauguration of the telegraph, through the aid of Congress in voting him \$30,000 in 1843 was written by the inventor for Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania. The supplementary account of the first telegraph instrument is taken from the "Life of Samuel F. B. Morse," by S. I. Prime.

I HAD spent at Washington two entire sessions of Congress, one in 1837-38, the other in 1842-43, in the endeavor so far to interest the government in the novel telegraph as to furnish me with the means to construct a line of sufficient length to test its practicability and utility.

The last days of the last session of that Congress were about to close. A bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for my purpose had passed the House, and was before the Senate for concurrence, waiting its turn on the calendar. On the last day of the session (3d of March, 1843), I had spent the whole day and part of the evening in the Senate-chamber, anxiously watching the progress of the pass-

ing of the various bills, of which there were, in the morning of that day, over one hundred and forty to be acted upon, before the one in which I was interested would be reached; and a resolution had a few days before been passed, to proceed with the bills on the calendar in their regular order, forbidding any bill to be taken up out of its regular place. As evening approached, there seemed to be but little chance that the Telegraph Bill would be reached before the adjournment, and consequently I had the prospect of the delay of another year, with the loss of time, and all my means already expended.

In my anxiety, I consulted with two of my senatorial friends—Senator Huntington, of Connecticut, and Senator Wright, of New York—asking their opinion of the probability of reaching the bill before the close of the session. Their answers were discouraging, and their advice was to prepare myself for disappointment. In this state of mind I retired to my chamber, and made all my arrangements for leaving Washington the next day. Painful as was this prospect of renewed disappointment, you, my dear sir, will understand me when I say that, knowing from experience whence my help must come in any difficulty, I soon disposed of my cares, and slept as quietly as a child.

In the morning, as I had just gone into the breakfast-room, the servant called me out, announcing that a young lady was in the parlor, wishing to speak with me. I was at once greeted with the smiling face of

my young friend, the daughter of my old and valued friend and classmate, the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents. On expressing my surprise at so early a call, she said, "I have come to congratulate you."

"Indeed, for what?"

"On the passage of your bill."

"Oh, no, my young friend, you are mistaken; I was in the Senate-chamber till after the lamps were lighted, and my senatorial friends assured me there was no chance for me."

"But," she replied, "it is you that are mistaken. Father was there at the adjournment, at midnight, and saw the President put his name to your bill; and I asked father if I might come and tell you, and he gave me leave. Am I the first to tell you?"

The news was so unexpected that for some moments I could not speak. At length I replied: "Yes, Annie, you are the first to inform me; and now I am going to make you a promise: the first dispatch on the completed line from Washington to Baltimore shall be yours."

"Well," said she, "I shall hold you to your promise."

In about a year from that time, the line from Washington to Baltimore was completed. I was in Baltimore when the wires were brought into the office, and attached to the instrument. I proceeded to Washington, leaving word that no dispatch should be sent through the line until I had sent one from Washing-



ton. On my arrival there, I sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, announcing to her that everything was ready, and I was prepared to fulfill my promise of sending the first dispatch over the wire, which she was to indite. The answer was immediately returned. The dispatch was, "What hath God wrought!" It was sent to Baltimore, and repeated to Washington, and the strip of paper upon which the telegraphic characters are printed, was claimed by Governor Seymour of Hartford, Connecticut, then a member of the House, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. It was delivered to him by Miss Ellsworth, and is now preserved in the archives of the Hartford Museum, or Athenæum.

I need only add that no words could have been selected more expressive of the disposition of my own mind at that time, to ascribe all the honor to Him to whom it truly belongs.

#### THE FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT

**I** COMMENCED, with very limited means, to experiment upon my invention. My first instrument was made up of an old picture or canvas frame fastened to a table; the wheels of an old wooden clock, moved by a weight to carry the paper forward; three wooden drums, upon one of which the paper was wound and passed over the other two; a wooden pendulum suspended to the top piece of the picture or stretching frame, and vibrating across the paper as it

passes over the centre wooden drum; a pencil at the lower end of the pendulum, in contact with the paper; an electro-magnet fastened to a shelf across the picture or stretching frame, opposite to an armature made fast to the pendulum; a type rule and type for breaking the circuit, resting on an endless band, composed of carpet-binding, which passed over two wooden rollers, moved by a wooden crank, and carried forward by points projecting from the bottom of the rule downward into the carpet-binding; a lever, with a small weight on the upper side, and a tooth projecting downward at one end, operated on by the type, and a metallic fork also projecting downward over two mercury-cups, and a short circuit of wire, embracing the helices of the electro-magnet connected with the positive and negative poles of the battery and terminating in the mercury-cups.

When the instrument was at rest the circuit was broken at the mercury-cups; as soon as the first type in the type-rule (put in motion by turning the wooden crank) came in contact with the tooth on the lever, it raised that end of the lever and depressed the other, bringing the prongs of the fork down into the mercury, thus closing the circuit; the current passing through the helices of the electro-magnet caused the pendulum to move and the pencil to make an oblique mark upon the paper, which, in the mean time, had been put in motion over the wooden drum. The tooth in the lever falling into the first two cogs of the types, the circuit was broken when the pendulum re-

turned to its former position, the pencil making another mark as it returned across the paper. Thus, as the lever was alternately raised and depressed by the points of the type, the pencil passed to and fro across the slip of paper passing under it, making a mark resembling a succession of V's. The spaces between the types caused the pencil to mark horizontal lines, long or short, in proportion to the length of the spaces.

With this apparatus, rude as it was, and completed before the first of the year 1836, I was enabled to and did mark down telegraphic intelligible signs, and to make and did make distinguishable sounds for telegraphing; and, having arrived at that point, I exhibited it to some of my friends early in that year, and among others to Professor Leonard D. Gale, who was a college professor in the university.

I also experimented with the chemical power of the electric current in 1836 and succeeded in marking my telegraphic signs upon paper dipped in turmeric and a solution of the sulphate of soda (as well as other salts), by passing the current through it. I was soon satisfied, however, that the electro-magnetic power was more available for telegraphic purposes and possessed many advantages over any other, and I turned my thoughts in that direction.

Early in 1836 I procured forty feet of wire, and putting it in the circuit I found that my battery of one cup was not sufficient to work my instrument. This result suggested to me the probability that the magnetism to be obtained from the electric current would

diminish in proportion as the circuit was lengthened, so as to be insufficient for any practical purposes at great distances; and to remove that probable obstacle to my success I conceived the idea of combining two or more circuits together in the manner described in my first patent, each with an independent battery, making use of the magnetism of the current on the first to close and break the second; the second, the third, and so on. This contrivance was fully set forth in my patents.

My chief concern, therefore, on my subsequent patents was to ascertain to what distance from the battery sufficient magnetism could be obtained to vibrate a piece of metal, knowing that, if I could obtain the least motion at the distance of eight or ten miles, the ultimate object was within my grasp. A practical mode of communicating the impulse of one circuit to another, such as that described in my patent of 1840, was matured as early as the spring of 1837, and exhibited then to Professor Gale, my confidential friend.

Up to the autumn of 1837 my telegraphic apparatus existed in so rude a form that I felt a reluctance to have it seen. My means were very limited—so limited as to preclude the possibility of constructing an apparatus of such mechanical finish as to warrant my success in venturing upon its public exhibition. I had no wish to expose to ridicule the representative of so many hours of laborious thought. Prior to the summer of 1837, at which time Mr. Alfred Vail's,

attention became attracted to my telegraph, I depended upon my pencil for subsistence. Indeed, so straitened were my circumstances that, in order to save time to carry out my invention and to economize my scanty means, I had for many months lodged and eaten in my studio, procuring my food in small quantities from some grocery, and preparing it myself. To conceal from my friends the stinted manner in which I lived, I was in the habit of bringing my food to my room in the evenings, and this was my mode of life for many years.



## HOW TEXAS WAS ANNEXED

*By Senator Thomas H. Benton*

*BENTON, who represented Missouri in the United States Senate for thirty years, charges John C. Calhoun with having instigated the war between this country and Mexico as far back as 1836 when he prematurely advocated the recognition of Texas as a Republic preparatory to its admission into the Union. The question of annexation was bound up with that of slavery, and the whole country was agitated. Finally the matter became a national issue, and James K. Polk was elected President on a platform favoring annexation; but before he took office a resolution was passed by Congress making an offer of statehood to Texas. This was accepted, and in December, 1845, the State was admitted.*

I COME now to the direct proofs of the Senator's [John C. Calhoun's] authorship of the war; and begin with the year 1836, and with the month of May of that year, and with the 27th day of that month, and with the first rumors of the victory of San Jacinto. The Congress of the United States was then in session: the Senator from South Carolina was then a member of this body; and, without even wait-

ing for the official confirmation of that great event, he proposed at once the immediate recognition of the independence of Texas, and her immediate admission into this Union. . . .

. . . he was for plunging us into instant war with Mexico. I say, instant war; for Mexico and Texas were then in open war; and to incorporate Texas, was to incorporate the war at the same time. All this the Senator was then for, immediately after his own

gratuitous cession of Texas, and long before the invention of the London abolition plot came so opportunely to his aid. . . .

The Congress of 1836 would not admit Texas. The Senator from South Carolina became patient: the Texas question went to sleep; and for seven good years it made no disturbance. It then woke up, and with a suddenness and violence proportioned to its long repose. Mr. Tyler was then President: the Senator from South Carolina was potent under his administration, and soon became his Secretary of State. . . . I come at once to the letter of the 17th of January, from the Texian Minister to Mr. Upshur, the American Secretary of State; and the answer to that letter by Mr. Calhoun, of April 11th of the same year. They are both vital in this case; and the first is in these words:

“Sir: It is known to you that an armistice has been proclaimed between Mexico and Texas; that that armistice has been obtained through the intervention of several great Powers mutually friendly; and that negotiations are now pending, having for their object a settlement of the difficulties heretofore exist-in between the two countries. A proposition likewise having been submitted by the President of the United States, through you, for the annexation of Texas to this country, therefore (without indicating the nature of the reply which the President of Texas may direct to be made to this proposition) I beg leave to sug-

gest that it may be apprehended, should a treaty of annexation be concluded, Mexico may think proper to at once terminate the armistice, break off all negotiations for peace, and again threaten or commence hostilities against Texas; and that some of the other Governments who have been instrumental in obtaining their cession, if they do not throw their influence into the Mexican scale, may altogether withdraw their good offices of mediation, thus losing to Texas their friendship, and exposing her to the unrestrained menaces of Mexico. In view, then, of these things, I desire to submit, through you, to his excellency the President of the United States this inquiry: Should the President of Texas accede to the proposition of annexation, would the President of the United States, after the signing of the treaty, and before it shall be ratified and receive the final action of the other branches of both Governments, in case Texas should desire it, or with her consent, order such number of the military and naval forces of the United States to such necessary points or places upon the territory or borders of Texas or the Gulf of Mexico as shall be sufficient to protect her against foreign aggression? . . . ."

. . . at last, and after long delay, the Secretary wrote, and signed the pledge which Murphy had given, and in all the amplitude of his original promise. That letter was dated on the 11th day of April, 1844, and was in these words:

"Gentlemen: The letter addressed by Mr. Van Zandt to the late Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, to which you have called my attention, dated Washington, 17th January, 1844, has been laid before the President of the United States.

"In reply to it, I am directed by the President to say that the Secretary of the Navy has been instructed to order a strong naval force to concentrate in the Gulf of Mexico, to meet any emergency; and that similar orders have been issued by the Secretary of War, to move the disposable military forces on our southwestern frontier, for the same purpose. Should the exigency arise to which you refer in your note to Mr. Upshur, I am further directed by the President to say, that during the pendency of the treaty of annexation, he would deem it his duty to use all the means placed within his power by the Constitution to protect Texas from all foreign invasion. I have the honor to be, &c." . . .

The pledge of the 11th of April being signed, the treaty was signed, and being communicated to the Senate it was rejected: and the great reason for the rejection was that the ratification of the treaty would have been war with Mexico! an act which the President and Senate together, no more than President Tyler and his Secretary of State together, had the power to make. . . .

I now come to the last act in this tragedy of errors—the alternative resolutions adopted by Congress in

the last days of the session of 1844-'45, and in the last moments of Mr. Tyler's administration. A resolve, single and absolute, for the admission of Texas as a State of this Union, had been made by the House of Representatives; it came to this body; and an alternative resolution was added, subject to the choice of the President, authorizing negotiations for the admission, and appropriating \$100,000 to defray the expenses of these negotiations. . . . It was considered by everybody, that the choice between these resolutions belonged to the new President, who had been elected with a special view to the admission of Texas, and who was already in the city, awaiting the morning of the 4th of March to enter upon the execution of his duties, and upon whose administration all the evils of a mistake in the choice of these resolutions were to fall. We all expected the question to be left open to the new President; and so strong was that expectation, and so strong the feeling against the decency or propriety of interference on the part of the expiring administration, to snatch this choice out of the hands of Mr. Polk, that, on a mere suggestion of the possibility of such a proceeding, in a debate on this floor, a Senator standing in the relation personally, and politically, and locally to feel for the honor of the then Secretary of State, declared they would not have the audacity to do it. . . . They did have the audacity! They did do it, or rather, he did it, for it is incontestable that Mr. Tyler was nothing, in anything that related to the Texas question, from the



time of the arrival of his Secretary of State. . . . On Sunday, the second day of March,—that day which preceded the last day of his authority—and on that day, sacred to peace—the council sat that acted on the resolutions;—and in the darkness of a night howling with the storm, and battling with the elements, as if Heaven warred upon the audacious act, (for well do I remember it,) the fatal messenger was sent off which carried the selected resolution to Texas. The exit of the Secretary from office, and the start of the messenger from Washington, were coetaneous—twin acts—which come together, and will be remembered together. The act was then done: Texas was admitted: all the consequences of admission were incurred. . . .













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